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RECOLLECTIONS OF FORTY YEARS' SERVICE



Alex. B. Tulloch
Melbourne. 1892

RECOLLECTIONS
OF
FORTY YEARS' SERVICE

MAJOR-GENERAL
SIR ALEXANDER BRUCE TULLOCH,
K.C.B., C.M.G., &c.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
PRINTED BY WALTER CHURCHILL
MANCHESTER

1891



Major R. Tulloch
Melbourne. 1892



RECOLLECTIONS
OF
FORTY YEARS' SERVICE

BY
MAJOR-GENERAL
SIR ALEXANDER BRUCE TULLOCH
K.C.B., C.M.G. //

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON
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DEDICATED TO
THE BACKBONE OF THE BRITISH ARMY,
THE COMPANY OFFICERS.

PREFACE.

MY relations often suggested that I might write an amusing, and possibly interesting, little book about my early days in the Service. I therefore put together a small work, 'A Subaltern in the Royals,' and had intended publishing it. But last winter one of the most renowned commanders of modern days, who has done more towards making the British Army what it ought to be than any one who has administered its affairs for many generations, suggested that I might give some useful professional information by publishing the whole of my experiences during the many years I had the honour to belong to the British Army.

As it was owing to the assistance and encouragement which that commander—viz., Viscount Wolseley—always gave me to lecture or do anything which might be useful to the Service, I considered I ought to try what I could do as an author. 'Recollections of Forty Years' Service' is the result.

I now venture to present the book to the public, and trust that its imperfections may be lightly criti-

cised ; for, with the exception of some notes and reports on the Carlist war, the Egyptian campaign of 1882, and an old letter written from Pekin in 1860, I have had to rely almost entirely on my memory, which fortunately proves to be a good deal better than I expected.

I hope my attempts at literary work may be of some use to those who take an interest in army matters, and instructive to young officers, who will be able to see how very far they are advanced in professional knowledge as compared with what we were half a century ago, when a correct march past in slow and quick time and the performance of curious kaleidoscopic drill movements inside a barrack square were about all that was considered necessary.

ALEX. B. TULLOCH.

LLANWYSE, *September 1902.*

CONTENTS.

CHAP.	PAGE
I. EARLY DAYS AND SANDHURST	1
II. DEPOT AND CRIMEA	14
III. CENTRAL INDIA	33
IV. HONGKONG	51
V. CANTON	65
VI. PEIHO	78
VII. TAKU PORTS	91
VIII. PEKIN	108
IX. HOME SERVICE	126
X. STAFF COLLEGE	144
XI. CANADA	153
XII. INSTRUCTIONAL WORK, HALIFAX AND GIBRALTAR . .	167
XIII. PYRENEES	177
XIV. RELIEF OF BILBAO	191
XV. INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT, BELGIUM, EGYPT, AND CRETE	208
XVI. INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT, WAR OFFICE	220
XVII. QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL'S WORK, PORTSMOUTH . .	232
XVIII. INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT, EGYPT	244
XIX. MEDITERRANEAN FLEET	260

XX. ALEXANDRIA PORTS	272
XXI. SUEZ CANAL	291
XXII. TEL-EL-KEBIR	309
XXIII. SOUTH AFRICA	324
XXIV. CAIRO	341
XXV. VICTORIA	353
XXVI. AUSTRALASIA AND NEW CALEDONIA	367
<hr/>	
INDEX	381

RECOLLECTIONS OF FORTY YEARS' SERVICE.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY DAYS AND SANDHURST.

My first recollections of soldiering were in the year 1844 or 1845, when I was taken to see the Queen's birthday parade at Edinburgh Castle. I have a particularly distinct remembrance of seeing, from where I stood above the Half-moon battery, a solitary artilleryman walking from gun to gun and firing them by means of a red-hot poker. Although the Royal Artillery gunners in those days were few and far between, infantry battalions still continued to exist, the garrison of the Castle being, as I afterwards learnt, the Royal Regiment, to whom the ancient title of Royal Scots, of which they are so justly proud, has since been restored. As I commenced my service in the Royal Regiment, its ancient history became well known to me, and, oddly enough, I found it was also known to several officers in the French army, with whom Scott's novels, and especially 'Quentin Durward,' were such

favourites. The Scotch Garde du Corps of the French monarchs really dates farther back than the time of Louis XI.—viz., to John II., 1360. The Guard was 360 in number, of the best blood in Scotland. It took precedence of all other corps, even of the celebrated regiment of Picardy, who were naturally rather jealous of the privilege. There is a regimental tradition that on one occasion a Picardy officer wished to make out his regiment was the oldest, saying, "We admit the Scots are very ancient, and were Pontius Pilate's guards at the crucifixion, but we were marines on board Noah's Ark." To which the Scot replied, "That is really not worth mentioning; it was a subaltern's guard of the Scots which turned Adam and Eve out of the Garden of Eden." In the book kept in the orderly-room the record giving the history of the regiment begins as follows: "In the reign of Achaius of Scotland, in the year 800." Some one considering that date not sufficiently ancient added the letters B.C. To a Celtic Scot a pedigree which cannot be traced back to the Flood, and any trade but that of annexing his neighbour's property, is unworthy of consideration, so perhaps I may be excused for stating that I cannot, even in name, go farther back than Le Moygne de Tulloch, whose son Walter is said—but on doubtful authority—to have married one of the many daughters of Robert II. Walter in 1363 was Keeper of the Castle of Kildrummy, and subsequently had a charter of Bonnington from Robert II. In 1399 Robert III. granted to John, son of William Tulloche, the keepership of Montrewmouth Moor, and this remained with his descendants, the Tullochs of Hilcarnie, for nearly two centuries.

The most celebrated members of the family in former days were the two statesman bishops, Thomas de Tulloch, Bishop of Orkney, and his cousin William, also Bishop of Orkney and afterwards of Moray. Thomas was in great favour with Eric, King of Denmark, from whom he obtained the administration of the Orkney Islands in 1422 and 1427. He was a younger son of Tulloch of Bonnington, in Forfar. He obtained from King Henry VI. of England letters of safe-conduct for himself and eight persons of his retinue for the space of a whole year, dated at Westminster, 18th November 1441. William Tulloch, cousin of the former, was bishop of the same see in the reign of King James III., and, with other "illustrious" persons, was sent by him into Denmark in the year 1468 to negotiate a marriage between the king and the Princess Margaret of that nation, which they had the good fortune to effect.

In 1471 he was appointed one of the Administrators of the Exchequer; he was likewise made Lord Privy Seal, March 26, 1473; he was one of the ambassadors sent to England 1471-72. In 1477 he was translated from the see of Orkney to that of Moray, and died at Spynie, 1482. A gold cup with the Tulloch arms, three cross crosslets fitché, presented to him by the King of Denmark, is still in existence.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the name often appears in official documents in Moray. In 1480 Alexander Tulloch is a witness to a deed of arbitration with regard to the marches of the Thane of Cawdor and the Baron of Kilravock. Sir Martin Tulloch is also referred to in another. From those

times until the estate on the Findhorn of the last laird of Tannachie, Alexander Tulloch, was sold in 1772, the family seem to have lived as others did in those warlike days, but gradually dying out, the '15 and '45 about finishing them, my own immediate forebears being out on both those occasions. Of seven brothers who went into Culloden, my great-great-grandfather was the only one who came out of the action. The other six, slain on that fatal day, now rest under the heather of Drum Mossie Moor. The next generation had to lie low. Some of the family escaped to Norway, where their descendants now are; others got away to America: their sons, it is said, over twenty in number, joined Washington's forces. Two of the family, who were captured after Culloden and sent to Carlisle, had the honour, on account of the prominent part they had taken in the rising, of having their names specially mentioned as excluded from the Act of Indemnity, which saved the lives of many sentenced to death, but their kinsmen enabled such as were left to get their heads above water again as loyal subjects; and for the last four generations soldiering has been our only trade, and the Army List our territorial home. With the exception of a few farmers in the far north and a minister or two, the very name has almost left Scotland. A family burial-place is now my only connection with what for so many centuries had been our "ain countrie."

All good Americans when they die are said to go to Paris, but all Scots who prefer life and wish to get on, if they are wise, go south. A school in southern England was my destination when ten years of age. Arriving in the autumn, the peaches and wonderful

fruits of the south of England were something for a boy to remember ; but the sudden change from a wild open-air Highland life to school captivity in flat, dull, prosaic England was dreadful. For a friendless wee laddie, with his strange accent and queer little Scotch expressions, so amusing to the other boys, to find himself on a bright autumn afternoon, with the swallows darting past the windows, shut up in a dreary schoolroom, was too trying ; and when his hereditary Highland instincts took his mind back to the hills and the stream near the house with the little burn-trout, and when he seemed almost to hear his old friends, the shepherds' collies, barking to him to come out for a run, it was no wonder it was more than the poor little fellow could bear, and that he dropped his head on his desk and sobbed as if his heart would break.

In course of time I got used to school-life, but it was not until I went to a small private school, Welton Vicarage in Northamptonshire, that I came to the conclusion England was not such a bad country to live in after all. A near connection was the squire of Welton, and his house became another home to me, as my father had a staff appointment in Canada. Fishing being born in me, it showed itself in the Highlands as soon as I could hold a line, and I had a good time in the Welton waters, and the pike and perch a bad one. I also became the proud possessor of a single-barrel gun of my own, and in the holidays, with my good old friend the keeper as instructor, rapidly became a terror to rabbits. Cleaning my gun in those days was a very different operation from what it is now, and meant a good half-hour's work, requiring a bucket of hot water and the expenditure of much

tow on the jag of a cleaning-rod. My pony, whose tail I must have at times almost ridden off, was well known with the Pytchley. The proper get-up for boys out with the hounds fifty years ago was a blue jacket and white trousers; and I have a lively recollection of the colonel of the Scots Greys, then staying with a house party at Welton Place, being, as I thought, ultra-particular about my turn-out, and also that of my pony.

I may mention a recollection of 1851 or 1852—viz., being present at the birthday parade on the Horse Guards' square, when the Duke of Wellington was the reviewing officer. I well remember his appearance, a pale clean-shaven face with a prominent beaky nose: being mounted on a good-sized horse, his figure seemed small and thin. Having a place at the Horse Guards' building, I had the good fortune to get a close view of the "Iron Duke."

There can be but few boys who have not had a fancy at some time or another for a sailor's life. I imagine Marryat's novels had something to do with it; but in those days it was no easy matter to get a nomination for a cadetship. My name, however, in due time came to the top of the First Lord's list, and I should have been appointed, and been a sailor instead of a soldier, had not the First Lord—Admiral Dundas, I think—asked my uncle (afterwards Sir Alexander Tulloch), who had put my name down, to let me stand over till the next vacancy, which he promised, as he was particularly anxious to appoint a relative of his own. My aunt thought I was too young, and might well wait a little longer, but before my turn came again the Ministry then in went out of office. I was put down again on the new First Lord's

list (Duke of Northumberland, I think), but before getting to the top had passed the age for entry to the navy. I recollect being taken on board the guardship lying off Woolwich dockyard, an old 40-gun frigate, the *Fisguard*. The flintlocks on the guns were the only thing I particularly remember about the ship.

In February 1852 my uncle took me to Sandhurst, where I had to pass a very mild examination, and became a military cadet. At the end of a week the uniforms for the new arrivals were ready, and funny little objects these embryo soldiers, ranging from thirteen to fifteen years of age, must have been in their red swallow-tailed coatees and heavy shakos with the great brass plate in front and scale-metal chin-straps. The forage-cap for ordinary wear was a stiff broad-topped article about half the height of the shako: its internal capacity was very useful for carrying small articles, the little pocket in the coatee tails being of no use in that way. In those days the same clothing was worn summer and winter; and as for greatcoats, they were considered quite unnecessary for cadets, no matter what the weather might be. The equipment for parade or guard was of the same pattern as that worn in the Peninsular War—viz., two broad pipe-clayed belts, one over each shoulder, crossing on the chest, where they were kept in place by a large rectangular brass breastplate. One belt was assigned to the big black cartridge-box, and the other to carry the bayonet-scabbard by a stud attached to the belt just over the hips. A short Brown Bess percussion-musket and bayonet with blunted point completed the equipment. Drill only lasted an hour in the middle of the day, but it was of the most severe barrack-square type, with curious ancient formations—

amongst others, that of sections of threes, doubtless a survival of the old three-deep line. "Handle cartridge" and "bout" (to bring the musket to the capping position) were words of command in the platoon (firing) exercise. The term "firelock" was in regular use. "Bout" was evidently a survival of the ancient "cast about your firelock" (or matchlock) when bringing it up to the hip from the loading position with the butt on the ground. Biting the cartridge, although flintlocks had been abolished eight years before I went to Sandhurst, was continued for several years after I joined the service. The word of command—"Fire"—universally used, is probably a survival of the old matchlock word of command, "Give fire," the preceding ones being, "Blow your match," "Cock your match."

There was no gymnasium, but in its place an excellent riding-school. A diminutive cadet, however, about 4 feet 8 inches, astride a broad-backed dragoon horse, was rather an absurdity; but the general result was that Sandhurst cadets, with very few exceptions, all became good riders and quite at home in the saddle.

The board and lodging of the cadets some half a century ago were of Spartan simplicity. Each room on the upper storey of the college had five cadets assigned to it, and was furnished, or rather unfurnished, very much like a soldier's room in the present day, five barrack bedsteads being placed along the wall. The bedding was rolled up during the day: what would have happened to a cadet who presumed to unstrap his bedding and lie down, except at night, has been forgotten, but he certainly would not have done it a second time. A small compartment like a bird-cage

and a canvas bag was given to each boy to hold his small articles and clothes. The rooms were not comfortable, the floor being sanded and the door locked wide open during the day. There were not even strips of carpet by the sides of the beds, and such luxuries as slippers were unknown. There were no dressing-tables, chests of drawers, or washstands—the basins were placed on the chairs, of which each cadet had one, and also a small tin foot-bath. For breakfast a cadet had a bowl of boiled milk, as much bread as he wanted, and a pat of decidedly nasty butter, which had to be macerated in some of the milk to make it palatable. Dinner consisted of a leg or shoulder of mutton for each table of ten cadets, with an unlimited supply of waxy potatoes in their skins, and as much bread and small beer as was wanted. The five seniors at the top of the table generally managed to get a good feed of mutton, but the mangled remains left by the boy-carver which came to the juniors were not particularly appetising. The second course on alternate days consisted of boiled rice-pudding, which was very fair, or baked plum-duff, known as stick-jaw, so badly cooked that few could eat it. Such necessary articles of diet as green vegetables or fruit-tarts were quite unknown. On Sundays the cadets had ribs of beef instead of mutton. This was a great treat: so much appreciated was it that the more voracious juniors used to go round the tables on the chance of finding some of the ribs not entirely cleared of meat. The evening meal, tea and bread and butter of the usual description, was taken in the cadets' rooms, the tea and sugar being served out in bulk once a-week. The feeding at the college was certainly not sufficient or suitable for growing boys, and had to be supple-

mented by the tuck-shops in the village, usually on tick. The high prices charged for jam and potted meats would rather astonish schoolboys of the present time.

As regards the instruction given at the college, it was a strange mixture of ordinary school and professional work—French, German, History, Geography, Latin, Mathematics, Surveying, and Fortification. The Peninsular War furnished the object-lessons in Fortification, the senior instructor in which had spoken so often about Badajos that at last he believed he had served at the siege. The antiquity of certain portions of his teaching was amusing, such as exercising us in throwing hand-grenades with blowing charges. Boy-like, we delighted in getting him into a wild state of excitement by being very slow in throwing the grenade after lighting the fuse. Mathematics, Fortification, and Surveying were very well taught; but as for the rest, unless a cadet had a special gift for languages, or had a good colloquial knowledge of French or German, the instruction was probably about equal to what it is and has been in ordinary schools for many years. The same may be said of the other school subjects.

Almost despotic power was given to the masters, but only one, a very objectionable old Frenchman, who had the junior class, really exercised it vindictively. If an unfortunate boy ignorant of French had too many mistakes in his exercises, he was simply reported to the superintendent of studies for incorrigible idleness, which meant every afternoon for a fortnight in the hole writing impositions. The "hole" was a room containing a table and a chair, with waved-glass windows, which admitted light but could not be seen out of.

Instead of the ordinary college dinner, the unfortunate boy got only bread and water, except on every third day, when he got a plate of meat. He was only released each night in time to go to bed. No investigation or inquiry whatever as to the truth of the instructor's report was made by the superintendent of studies, whose billet, as far as work was concerned, must have been a perfect sinecure. Instead of sending for the cadet to see what a little talking to would do, or to hear what he had to say, as soon as the irascible instructor's report came in, the unfortunate boy, age about fourteen, was sentenced to a long spell of the hole, to the detriment not only of his health but of his progress in other subjects, in which he might be giving the utmost satisfaction to his instructors.

Fifty years ago there were 180 cadets at Sandhurst, formed into two companies, the juniors in A, the seniors in B. These companies were kept quite separate in different wings of the college, apparently to prevent bullying by the older boys. Public-school fagging was unknown, but there were some strange customs. A "John"—that is, a first-half cadet—was not allowed to wear his chin-strap down, and such-like; but any cadet if insulted by another could challenge him to fight, a regular ring being formed, with the usual towels, a sponge, water, &c.,—a sergeant attending to see fair play, the fighting place being under the fir-trees at the old gymnasium. A cadet had to be thirteen years of age on entry, and might remain up to eighteen, if he had not before that time qualified in the requisite number of subjects to get his commission; but few had to remain beyond seventeen. Considering the number of cadets, the military and civilian staff employed was excessive.

There was a governor, usually a distinguished old general, who was only seen twice a-year, May and November, when the Horse Guards Commissioners came down; the lieutenant-governor, another old general, who was occasionally seen; and a superintendent of studies, an elderly colonel, who made a solemn procession round the class-rooms where the cadets were at work perhaps once in two months. There were two captains of companies, elderly men, a sergeant-major with several drill-sergeants, and an excellent band. Sullivan was the bandmaster: his son, a little curly-haired boy, was the late Sir Arthur. The instructional staff for the number of pupils was decidedly large, possibly to keep in countenance the excessive military establishment; but in those days easy billets had to be found for many old deserving officers who had been in the Peninsula, and done right good service for their country not only there, but in other old wars, now almost forgotten. But be that as it may, our family should have nothing but good wishes for Sandhurst. My elder brother went there in 1847 and got his commission in 1851. I became a cadet in February 1852 and got my commission in May 1855. My younger brother went there in July 1855, and left in the summer of 1857, having been presented with a cadetship in the East India Company's service. He embarked for Calcutta in June or July, and got out in time for the relief and siege of Lucknow. The regiment to which he had been nominated having disappeared before his arrival, he was attached to the 38th, and subsequently was gazetted to the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, in which regiment he remained till his retirement from the service, a second lieutenant-colonel of his battalion.

The coming Crimean war caused a number of commissions to be given in July 1854 to Sandhurst cadets who would be coming out in December and the May following. I was in that list, but being still under sixteen was not eligible, and with five other unfortunates had to remain the full time—viz., until May 1855, when I passed out, and on the 23rd of that month was gazetted to the Royals, now Royal Scots. At that time, my father being employed in Canada, I was under charge of my uncle, who, as already mentioned, lived in London: but he was abroad in the Crimea. He wrote to have me appointed to the 92nd Highlanders, but by the time the letter arrived I had been gazetted to the Royals, and was well up the Ensigns' list; so I got my outfit, a very small one in those days, and in June joined the depot of the 1st battalion Royals at Winchester, where were also the depots of the 3rd Buffs, 7th and 23rd Fusiliers, 46th and 88th Regiments, whose headquarters were all in the Crimea.

CHAPTER II.

DEPOT AND CRIMEA.

A DEPOT battalion at the time of the Crimean war was anything but a good place for a youngster to commence his soldiering with some forty or fifty boys who had just got their commissions, and no old hands to take an interest in them. The officers commanding each depot had been in nearly all cases invalided home from the front, and were keenly anxious to be back again the moment they were fit for service: it is therefore no wonder a rather large percentage of the youngsters came to grief. The ensigns who joined were not all boys; many extraordinary specimens got commissions through the militia, men who had apparently tried more than one way of getting a living before they took to soldiering. Several were certainly over forty years of age, one was actually said to have a son a commander in the navy. The waist-girth of some of these ancients was astonishing, and their capacity for stowing whisky-and-water startling, one particularly bibulous individual being rated as high as sixteen tumblers per diem. So accustomed were we to elderly men joining as ensigns, that on the arrival of a brevet-major from the Crimea to command our depot, one of the youngsters, noticing the

regimental badge on his new cap, took him for the last joined subaltern, and confidentially suggested, on first seeing him in the anteroom, it was a mistake to report himself at once in the orderly-room, and that he had better take a week's leave on his own account and run up to town for a good time before commencing his drill. There appeared to be no lack of recruits for the ranks, many uncommonly fine and fairly drilled men coming from the militia. All ranks were supplied with the old-fashioned percussion-musket for drill purposes—a few Miniés or Enfield rifles being used by the different squads in turn for firing at the targets (musketry instruction it could hardly be designated). The militia who were out at that time had only smooth-bore muskets, and it was curious to see them marching up to about 100 yards from the targets to commence their firing.

There was not nearly sufficient room in barracks for the number of young subalterns, a fortunate circumstance for many, myself amongst the number. With another sub. I got lodging-money and very comfortable quarters in a quiet little house, and as we both had very small allowances—I had only £50 a-year, the sum my father said he had from his father, and found sufficient—we lived very economically, porridge and milk for breakfast and bread and cheese for lunch. The mess was a large one, and the charge being 2s. 6d. for dinner, which was a wonderfully good one, we did full justice to it. There being no regimental subscriptions or entertainments, which make such holes in the young officers' pay at the present day, and having little time to spare from three parades a-day, I managed to make my ensign's pay and allowance cover all expenses; and in the

beginning of November, after being rather more than four months at the depot, I had the good fortune to be sent with several other officers to Horfield Barracks, near Bristol, to take out to the Crimea a large number of the Land Transport Corps, who had, we were informed, thrown stones at their officers, and were in rather a bad way.

On arriving at Horfield Barracks a curious sight presented itself: as the men streamed out of barracks for the afternoon they threw coppers to the prisoners in the guard-room. There were about a dozen of us, and being billeted at that grand old inn, the White Lion, we had a good time waiting till our charges were ready to start. One decidedly old officer joined us—an ancient captain from half-pay, who had known my father in Burmah in the year 1827. It seemed to us youngsters a most cruel proceeding forcing, or even allowing, this old party to return to ordinary captain's work again, as in those days we actually had a few fortunate captains in the service under twenty years of age. Early in December our charge of foot was ready, and we embarked at Plymouth in the *Urgent*, a heavily-sparred screw naval transport of a type long since got rid of. Each officer had about 100 of the Land Transport men to take care of, and unfortunately, also, a considerable sum in gold, their advance pay, a matter of no small anxiety to us. There may have been a safe on board in which the coin might have been placed, but we youngsters knew nothing of it, and had to hide or secure the money in our cabins as best we could. At our first inspection parade at sea it was noticed that the men's clothes stuck out in a strange way. On investigation it was found that they had on all their

spare underclothing. On being asked why they so encumbered themselves, the answer was that if they left their things below the men not on parade would steal them. I well remember serving out the tobacco to my charge, having to open the chest with a small axe, which came in very handy when some of the more rapacious tried to grab more than their share. I had then to serve out the soap for the voyage: for this there was no competition. The readiness of resource developed in looking after and keeping in order such a rough undisciplined lot of men was a capital breaking-in for a youngster; but my great anxiety was the possibility of having my little bag of sovereigns, the advance pay of the men, stolen. This anxiety was increased when, owing to leaking decks, I had to abandon my cabin and sling a hammock outside, close to the engine-room hatch.

We arrived in Malta the day the captain of the port, Graves, was assassinated by a Maltese boatman, the streets being filled with very excited groups of natives, all talking at a great rate. We left after coaling, and soon I was fast asleep in my hammock. Next morning on awaking I noticed the machinery was motionless. On asking the reason, my hearers were much amused, saying, "Do you mean to say you did not hear the noise last night when the main shaft broke and the engines were racing with the most horrible crashing, and broken machinery flying about? Why, nearly all the men rushed on deck thinking the ship had struck on a rock or the boilers had burst." From sleeping so close to the engines I had become accustomed to their noise, and being very tired after a day in Malta, had slept through it all. That same day I nearly ended my career. In the afternoon some of

us were skylarking in the rigging, and being chased by the sailors, I tried to escape by going from the mizzen cross-trees into the main-top by the mizzen-top-mast stay; it seemed to me to slope sufficiently into the main-top to be able to get along it holding underneath and working down hand over hand. When I got about half-way I found the stay did not slope enough to assist me, and the tar was awfully sticky. Every one turned up when I stopped for breath. I fully expected to have to let go, and have a dim recollection of singing out, "Stand clear below." The naval people shouted to me to hold on. I managed gradually to get pretty near the main-top, when a blue-jacket got out with a bowline, which helped me, and at last I got into the main-top and dropped there dead beat. When I looked up afterwards and saw the distance between the masts which I had managed to struggle over, I came to the conclusion that I had had a narrow squeak for it.

Our helpless ship was eventually taken in tow and brought back to Malta, when we were, after a week's delay, transferred to another transport, a mercantile steamer this time, where we were very comfortable. With the exception of losing a sailor-boy, who was jerked out of the heads by a heavy sea, and sank as he drifted past us with three life-buoys quite near him, our voyage was uneventful. Most of us landed at Constantinople and did the bazaar. Scutari with its cemetery, the last home of so many of our comrades of Sandhurst, was a sad sight. The hospital there was well known to some of our passengers, who after treatment and invaliding to England, were again returning to their regiments at the front. One, an old Sandhurst acquaintance, still had a wound that

had to be daily attended to, but he had managed to persuade a medical board that he was again fit for service.

The run across the Black Sea took but a short time, and soon we were inside the narrow entrance of Balaklava Harbour, which was crammed with shipping. Just before entering we heard more than once the heavy thud of the Russian guns on the north side firing on our working parties or their guards at the docks in Sebastopol. Even at that distance we could distinguish the peculiar noise which a heavy projectile makes in passing through the air. To hand over the Land Transport to their own people, and get a receipt from their paymaster for the anxiously guarded sovereigns, did not take long; and the welcome beaming face of my brother in the 21st Fusiliers appearing, I felt happy indeed at the thought that next morning I should land in the enemy's country and join my regiment, then in the 2nd brigade of the Highland Division.

The next day, 14th January, was not particularly fine; but as my belongings, a bullock trunk and bed valise, were to be carried in a mule-cart, I concluded I should have no difficulty in walking the eight or nine miles to my regiment, then at Varnutka Pass, on the extreme right of the British position, the Baidar Valley being just in front. But by the time I got to Kamara, where the 1st brigade of the Highland Division was, the rain was coming down straight, and the road being uncommonly heavy, I was glad to hold on to the tail-board of the cart, to which a decidedly screwed Highlander also attached himself till I hunted him. The Royals' two battalions were in huts in a most picturesque place in the scrub and

tree-covered hills, high above the sea, which could be seen far away below, and distant about a mile or so. A few of the officers had built warm huts of their own on the hillside, the others were doubled up, two in each of the wooden compartments of the general service huts. Some had dug-outs, with a double tent over the hole and a barrel of earth to support the pole; these, with the earth well packed up and a little fireplace in the side of the bank, were very snug. Occasionally three spars, forming a tripod, were used instead of a pole in the centre. All messed together in one room, formed of about four other compartments knocked into one; this, although a large fireplace had been built in it, was not particularly warm, every one coming to dinner in a fur coat. The morning after I arrived I was detailed for a road-making party, and bitterly cold it was, 7° below zero, the wind having changed to north in the night. I well remember on returning having to take my boots off to try and get my feet warm by continuous rubbing. Being the only ensign present with the battalion, and a very juvenile-looking boy, more like fourteen or fifteen than seventeen, every one considered it a duty to make me comfortable; and when on a march out through the snow to the Baidar Valley or to a field-day with the whole division out on the plain of Balaklava, one of the officers usually insisted on relieving me in carrying the colours, a mounted officer giving me his horse to ride.

My brother in the 21st Fusiliers was with the main body of the army on the Sebastopol plateau. As soon as I could get away for twenty-four hours, I rode over and paid him a visit. We went into the town, a tenantless ruin, and were in it the day the

docks were blown up. We had some difficulty in getting about, sentries being posted to prevent any one going into those streets which lay straight open to the fire of the forts on the north side, but by a little dodging we got where we wanted. The sensation, however, of riding down a long street without a soul in it but ourselves, and the guns of the fort just across the water looking straight up at us, was peculiar. Fortunately the Russians did not think us worth wasting ammunition on, and we were able to make a long inspection of the place. Our good friends the enemy were not always so forbearing. When the French relieved their guards in the vicinity of Traktir Bridge over the Tchernaya, the battery on the other side used to open, sometimes pretty heavily. As the relief took place at well-known hours we occasionally rode down when we wanted a little excitement. Once we were nearly getting more than we bargained for. Some half-dozen of us riding into a small advanced work of the French evidently attracted particular attention. We dismounted behind the parapet, when a mortar-shell fell unpleasantly near; instantly we were all on the ground till it burst. As soon as we were down, I recollected my pony, and jumped up, pulling frantically at its forelegs to make it fall down also. I had just bought it. A shout from every one, "Lie down!" brought me to my senses. Luckily no damage was done, but my anxiety for my pony was afterwards a great source of amusement to every one. A battery known as the Gallery, directly opposite Traktir Bridge, used to send a shot at us even when only two or three of us came within range. After the peace we met the Russian officer in command there, and asked him why he fired when he must

have seen we were only having a quiet afternoon ride. His answer was, "Pour s'amuser; pour passer le temps."

Our camp being connected by the coast road with Balaklava, our mess, a rather expensive one, was always well supplied, and was well known to other regiments as a place where there was always a good dinner and plenty of first-rate Edinburgh ale on tap, the strength of which occasionally rather surprised our guests. The Royals somehow always have had a good theatrical company. Hawley Smart (the novelist), one of our captains, was a splendid actor. Being very juvenile in appearance, I was at once told off to take the part of a young lady in our plays. The difficulty of course was dress; but as we had several soldiers' wives with the regiment, part of the married establishment having been embarked, because such was the custom in the days of the Peninsular War half a century before, I managed to get a very fair rig-out, and my theatrical name in the first piece—viz., Lucy—stuck to me for many years. I often thought afterwards what a real good time that six months in the Crimea was. Not only did we have no end of amusement in the way of theatricals, visiting other regiments, and seeing how our allies, the French and Sardinians, got on, but there was also some very fair shooting. None of us managed to get a shot at the bear we saw and tracked above the Baidar Valley; and no wolves turned up when I lay out at night for them near the cattle slaughtering-place, an unfortunate dog being my only victim, but we got a very acceptable supply of game, bustards, woodcock, and an occasional hare in the bush which sloped away down to the sea.

It may be asked, Where were the enemy all the time? They were before us certainly on the coast road, and we had a picquet in the pass facing the camp; but as the French outposts were well forward on our left front, by the Baidar Valley, no fear of a surprise was entertained. Sometimes a shooting party got rather too close to the Cossack outposts, but a British subaltern once on his pony is hard to catch. Now and then a French officer or two joined in these advanced sporting expeditions, and when the Cossack picquets went for them, the hunters became the hunted. The French officers enjoyed the fun quite as much as ours, calling the gallop back across country a "steeplechasse." The Cossacks also evidently liked the little excitement, but their lances might have been awkward had any of the allied sportsmen got a spill. Some months afterwards, when peace had been arranged, we came across some of these Cossacks, and a grin of recognition on their part showed we had not been forgotten.

Altogether the second winter and following spring in the Crimea was a pleasant time: to me it has but one sad remembrance. One of our officers, Captain T., had exerted himself so much in the hard times of the previous winter looking after his men, that it brought on what was a fatal heart complaint: he got home on leave, where he was informed he had not probably more than six months to live, so he at once decided to return to the Crimea to die, if possible, a soldier's death in action. When he returned he shared my compartment of our hut, and we were great friends. In March, when the preliminaries of peace were under discussion, we rode down to Traktir Bridge, where a

flag of truce was hoisted. Suddenly T. said, "Let's ride up to the Russian battery," and we went along the road at a canter, and then at speed. We were, however, soon ridden after and brought back by the better mounted Sardinian cavalry, who were on duty at the bridge: they simply put us down as a couple of eccentric young Englishmen. I remember thinking at the time it was rather hazardous to ride through the cavalry videttes and straight at a battery which had fired at us only a few days before; but being with T., concluded it could not be altogether wrong, and thought nothing more about it except as a rather exciting lark.

Next day we heard the flag of truce was to be rehoisted, so I decided to go again to Traktir. My pony not being available—possibly it had to go to Balaklava for its weekly forage ration—I had to walk all the way. On returning I had to pass through the Sardinian camp. Some one cantered up to me: this proved to be T. Just then it commenced to rain heavily, and seeing me look rather tired with my long tramp, he insisted on my getting up behind him. As we were cantering along, laughing at our appearance, two on one horse, he suddenly said, "I am choking!" I was off in an instant, and just caught him in my arms as he fell dead. Two days afterwards my first special regimental friend was buried in the Highland Division cemetery at Kamara, in the midst of one of the worst snowstorms of the second winter. The shock of so tragically losing my ever-cheery but companion quite broke me down for the time: even the men, survivors of the first winter's trenches, whom T. had so well looked after in hard times, were visibly affected. Since those Crimean days I have more than once

thought over the ride with him when he galloped towards the Russian battery, and could not help being of opinion that he was in hopes the Russians would open fire and give him his longed-for wish and last chance before hostilities ceased, of dying a soldier's death, and that in the excitement of the moment he absolutely forgot he was not alone.

After the peace, a small party of us, including Hawley Smart, got a week's leave and went into the Crimea as far as Simferopol. We took tents for ourselves and servants, camping outside Bakchiserai, on the Alma, and at Simferopol. The Russian officers were most hospitable, insisting on treating us to champagne and bottled porter. We were shocked on finding out afterwards that the bottled porter, which had to come all across the Continent, cost 16s. a-bottle. One old officer we met had as a youngster been present at the battle of Borodino in 1812.

When at Simferopol it fell to my turn to do the marketing for our little mess. Not knowing a word of the language, it was not an easy matter, but the inhabitants were quite interested in my work, and did their best to assist me. By cackling like a hen and crowing like a cock, I got eggs and fowls. Mutton was a simple matter, a single "baa" being enough. Fish was the difficulty: the motion of swimming with my hands puzzled the natives, but on my putting one hand behind and waving it from side to side like a fish's tail, there was a dead silence for a minute or two, and then with a shout of laughter one intelligent individual said something in Russian, and took me straight to the fish-market.

On our return another party from the regiment went on a similar trip: the party included a clever but very quaint little Scotch assistant-surgeon. One of his companions happened to notice the very handsome little animal he had brought, and asked him how he had managed to get such a particularly fine beast. "Weel, I don't quite know where it came from, but it's just a wild Tartar pony I happened to find behind my hut." It was the Arab charger of one of the field officers of the 72nd Highlanders, the next regiment in our brigade! This same amusing little doctor nearly suffered sudden death at the hands of his hut companion, who had saved up his week's ration of rum for the entertainment of some friends. On going to his rum-jar he was horrified to find it full of dead snakes. Shouting to his companion the doctor to know what the horror meant, the quiet explanation was as follows: "Weel, I thought as ye didna drink yer rum, it ought not to be wasted, so I just used it for keeping my specimens." One party from the regiment made an excursion along the coast road as far as Yalta, visiting the summer palace of Prince Voronsoff, where everything was in perfect order. The mountain country round the Baidar Valley which we knew so well was very fine, but was nothing in comparison with the Russian Riviera, the south coast of the Crimea.

A few Russian officers returned our visits, and one to whom a pressing invitation had been sent astonished his host by bringing his family with him. Just before our leaving the Crimea the Russian generals had an opportunity of inspecting the infantry of the Allies on the Sebastopol plateau, and a magnificent sight

it was, the French showing some 80,000, ourselves about 40,000, and the Sardinians 20,000. Although so many old soldiers, and the boy recruits sent to replace them, had died in the first winter, our losses had been made good to a considerable extent by fine well-drilled men from the embodied militia. Our army was fit for anything, and we were all keenly looking forward to a campaign in Asia Minor, when, to our utter disgust, it was announced that the French had had enough of it and peace was to be arranged.

Soldiering in those Crimean days was a much more simple matter for the regimental officer than now, an occasional sealed pattern division day on the plain of Balaklava being about our hardest work. One division (Eyre's) had a good deal of instruction towards the spring, but we had a decidedly quiet time of it. There were some energetic commanding officers who made what they could of their opportunities; but they were the exception, a precise barrack-square drill, when the weather and ground permitted, being as a rule all the regimental preparation considered necessary for the expected campaign.

An enormous amount of ammunition had been blazed away from the advanced trenches during the siege, but systematic target practice in fine days during the winter, when the men might have been taught how to get the best value out of their new rifled firearms, was apparently not thought of. Certainly just before we left the Crimea some subalterns were nominated as musketry instructors, but that was rather late in the day.

One department of the army learnt, however, to do its duty—viz., the commissariat. Starved to death as thousands had been during the first winter, no

force could have been better fed, clothed, or housed than the British army during the second winter in the Crimea; and when the fine weather came in the spring, so healthy were the men that our hospitals at Varnutka Pass were quite empty: there were no sick, and doubtless the rest of the army was much the same. The rations were very good. The bread we got was at times badly baked and about as solid as a round-shot, but the meat was excellent; one particular ration—pemmican, if I remember correctly—was perfection. The hearts, tails, and shanks of the commissariat-bullocks not being regulation meat, were procurable for a trifle, and with a decent cook they were valuable additions. It was said that at first those parts not being regulation were buried with the offal. One day in the spring Soyer, with a staff officer or two in attendance, cantered up to our camp to instruct our cooks; but the end of it was that Soyer's manner so got the cooks' backs up that two of them were marched off to the guard-tent. A French *chef* may have been a useful addition at headquarters, but such a spasmodic attempt to teach a British army on active service how to make the most of its rations was very amusing to us. The public at home, however, evidently thought it a wonderful piece of administrative ability.

The amount of military crime, as it is called, was wonderfully small, more especially when it is remembered how little work or occupation the men had, that liquor was easily procurable, and that all the reinforcements who joined were really taught to like drink by the very liberal daily ration of rum. Corporal punishment could be administered regimentally in those days, and probably that had something

to do with keeping things straight: unnecessary as such a punishment is in peace-time when prisons are available, it is most desirable to have the power of inflicting it on active service. The provost-marshal unquestionably ought to have this power for the purpose of keeping camp-followers in order. Even with our best soldiers occasional—almost unaccountable—outbreaks of insubordination take place; it is then surely better for divisional or brigadier generals to be able to quickly authorise corporal punishment than to have to shoot men. Looting, as it is politely designated, is a terrible source of demoralisation for an army: after the Indian Mutiny days it seemed to be almost considered a military privilege. The provost-marshal and his men ought on active service to have the fullest power to deal at once with this most pernicious of all offences. Some almost amusing accounts of blunted conscience as regards other people's property in the Crimea were often forthcoming. One I specially remember. A relation talking to an old friend in the Naval Brigade happened to mention that he was in want of another saddle for his bat-pony (every officer had his bat-baggage-pony, for which he was allowed forage). The naval officer had not one to spare, and my relation thought no more of his talk with him, but next day a blue-jacket who happened to hear what had been said came to my relation with a beautiful new saddle, for which he only asked £1. This rather startled my relation, who declined to purchase, whereupon the blue-jacket said, as an additional recommendation, "You can have the horse also, sir, for another sovereign"!

Nothing strikes an old officer now so much as the change in the way of living from what it was in

former days. Festive evenings, or big nights, as they were designated, were very frequent forty years ago, and the liquor account corresponded. The empty bottles were, however, occasionally useful. One old comrade, now with the majority, a temperate man himself, made use of the discarded bottles instead of bricks to make one side of the hut he built himself on the hillside: it is said the Russians keep up the building to this day for the benefit of the globe-trotter, to show what a thirsty race the English were during the Crimean war. Had they preserved some of the so-called uniforms worn by British officers, they would certainly by their variety have been interesting. In the winter grey jackets lined with rabbit-skin fur were mostly in fashion; in summer an easy-fitting red shell-jacket with a multitude of kangaroo-like pouch pockets in front was the infantry officer's dress. In wet weather long boots with breeches or trousers tucked into them were usual. In cold weather fur caps with ear-laps were worn; in fine weather one very like the new regulation soft flat-topped cap with sloping peak. Full-dress parades showed many varieties of dress—old- and new-fashioned shakos, coatees with epaulettes or wings, and the new tunic, usually double-breasted, but sometimes single.

Every regiment had its grenadier and light company. Some grenadier-company officers still had the huge bearskin, but as a rule a white ball to their shako was their only distinctive mark, as the green ball in the shako and the silver bugle on the forage-cap were those of the light company. The custom of the light-company captain picking the smartest men periodically out of the battalion companies to fill vacancies amongst the light bobs was very hard on

the other companies' officers. The men of the light company of course always considered themselves the smartest and most active men of the battalion, and tried to live up to it.

During the winter there were often rumours that we were to attack the Russians on the Mackenzie Heights; but if such a proceeding had ever been contemplated, the crossing of the broad Tchernaya Valley before arriving at the Russian position would have entailed immense loss, as the Russians found when they attacked the French and Sardinians at Traktir in the preceding August. It struck me on visiting the Russians opposite the Inkerman Cliffs, that by massing our artillery on the heights we could, under cover of their fire, have rapidly crossed the narrow valley and pierced the Russian position, thereby reversing, so to say, the battle of Inkerman, of which action there were still some grim memorials to be seen in the shape of remains of bodies just under the cliffs. When cantering through the long grass in the Tchernaya Valley after the peace, skeletons of men killed in the previous battle in August were not at all uncommon: one friend actually found a pair of gold pince-nez beside the skull of one of them, which he kept as a curiosity. Oddly enough I met this same officer many years afterwards, when his sight required glasses, using the pince-nez he had found on the skeleton.

In June we left the Crimea, but before our departure all medals issued to those who had arrived after the 9th September 1855 were recalled. Now, as hostilities had existed for some months after that date and most of us had been under fire, although exactly on duty, we thought the order

rather hard. The Turkish Crimean medal continued to be issued to English officers serving with the Turkish contingent up to the termination of hostilities, but not to English officers serving with their regiments: they only got the Turkish medal if they also had the English one. The rules governing the issue of medals and clasps in the Crimea caused at times a good deal of amusement, some officers who had put in a quiet time at Balaklava or its vicinity being well supplied with decorations. One cautious old gentleman, who could not be persuaded to pay even a private visit to the trenches whilst the siege was going on, came home in possession of clasps for Alma, Inkerman, Balaklava, and Sebastopol, and yet it was well known regimentally that he had never actually been under fire at all. After the peace he paid a visit to the Redan, and amongst the many rusty shot he saw an ordinary spherical shell on the ground. "God bless me!" exclaimed the innocent old party, "there is a round-shot with a hole in it! Wonder how on earth that came there!"

Since those days the system of medal-issuing has been considerably extended. Now it is unnecessary even to land in an enemy's country to obtain a decoration, no matter how many hundred miles the enemy may be from the coast: even the mercantile marine employed on ordinary transport work are considered as warriors and worthy of medals. Fortunately for the Government, the price of silver has of late years been much reduced.

The Royals embarked at Balaklava in the Queen Adelaide for Portsmouth in June, just twelve months from the day I had commenced my soldiering at the
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CHAPTER III.

CENTRAL INDIA.

WITH many other troop-ships and men-of-war homeward bound we had a fine but uneventful passage of about a month to the English Channel. We were too late to go into harbour the day of our arrival, so our transport anchored at Spithead during the night, which was perfectly calm, and I well remember that most delightful of scents, new-mown hay, coming off the Isle of Wight. Next morning we steamed into Portsmouth Harbour, the people coming down to the entrance and about the Old Quebec Hotel, waving handkerchiefs and any other drapery handy, and cheering in grand style as the ship moved past. On landing the regiment was sent up to Aldershot to be reviewed with many others by the Queen. A miserable place that same Aldershot was in those days, and having no mess, the difficulty was to get anything at all to eat. The one regular regiment there—the Queen's, I think—could not possibly feed every one, and the foreign legions quartered at the camp did not apparently understand the manners and customs of the English army. Certainly there was no love lost between them and the rest of the force. I remember my servant got some bread and cheese

for me from one of the canteens near, but I had eventually to go to London for a square meal. The review over, the regiment was sent down to Portsmouth and quartered on board the *Britannia*, an old three-decker, till barracks were ready. At that time convicts worked in the dockyard, and one of their hulks lay at almost speaking distance from the *Britannia*. Later on orders came for us to go to the Curragh. I got permission to go overland, thereby managing to get two or three days' leave to see my relatives, then at Welton.

A more dreary quarter for a lot of young fellows than the Curragh in those days could hardly be imagined, the only excitement being the races. Those who could afford it went to Dublin, but those who could not had no amusement but country walks and occasional games at cricket with the other regiments. We sometimes had a divisional or brigade drill, and of course the usual daily parade, with the march past in slow and quick time. The new institution, musketry instruction, was now regularly carried out. In the dreary wet winter our regimental theatrical company was decidedly useful in giving occupation, but I for one wished the regiment was back in the Crimea again, and I fancy many others did also. The long leave came at last, and I got over to my friends in London. I cannot now remember the names of the celebrities I met at my uncle's house; but the pale, thoroughbred, earnest face of Miss Nightingale and the great body of Jacob Omnium—Mr H.—cannot easily be forgotten. All too soon my leave was over, and then back again to the objectionable Curragh. By this time our theatrical company had quite made a name for

itself. On one occasion Hawley Smart was playing "Cool as a Cucumber" before the Lord Lieutenant in one of the Dublin theatres taken for the night, whilst Charles Mathews played the same piece in the other. On the last day of the year we had some special piece on at our Curragh theatre, and as the clock struck twelve all the actors appeared with a sash inscribed 1857. Little did they know what that year meant for the British army, and that for so many of the audience then present that was their last New Year's Day.

To the best of my recollection the first news of the Indian Mutiny arrived early in June. At once all available regiments were got ready and embarked as rapidly as possible. Men from the depot and volunteers from other regiments soon brought the Royals up to war strength; and in July the headquarters, including the light company, to which I had been promoted, embarked in the *Caledonia*, a square-rigged auxiliary screw ship of about 1000 tons, for the voyage round the Cape to Calcutta. There was the usual excitement amongst the population on our marching through Dublin. Doubtless better arrangements might have been made by the staff authorities responsible for the embarkation, but we were stowed away at last, though rather like herrings in a barrel as regards numbers. One incident on leaving I particularly remember. The regimental agent had to get our signatures that we had been paid up to a certain date—three months in advance, I think—before being struck off the English pay-list. He could not give us coin, but said we could draw cheques for it, payable in Dublin. As I could not go there, a well-known tradesman, who had come down to collect debts, offered to

get the money for me, as he was going to the city and would be back at once. Evening came and no tradesman. Under the circumstances the commanding officer kindly gave me leave to run up to Dublin. Arrived there, I found the tradesman's shop shut. The bank had long been closed, but by great good luck I suddenly came across the man and made him return the cheque, which he no doubt intended to cash next day, after the ship had gone.

We took the usual sailing-ship route, touching at Teneriffe, where our band went on shore for the benefit of the natives; then stretching across the Atlantic till we almost saw the South American coast, we got the trade-winds and bore away for the rocky islands of Martinvas and Trinidad, and then down round the Cape in the "roaring forties." There being little to do on board ship, and being full of youthful energy, I decided to learn as much as possible of sailor's work, and got the captain's permission to go through a regular course of seamanship. Except in getting through the calm belts about the Line, and afterwards in the Bay of Bengal, steam was rarely necessary, the Caledonia being a fast ship under sail. The screw-well, a rectangular shaft from the upper deck down behind the stern post, was a curious but useful contrivance, the screw being detached from the shaft and hauled up or let down and made fast, converting the Caledonia into a sailing ship or steamer as required. There were several men in the regiment who had been sailors before they enlisted. This I found out one bitter evening in the "roaring forties," when lying out on the yard taking a reef in the main-sail, which had to be carried as long as possible to prevent the ship being pooped

by the great following seas. It was a heavy job getting the sail in, and happening to look along the yard as we handled the flapping canvas, with the hail numbing our fingers, I noticed at least six red-jackets who had followed me aloft. We had a few good men amongst the ship's company, one had been in the Naval Brigade in the Crimea, but they were decidedly a scratch pack : our assistant steward's previous sea experience, as he afterwards confessed, was the voyage from Dublin to Liverpool. During the hired sailing transport days, it was expected that the soldiers, who with the sub-alterns were regularly divided into watches, would do all heavy work in the rope-hauling way, as far as such could be done without leaving the deck ; but as a rule before a long voyage was over, some of the men went regularly aloft.

After a heavy blow south of the Cape, we wanted, for some reason which I have forgotten, to get a few rockets handy. These, it turned out, had been put into the troop magazine, which was filled with an immense amount of ammunition for the anticipated active service in India. There was some difficulty in opening the door of the magazine, the whole of the ammunition cases, &c., having broken adrift in the heavy weather. We found what remained of the rockets, also a tin box of percussion signal lights, smashed in like an accordion. Had but one of the lights exploded, as they ought to have done, nothing more would ever have been heard of the Caledonia and the 500 soldiers. Being, with the exception of the commanding officer and one or two others, all young and full of life, we had the usual rough-and-tumble amusements, from the mild cock-fighting to the more energetic "sling the monkey," and managed

to get through the day : at night, our regular watches made us appreciate sleep when we went below. Somehow it seemed to me that I got an undue share of that most detestable time, the middle watch. In October we got to Point de Galle, the then port of call for mail steamers in Ceylon. The delight of getting on land and on such an apparent paradise of an island, with fresh fruit, prawn curries, and such shore luxuries, was something worth remembering. In the harbour we found the Golden Fleece with the 42nd on board, and other steam transports, all coaling up as hard as possible.

The news we got at Galle of the horrors of the Mutiny produced a savage determination that such a thing as mercy should be unknown : every one was rabid to get on at once. After leaving Galle the crew, for some reason, struck work, and several of them had to be put in irons till they came to their senses, the soldiers doing the work of the ship. One evening, after much anxious looking for it, we made the light at the Sand Heads, and I was allowed to row on board the light-ship, and got news that Delhi had fallen, but Lucknow was still besieged, and there was plenty of work in front of us. That night, or next morning, we got a consequential individual and his boy leadsman from a pilot brig, and steamed up to Diamond Harbour, where we were directed to anchor : here the first death from climate took place. One of the stewards, an excellent man, got sunstroke. Instead of continually applying water as cold as possible to his head, putting him in the shade, and doing everything possible to get his temperature down, so little did our medicals know about sunstroke that the unfortunate fellow was put into his stifling bunk,

where he had not a chance, and died in the evening. The pilot also suffered, as it is politely expressed, from "exposure to the sun," and at length became so very objectionable that he had to be brought up with a round turn for impertinence to the colonel.

Next morning, after some unaccountable delay, we steamed up for the passage round the end of the James and Mary Shoal, which lay across the river, and as we approached saw the remains of ships which had touched on the shoal and then been at once turned over by the strength of the current. On the bank of the river were two more which had run aground and been turned over, every one being lost. As we steamed for the passage with a rapid tide running up, the pilot, whose intellect still appeared to be suffering from the effects of the sun, instead of turning the ship's head up stream in time as we got near the open, allowed her to go too far before shifting the helm, and she went stem on to the bank, up which she lifted. The screw was immediately put full speed astern, but the bows still held fast in the muddy bank. The captain, with a blanched face, turned to the pilot, shook his fist, and said, "Damn you! what do you mean by losing my ship?" As we neared the shore, I saw what would happen, and rushed to the wheel to help get it over a few spokes more, but it was useless: then, apparently from nautical instinct more than anything else, I instantly decided that as the wind was blowing strong up stream, by setting the spanker, it might with the screw help to tear the ship's nose out of the mud. To scramble like a monkey on to the top of the poop awning, overhaul the spanker outhaul and hook it on to the cringle, shouting to the men near to let go the brails and haul away, seemed the work of a

very few seconds : the result, however, was the ship's head gradually came out of the bank, and we drifted up stern first past the shoal. When the danger was over, I came to the conclusion that the little seamanship I had learnt had come in handy.

When we got to Calcutta the hateful information was given us that we were not to form part of the force for the relief of Lucknow, but were to be sent down the coast to Masulipatam, and march to Secunderabad, six miles from Hyderabad. There had been an outbreak from the great native city of Hyderabad, and another was feared ; if this had any success, the whole of the Deccan would be gone, so we remained but a short time at Calcutta. Our arrival there, the first headquarters of the reinforcements coming direct from England, was warmly welcomed as we passed up the river, with red-jackets crowding the decks : the people at the different bungalows excitedly waved handkerchiefs, towels, &c., just as the Portsmouth people had done when we returned from the Crimea the year before. There was a rumour of a rising to take place that night at Barrackpore, near Calcutta, but it proved to be merely bazaar "gup." The sepoy sentries on duty in Calcutta were furnished with ram-rods only, their arms having been removed. We were uncommonly glad to get away from the Hoogly. In those days the natives were allowed to throw their dead into the river, and the sight of carcasses drifting up and down with the tide, often with a hideous bird feeding on them, was very unpleasant, as was also the smell when a body fouled the moorings. At night the howling of the jackals feeding on the carcasses which had drifted ashore was diabolical.

We steamed down the coast, and then finding we

had passed the low-lying entrance of the Masulipatam river, had to turn round and steam back, losing a whole day. A catamaran with its solitary native put us in communication with the shore, and next day some of us landed; but the brigadier commanding at Masulipatam said he had no instructions as to our coming, and declined to make the necessary arrangements for our disembarking the troops. That in November 1857, when every moment was of such consequence! In the mean time a gale got up which made our return over the bar impossible. The wind rapidly increased in strength, and the authorities on shore began to be alarmed about the safety of the ship. Its steam power was insufficient to get out in the teeth of the gale, and could only ease the strain on the cables. At one time the situation was critical. The idiotic brigadier had a bad time of it, more especially when he found out by wire that he ought to have landed the troops at once. When the gale moderated we tried to get back to the ship, but had to turn back; the bar was reported still impassable. The current of the river was so strong in returning that the native boatmen had at last to tow the boat; two of us had to get out and help, we taking the inner (shore) end of the tow-rope. Suddenly the current took the boat, which could not be brought back; the natives near it managed to scramble on board, but my friend and I were left on the bank with a mangrove swamp of about half a mile between us and dry land. There was nothing for it but to scramble and swim through this, the objectionable part being that some very big water snakes showed themselves as we splashed or swam past them; there were doubtless alligators also,

but we did not know about them. There was a large village on the hard ground we at last got to. On arrival there the sun came out, and to keep our heads from suffering there was nothing for it but to take off our only garment, a shirt each, soak it in water, place it on top of our heads, and in this undress uniform walk through the village. We found a path leading to the fort; arrived at the gate there, we put on our shirts again.

As soon as the weather permitted, we returned on board, and the regiment disembarked. This was early in November, and transport was got ready for our march to Secunderabad, 200 miles up country. Regulation helmets were not then in use; instead, white covers with a little curtain behind were worn over the shako. The march in the early morning, commencing before daybreak, was very pleasant; and as for camping out, the men having very lately had many months of very different life in the Crimea, where there were no natives to assist, thoroughly enjoyed it. On the way up we met a native regiment which it was thought expedient to send to the coast: we were very much interested, not to say amused, with their appearance. Instead of a shako or turban, a high wicker-work sort of a chimney-pot covered with bright black oilskin was worn: this was as good as a knapsack to the sepoy. A funny little old coatee, with ancient belts, and a perfect portmanteau of an ammunition-pouch, black trousers, and bare feet, with sandals occasionally, completed their uniform. Every sepoy appeared to be married, and to have a covered bullock-cart containing his family: we thought their baggage-train would never end. The idea of such troops with such organisation ever being

fit for service seemed an impossibility. At Secunderabad the officers lived in bungalows, two or three in each: having gardens round them and usually some fine trees, they were very pleasant quarters. The men's barracks, after the huts at the Curragh, seemed spacious enough.

Our arrival released one of the East India Company's European regiments, and also allowed the 43rd, long in India, to come up from the south to join Whitelock's column. The passing of these troops through Secunderabad, where we were to remain, was crushing luck for us: with a younger commanding officer we thought it might have been different. Suddenly the Rajah of Sholapore broke out, and we thought our chance had come, but he was quickly snuffed out by the force which happened to be near. Three of our companies were sent down one evening to the Residency, close to Hyderabad, to take him over as a prisoner. A rescue by the "budmashes" from the city, which was filled with armed men,—Rohillas and suchlike,—was thought probable, and we looked for a fight, but it did not come off. We got back to Secunderabad in the middle of the night, and found there had been a false alarm there, as our firing was said to have been distinctly heard! A more frightened and scared-looking individual than the miserable-looking rajah I never saw, as he looked out from his palanquin when we surrounded him, fixed bayonets, and marched him off. He was tried in our messroom afterwards, found guilty, and would have been blown from a gun, but his prosecutor pleaded so strongly for him, and was able to show how he had been led away, that he got off with transportation for life. He managed to get hold of a revolver on his

way to the coast and shot himself. Europeans could not enter Hyderabad in those days without a guard, as it swarmed with thousands of the most reckless adventurers and rascals in India, who kept up its native court. A second attack on the Residency, and possible extension of the movement to Secunderabad, was considered by no means impossible: an intrenchment round the gun-park was therefore constructed, and various preparations in case of our having to stand a siege were made; but nothing came of it. Two of our companies eventually, with a native force, were sent to head off Tantia Topee from taking refuge in the Deccan; but the officer commanding, from the Madras Native Infantry, was one who from his weight had to be helped on to his horse every morning: he was hardly the man to come up with Tantia, and did not.

There was some fair black buck-shooting at no great distance from the cantonment, but we were not able to get far enough away for sport. Salar Jung, the Nizam's Prime Minister, kept a tight hand on the Rohillas and swashbucklers swarming in Hyderabad, but it was not safe to calculate at any time on a quiet twenty-four hours. The Rohillas, armed to the teeth, and with their round shields slung over their shoulders, could be seen at Secunderabad; and fine fellows they were, for whom one could not help having a certain admiration. We ought not to have done it; but occasionally after mess a couple of us would pass the native infantry outposts and go to the outskirts of the city, where some big nautch given by a friendly native was going on, and where we could see the Rohilla chiefs in all their warlike glory.

By living a particularly abstemious life, and being

out in the open air so much, after black buck or anything, even in the hot season, but with an immense sola topee on, I kept myself in perfect health while so many were down with fever or liver complaint; and when the rains came on dysentery and very fatal fever commenced amongst the men in the barracks. When on guard there I drank some of the water from the barrack well, and also got dysentery, but not very badly. Every rainy season there was an outbreak of dysentery and fever in the Secunderabad European infantry barracks. In 1858 so many men died that a special committee of investigation was appointed. The value of their report may be judged of when I mention that one of the members, a medical officer of high standing, suggested that the sickness was occasioned by the men not having their dinners quite hot in the rains, and recommended a covered way from the cook-houses! The cause of all the sickness was self-evident to any one who would have taken the trouble to find out where the water came from which filtered into the great open well in the barracks. At no great distance outside the barracks, and on a higher level, was an old disused cemetery, where many hundreds of European soldiers, their wives and children, who had died at Secunderabad, were buried. In the wet season there was unquestionable drainage from the cemetery to the barrack well, and consequently with the commencement of the rains every year there was great sickness. These old barracks have long since been abandoned, but it was strange that for many years the cause of the mortality—viz., bad water combined with a low situation—should have remained undiscovered. We lost such a number of men that at last it was decided to send the regiment away on a health march:

this was just after I left the country, which was in October 1858.

The other battalion of the Royals having been sent from Gibraltar to Hongkong, was short of subalterns, and four were ordered to be transferred. The four junior lieutenants had to go, of which I was one. A senior who was hard up offered to exchange, and another at once offered to lend me the money; but the vexation of having missed all the active service then just finishing in Bengal, and the prospect of seeing service in China, where hostilities were still going on, decided me to take what fate offered and go. We were told we should get passages per P. & O. to Hongkong from Madras, but the Indian Pay Office department at the same time informed us that as we were now transferred to a regiment out of India we ceased from that date to draw Indian pay and allowances, and would only be credited with English pay, 6s. 6d. They declined to give us a passage by palki dawk at the public cost to Madras, 400 miles away; there were no railways in those days, and we could not afford to pay this ourselves, but such gave no trouble to the red-tape finance department officials of the Madras Presidency, to whom the fate of four subalterns not on their pay-list was a matter of supreme indifference. Their conduct was reported to the home authorities, with the result that officers transferred afterwards to English regiments out of India were kept on Indian pay till embarkation. Fortunately I found that some bullock-waggons were returning to Masulipatam, and that if we got there by a certain date we should get a steamer to Madras. The rains being still on, the roads were in some places almost impassable, and the two rivers, which in the dry season we had crossed in our upward

march almost dry-footed, were now coming down in flood, and there were no bridges.

Leaving the regiment was a great wrench: fortunately the officers of the other battalion, which had been alongside of us in the Crimea, were no strangers to us. I may mention that the Royals, 60th, and Rifle Brigade were the only regiments in those days which had two battalions. To sell our few things and put mattresses and some provisions into our respective bullock-waggons did not take long. Being only on English pay we could not afford to take our native servants with us, and consequently had rather a rough time of it, more especially when, our provisions being pretty well exhausted, we could only get eggs and milk with an occasional fowl in the villages we passed through. The rivers were our principal difficulty. At one of them we had to stop for the night until an elephant could be got to take our things in turn across dry. The bullock-drivers would not stay with the waggons, as they said a man-eating tiger was in the habit of coming along there at night. The beast did not trouble us, but my waggon was next day upset in the stream, and I had rapidly to strip and go in to assist the natives to recover it. On landing on the opposite bank in a state of nature I met a huge monkey, which fortunately took alarm and bolted. The next river I swam across by the side of the ferry-boat till, happening to ask the ferryman if there were any alligators in the river, his answer—viz., "Ho, sahib, bohut burra mugger"—("Yes, sir, very big alligators")—made me scramble on board without delay. The four of us at last arrived at Masulipatam in a state of semi-starvation and with fever commencing. Fortunately we just managed to get the steamer

to Madras, where we got an advance of English pay, and after a few days at a small hotel embarked in a P. & O. steamer, the Alma, for Hongkong *via* Ceylon. The sea voyage stopped the fever from which we were all suffering, and on arrival at Hongkong I made up an account by charging what we should have been entitled to in England—viz., 10s. per day each, marching-money, and all our expenses for waggons, elephants, &c., which altogether came up to Indian pay. The War Office at home were quite satisfied with the charges.

Madras in those Company days was known as the benighted Presidency, and certainly deserved its name, as far as its military organisation was concerned. The appearance of a native infantry regiment has already been described; and as for service value, the sepoy of Clive's time must certainly have been of a different race. The young officers were just the same as our own, and many of the older ones had plenty of energy, but there was unquestionably a large leaven of drones. One of these used to be rather a startling sight—a very fat man, who came to the band in the evening in a bullock-waggon, accompanied by his dark-complexioned wife and children. Even that crack corps, the Madras Horse Artillery, was behind the age. As a specimen I may mention that flint pistols formed part of their equipment; their discipline also might have been better. Our own army system was not perfection in 1858; for instance, use might have been made of our almost unlimited space for training the men for active service. A regular musketry course, such as it was, had now been instituted, but the daily march past in slow and quick time, with some curiously intricate and

useless parade-ground manœuvres, was our only training for battle. Better ground for attack and defence of positions, outpost work, and suchlike, could not have been found; but special instruction in such subjects did not in those days form part of the usual commanding officer's duty. Putting the matter of bad water on one side, I for one used to believe the men would have been kept in better health had they (with proper clothing and sola topees such as we wore shooting) been kept at some interesting work or instruction, even out in the sun for the greater part of the day, instead of being confined to barracks, as they rigidly were till the evening, where they had nothing to do except to sleep and drink their allowance of arrack or heavy beer. They had not even to cook their own meals, clean their accoutrements, or even black their boots — that was all done for them. Occasionally a reforming adjutant would get the native servant boys hunted out of the barracks, but it was not long before they somehow got into the old Indian army style again, which apparently consisted of never doing anything they could make a native do for them. So little did the English officers of a native regiment understand our system, that at our first camp after leaving Masulipatam some of them seeing our men dressing the tent-poles from flank as well as front, so as to have each tent in proper position and line before commencing to put them up, were much amused at our men's extraordinary energy and apparent ignorance of tent-pitching in going through to them such an unknown performance. Leaving everything possible to the natives at Secunderabad cost nine of the Madras Horse Artillery their lives. A slow match belonging to the battery had,

after a morning's drill, been put into the battery magazine, and in a short time the magazine building and everything near it was in the air. We at first thought the report of the burst was the first of the two warning guns to repair to the intrenchment, but as no second followed, we soon put it down to the right cause—an accidental explosion.

Before leaving India it may be useful to know of what a Queen's regiment consisted in that country forty years ago. We had no less than forty-seven members in mess. There were two lieutenant-colonels and three surgeons. There were ten companies in the battalion, most of them having a supernumerary subaltern. There were only some six married officers, all told, which, from a regimental point of view, was a great advantage. On landing in India the total strength of the regiment was 1360, the average height of the men in these long-service days being far above what it is now in the British army. In the grenadier company there were no men under 5 feet 10 inches, and in the light company none under 5 feet 7 inches or over 5 feet 9 inches, all specially picked for activity and smartness.

CHAPTER IV.

HONGKONG.

AT Ceylon we had to stop a few days until the arrival of the Hongkong steamer, a fine old paddler—the Pekin. Except that we came across the outer whirl of a typhoon, when our tiller-ropes were carried away, and for a time we were in a bad way, the voyage was devoid of incident. We arrived at Hongkong the beginning of November and joined the 2nd battalion, then quartered on board an old three-decker, the Princess Charlotte, until the shore barracks were vacated by the 59th, which had been nine years at Hongkong, and in that time had buried the regiment three times over. The mortality there in those days was appalling, as we were soon to find out. The Royals landed in November 1858, and by the same time the next year they had lost from fever and dysentery out of 800 men, no less than 235. Certainly some of these were invalided, but most of them died before reaching England. There also died in the same time half the women and all the children.

Happening to look over the side the evening of the day we arrived, I saw a man-of-war dinghy with a coffin in it passing under the stern of the Princess Charlotte, and was informed it was intended for a

marine of the Cambrian, who was to be hanged at the yard-arm in the morning for shooting his sergeant. Early next morning when bathing, we could not help seeing the execution, which took place from the foreyard of the Hesperus. As the gun fired the wretched man seemed almost to fly out from the platform, so rapidly was he run up. About eighteen months afterwards there was another yard-arm execution from a gunboat in Talienwhan Bay which lay close to our transport. In that case the man was swung up with less rapidity. Human life in China, certainly in those days, seemed to have a smaller value than elsewhere. The year before we arrived the Chinese authorities on the other side of the harbour having had some difficulty with the British officials at Hongkong, tried to settle accounts by poisoning all the Europeans in the island, or as many as possible, by putting arsenic in the bread sent round one morning. Some did die, but excess of poison is said to have saved many by making them sick at once. Oddly enough the poisoning baker was named Alum : he escaped to the mainland.

Hongkong harbour is in point of scenery extremely beautiful. The rocky, almost mountainous, island itself is, or was, quite bare of trees, and is scored with ravines, each of which in the rainy season has a fine sparkling stream, and we anxiously looked forward to getting into our new quarters on shore, fine-looking stone barracks. Fortunately our commanding officer had been out in China in the expedition of 1844, and knew well that too many precautions could not be taken as regards health. Thick sola topees covering head and neck were at once ordered, and instead of red uniform, loose easy-fitting sailors' white frocks were taken into wear ; but it was not long before

the usual fever and dysentery began, and slowly but steadily increased. The theory of the then unhealthiness of the island was that whenever the soil, decayed granite, was disturbed for new buildings, it produced an outbreak of fever; but I believe that after we left the island it was discovered that the usual delinquent—viz., impure drinking water—was the cause of nearly all the trouble. The mortality amongst the fleet on the China station was also very great, until some one suggested that shore water should be prohibited and distilled water only used. Now Hong-kong, instead of being one of our most deadly stations, is, as far as Europeans are concerned, one of the most healthy, the secret of it being simply pure water and proper sanitation; but it cost the British military and naval forces in China some thousands of lives before the responsible authorities discovered it.

In 1858 there was a large number of men-of-war on the China station, the flagship being the *Calcutta*, an 84-gun sailing line of battleship: her armament was, I remember, rather ancient—viz., 56-cwt. 32-pounders on the lower deck, with the date 1797 on the trunnions. Some of them possibly had done good service at the Nile or Trafalgar. On the quarter-deck and forecastle she actually had 32-pounder carronades. The *Calcutta* was a good ship under sail, as was also the 40-gun frigate the *Cambrian*. The *Camilla*, a 16-gun brig, which had a mainmast apparently as tall as the *Calcutta*'s mizzen, was a perfect beauty. She was lost with all hands in a typhoon off Japan. There were many heavily armed ship-rigged paddlers, such as the *Retribution* and *Furious*, and quite a fleet of screw gunboats, each with a 10-inch shell gun amidships.

As regards the military, the headquarters of the expeditionary force under Sir Charles Straubenzy was at Canton, and then consisted of two magnificent battalions of marines, two Bengal native infantry regiments, marine and garrison artillery, engineers, &c. There were no cavalry, the country about Canton being unsuited for that arm, but there was a smart little force known as mounted military police. As soon as we landed, an officer and party of our men were sent to Canton to join this useful little force, which was really that which in the present day is known as mounted infantry. It was not long before the detachment at the fight at Sheksing showed the value of the musketry training the regiment had had at Gibraltar under that much beloved and splendid soldier, Colonel Haythorne. At Hongkong, rifle instruction, owing to the steepness of the hillside, was carried on under considerable difficulty, which was much added to by the increasing sickness of the regiment; but with such a keen commanding officer the annual course was got through successfully. One trouble was the judging-distance practice. We could not measure across the ravines in the regulation Hythe manner, but the musketry instructor got over the difficulty by a very clever and simple system of triangulation. It will hardly be credited that the authorities at Hythe disallowed the whole of the regulation good *shooting* pay and prizes which the men had earned, because the *judging-distance* practice was not carried out strictly according to what was done on the level ground at the School of Musketry in England! We were under the impression that Hythe had been established for the purpose of producing good shooting in the British army, but

eventually, with others, came to the conclusion that the authorities of the School of Musketry were adepts in showing how not to do it. The colonel paid the men out of his own pocket. In the 2nd battalion of the Royals we had regular school once a-week for the subalterns under the senior major. The rugged nature of the ground and climate prevented any outdoor tactical work worth mentioning,—even barrack-square drill had to be reduced to a minimum; but with an expeditionary field-force at Canton, and continual “excursion alarms” in connection with naval attacks on piratical strongholds, there was no want of practical training.

A very large and valuable coasting and long sea trade is carried on in the native Chinese vessels, usually known as junks, some of which are of great size: this trade has existed for ages, and so have the pirates, who, emboldened by a miserably weak system of government, have at times formed great fleets and regular pirate committees on shore. With the fear of marauders ever before them, all native craft of any size carried guns, and it is said did not scruple to do a little piratical work on their own account if a particularly favourable chance presented itself. The guns were of all shapes and sizes, but the favourites were European long 18- and short 32-pounders. On examining some of them one day, I found, on lifting the lead apron covering the vent, that the guns were not only loaded but primed and ready for immediate use. The so-called snake-boats employed for quick traffic seemed the perfection of craft for coast piratical work,—long, with fine lines, and pulling ten to fifteen great oars of a side. Three or four such craft would in calm weather have the largest junk at their mercy.

The snake-boats were also very fast under sail: stiffened as the great mat fore and aft sails were with split bamboos, the boats could go very close to the wind and carry on to the last, owing to the rapidity with which the sails could be lowered and run up again.

The pirates were at times a daring lot—on one occasion cutting out a junk at the entrance to the harbour in sight of our flagship. On another a pirate junk actually attacked a gunboat, which at the time was under sail. After a stiff fight the junk was carried by a boarding party, as in the grand old naval battles. The pirate doubtless mistook the gunboat for one of the valuably laden and also well-armed opium schooners which in those days did a good business in the smuggling line. The pirates not only captured junks at sea, but also raided even large coast towns. Just before our arrival at Hongkong, it was considered advisable to send two 18-pounders and a small detachment to one of the villages at the back of the island for its protection: the officer in charge, being somewhat eccentric, used to keep his men exercised in a curious way by firing shotted salutes over the mastheads of those who ventured to pay him a visit in one of Jardine's schooners. During the cold weather Hongkong was quite a lively place. The annual races, for which those most hospitable firms, Jardine and Dent, expended large sums and imported good horses, were a great excitement, not only during the race-week, but also all the time the animals were under training, the horsey light weights in the garrison being usually requisitioned as jockeys.

It was not long before the Royals theatrical company

were under weigh, a really very fine theatre of bamboo matting on a strong bamboo framework to hold 600 to 700 people being run up in a short time. As in the Crimea, there were no ladies available, so assisted by the naval cadets of the flagship who had a turn for acting, I found myself on the boards again; but with such young assistants I now usually took the part of an elderly lady, the cadets often being my daughters. One Rawson (now Sir Harry) for years afterwards wrote to me as "Dearest Mamma." When he was married, with a family of growing daughters of his own, I happened to meet him in Southsea with his children, who were much amused when I informed them that I was their grandmother. A year or two afterwards, when in command of troops on a transport going to the Mediterranean in which these children and their mother were passengers, they scored off me on coming on deck in the morning: it was not "Good morning, colonel," but "Good morning, granny." Having a very large stage, we often had really grand shows in our theatre, and also some very amusing incidents. In one Shakespearean burlesque, the ghost, being very nervous, had taken too much brandy-and-water; and Ariel, a cadet, now an admiral, should have come down from the sky in a graceful curved flight, but descended straight, turning round like a leg of mutton in front of a kitchen fire. But the climax of that evening was a fairy who also should have come lightly from the clouds to place a laurel wreath on Shakespeare's head: instead of doing so, the fairy came down and sat on Shakespeare's head.

One night a piece of drapery on the stage caught fire, and had not one of our actors, Palliser, seized it with extraordinary rapidity, tearing it down and

stamping it out, in doing which he was badly burnt, the whole mat-shed theatre would have been in flames in a few seconds. This experience has never by me been forgotten : even in the smallest private theatricals in which I have been concerned, I have since then taken care that, where lights and drapery might come in contact, buckets of water and soaking blankets should be ready, and exits carefully considered.

When we first landed in Hongkong, and before the great sickness began, our men and the blue-jackets had some good games at football : it was amusing to see the barefooted sailors kicking the ball just as comfortably as if they had boots on. Somehow the blue-jacket of the present day does not seem the same as the happy-go-lucky reckless sailor of bygone times. As an instance, one of our officers going round the naval sentries at Canton with a blue-jacket petty officer was informed by a sentry that his orders were, "Challenge three times and then shoot the —." On going round afterwards during the night, the sentry did carry out the orders as he understood them, singing out, "Who goes there? Once, twice, thrice," and then fired; to which the petty officer at once replied, "Oh, that is your — game, is it? Take that," and let drive at the sentry. Happily neither shot took effect, and sentry and visiting rounds had more precise and clearly defined instructions given to them.

We had many amusing scenes with our naval pals, with whom we worked, not only in regular service business but also in conjunction, at the frequent fires which took place in Hongkong, at one of which I was nearly expended. With my company I was hard at work rolling casks of spirits down to the water from the lower back storey of a burning house : we had got

them nearly all out when the fire began to come through the ceiling over our heads, and we had to run for it. On getting to the level of the street in front, I saw two field guns, and asking why they were there, was informed that they had been brought as a last resource to stop the fire spreading by knocking the house down, but had not fired, as a ship was in the harbour too close on the other side. The fact that my company was working in the spirit-store cellar under the house had in the excitement of the moment been quite forgotten. To my naval friends, who were always ready to carry their lives in their hands on the slightest excuse, the affair was merely amusing, but I took good care, when working out of sight at fires afterwards, to "bar guns." More perfect *camaraderie* than that between the navy and the Royals could not have existed: continually together, we were like one service. It was the same with the men and the blue-jackets: these, when unable to get off to their ships at night, knew a soft plank and blanket could always be found in the barracks. We had many friends also amongst the officers of the French squadron, several of whom belonged to the best families in France. Possibly the fact of our being a Scotch regiment had something to do with it. The French officers were well up in Scott's novels, and recognised that the forebears of the Royals had in ancient days been in the French service.

We also had some very pleasant amusing friends in the American squadron: among others Semmes, afterwards of Alabama fame, dined with us one night. I am under the impression that he then belonged to that grand old paddler the Mississippi, which gloriously ended her days in fire and smoke at Vicks-

burg. The Hartford, Farragut's future flagship, when he showed how to force a passage through the obstructions and pass the forts at Mobile,—“Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead,”—was also in those days on the China station.

In the cold season there was some good pheasant and snipe shooting to be got on the mainland. A party of four of us with two civilian friends hired a native craft of some 20 or 30 tons, having a high covered-in deck extending nearly its whole length: in this we lived very comfortably. We met our craft at Wampoa on the river about twenty miles below Canton, taking a passage to that place in an American river-boat, with its great walking beam, which had been sent across from 'Frisco. Naturally the steamer had to be specially prepared for the ocean transit, and required considerable alteration before it was fit for passengers. One of the people at Hongkong remarked to the captain, “You seem to be really building your boat here.” “Yes, stranger,” replied the captain, “you are about right; we only put the keel on the day before we started”! More than once the enterprising Chinese passengers of the river-boats had on the way to Canton attacked the Europeans and crew, killed most of them, run the steamer aground, and looted the cargo. To prevent a recurrence of such carefully planned piracy, the Chinese passengers were separated from the rest by a strong iron grating, and loaded rifles were always placed handy for the Europeans and crew in case of an attempt to break through.

We commenced our shooting in the paddy fields by the entrance to the Fatshan Creek, where Commodore Keppel had the year before, with the boats'

crews of the fleet, destroyed a large number of armed war junks. That was a stiff piece of work : we lost a considerable number in killed and wounded. Amongst the former was a captain of the 59th Regiment, the military staff officer : he was with his chief, the Commodore, and was cut in two by a round-shot when the Commodore's barge was sunk. Fatshan Creek had a decidedly piratical reputation, and our Chinese skipper always insisted on the English flag being hoisted during the day, and shifting berth a few miles during the night ; but it was a grand place for snipe, and we had several excellent days' sport, which was disturbed one morning by a heavy cannonade not many miles away, in the direction of Canton. There had been rumours about a possible difficulty with some hostile Chinese in those parts, but we did not think it worth attending to. However, when we heard the heavy firing we decided to do our shooting within sight of our junk, and to have the boat always ready ; but the peasants working in the fields took no notice of us, and at lunch the children of a village came up to us in a very friendly way. The danger was that the notice of a reward for heads, which the Chinese in those days always issued when they began hostilities, might have got down to Fatshan. The amount to be paid for a white man's was usually 200 dollars. We decided that if we should be suddenly captured we would offer, through an interpreter, double that amount to let our heads remain where they were. It is not at all improbable our offer would have been accepted. The Chinese there had no personal animosity against us. The matter in their eyes would have been a purely commercial transaction ; and with that perfect faith

which existed in those days all over the East that an Englishman's word was as good as his bond, I think it quite possible cheques for our own heads would have been accepted. We came to the conclusion, however, after our day's shooting was over, that it would be advisable to run up to Canton in the night, which we did, and then ascertained that the whole of the Canton field-force had had a very pretty fight at Sheksing, about six miles from the city, whilst we were amongst the enemy shooting snipe.

As the troops were all on their way back to Canton, and our leave was nearly over, there was nothing but a little sight-seeing for us, and then back again to Hongkong. One individual was anxious for us to remain another day to see eighteen men beheaded in the little lane where, under Yeh the late governor of the province, so many thousands of men, women, and children, so-called rebels, had been executed. The eighteen men, if really the culprits, were rightly to suffer, having assisted those unutterable rascals who were kidnapping Chinese "emigrants" to send to the guano islands on the coast of Peru. At Macao there were then said to be regular slave-barracoons where the unfortunates were secured till the ships were ready. One of these slave-ships was lying just below Wampoa. I told our friend that we did not wish to see the execution, but if a party happened to be made up to seize the ship at Wampoa, release the Chinese, and then burn the vessel, I would not object to being handy on the occasion. Chinese executions as described to us were very simple affairs: all those to be beheaded knelt in a row one behind

the other in the lane, the executioner, with a heavy knife which was shown to us, lopping off each head with a single blow as he walked slowly along, beginning with those in the rear of the line. On one occasion, as described by our acquaintance, over whom such horrible sights exercised a strange fascination, an unfortunate in the front part of the line looked back, and seeing the headless bodies of his friends tumbling over, gave a shriek, whereupon the executioner came up to him, patted him on the shoulder, kindly saying, "Don't be afraid, you won't feel it," and then returned to his work.

When we returned to Hongkong the pleasant time of the year was nearly over, and the regiment was beginning to know what Hongkong fever meant, when our spirits were further depressed by an intimation from the War Office that the special colonial allowance granted in that expensive and unhealthy station was to cease, and that for the future 1s. 6d. per day additional and free rations would only be granted. This meant that owing to the cost of passage the only chance some of us would have of getting to England for many years (our predecessors the 59th had been nine years in Hongkong) would be as broken-down invalids, when we would be sent home at Government expense. Fortunately I happened to mention the new regulation in a letter to a relation then at headquarters in London, and to say that we thought it particularly hard, because part of the garrison of Hongkong was composed of Indian troops—viz., a Madras native infantry regiment—all of whom were drawing Indian pay. The circumstance had been overlooked by the finance department,

because on my relation pointing out what had happened in India several years previously by reason of similar unjust differences of pay, an order was at once sent out cancelling the previous reduction mentioned, and substituting a much more agreeable one—viz., placing the whole force in China on Indian pay and allowances.

CHAPTER V.

CANTON.

DURING the hot weather in India, when there was no early morning parades, I had occupied the time when not after black buck by making a survey of the cantonment as a specimen of part of the qualification required for some Indian staff appointment, and thereby kept my hand in as regards the work I had learnt as a cadet, and so regimentally got a reputation as a military draughtsman. When at Hongkong, the colonel requested me to do a small survey, and make some plans for a report he was engaged on. This I gladly did, and forgot all about it, when one day I was agreeably surprised by the commanding officer saying, "An expedition consisting of a battalion of marines and some half-dozen gunboats is going up a hitherto unexplored river on the west of Macao, to show an obstreperous Chinese governor who has been giving trouble that he is not beyond our reach; there are some forts near the entrance of the river, and there may be a very pretty fight; we are short of European officers, and the C. R. E. wishes to take you as assistant to help him in making a rapid survey of the river," &c. My chance had at last come, and next day I embarked in H.M.S. Assistance

with the marines. We steamed across to Macao, and then were transferred to the gunboats: I went with my special naval friend Lieut.-Commander Blane in his gunboat the Drake. On approaching the forts at the entrance of the river, our 10-inch shell-gun was got ready, but we were not fired at, and entered the river, across which a very strong stockade had been built, with a narrow entrance, through which we just managed to pass, and steamed thirty miles up stream to a large walled town. The mandarin in command came to the conclusion that in face of such a force discretion was the better part of valour, and was most civil, sending presents of live sheep and immense quantities of fruit to our commodore, M'Cleverty, who passed them on to the different gunboats, where they were most acceptable. Next day, with a small guard of marines in attendance, I made a rapid survey of certain high ground commanding the town, the C. R. E. doing the other side. On returning to Hongkong, I was immensely delighted to find that my flying survey of the river as we steamed up agreed literally to a compass point with that made by the C. R. E. on his gunboat. I was very satisfied with the result, as this naval survey work was the first of the sort I had done.

A few days afterwards the colonel informed me that Mackenna, one of our captains on the quartermaster-general's staff, was to go as military staff officer with the naval commander-in-chief, Sir James Hope, who with most of the men-of-war was to start in a few days for the mouth of the Peiho, and that as Mackenna would be away some time, and possibly get some other appointment, I had been selected to fill the vacancy on Sir Charles Straubenzee's staff at

Canton as D.A.Q.M.G. This was indeed a lift for a subaltern twenty years of age; the pay also, Indian with allowances, was something worth having—viz., £60 a-month. The following day I was on my way to Canton, which I may simply describe as a regular sealed-pattern Chinese city, surrounded by the usual crenelated massive stone wall some 40 feet in height, with great half-moon-shaped bastions of wall enclosing the gates, which are to be found about every half mile; above each gate in the continuation of the wall is a three- or a four-storied quaint-looking rectangular barrack for the guard. Wheeled vehicles being unknown, the streets inside the city are very narrow, giving fire or plague every opportunity of extending. The smells, or rather stench, are in many places horrible, and yet the mortality, except when plague and cholera came round, did not appear to be particularly large. The city contains several fine Buddhist temples, which with their grounds occupy many acres: the mandarins' yamuns (residences) also are very extensive.

Previous to the capture of Canton a heavy fire had to be directed on the south wall from the ships, and many of the unfortunate inhabitants had been killed. Consequently there was, on our first occupation of the place, a strong native feeling against us, causing an amount of assassination which had to be sternly suppressed; but in a wonderfully short time the Chinese who had fled to the country returned to their houses, and everything went on as usual. The native authorities were allowed to carry on their own government under the sanction of the allied commissioners, who lived in a large yamun in the centre of the city. The extent of this Chinese official resi-

dence may be estimated when I mention that it gave spacious barrack accommodation to a whole battalion of marines, besides the French guard and many officials. The enclosing wall was loopholed, and the yamun generally placed in a state of defence.

On the north and north-east side of the city there is a range of hilly ground some 200 feet in height: part of this is enclosed by the city wall, and gives a fine site for a large temple. The undulating high ground outside the wall is the great cemetery of Canton, and contains many fine tombs. The headquarters of the allied forces occupied the temple on the heights and buildings adjacent, giving excellent quarters for all the staff, a battalion of marines, the artillery, engineers, and the French force,—a mere handful in comparison with ours, but nevertheless an uncommonly smart one, under Admiral Regault de Genouilly. His flag-lieutenant was Brown de Coulston, now the well-known French admiral. Being about the same age, and having many service ideas in common, Brown de Coulston and I became great friends.

The allied position on the heights was strongly intrenched, and the ground cleared of all buildings for a considerable distance in front. From the heights a road was made along the inner side of the east wall down to the well-protected landing-place on the river, the gate guard-houses of the city wall being made into fortified connecting posts. My work on the quarter-master-general's staff of a stationary field force was not particularly exciting, but it necessitated my being up every morning at daybreak; and the early ride through the city to the commissioners' yamun, which I had frequently to take, was a very interesting one,

in seeing the Chinese citizens gradually appear and start off on their various industries. Occasionally I had work to do outside the city, riding out often a long way by myself. No one took any notice of the Fanqui (foreign devil), an example which, I was glad to say, was followed one morning by an immense snake, evidently a python, which I suddenly came on when surveying on the cemetery hills. Office work continued from breakfast till lunch-time, the afternoon being usually free. We had a very pleasant little headquarter mess, and the usual whist after dinner; but to me, who had been at work since daybreak when the others were comfortably in bed, the nightly whist was more than I could manage; till at last, after many revokes, they came to the conclusion I was a duffer at the national game for elderly people, and I was allowed to escape to bed.

In such a large force there were of course many with very interesting service experiences; and one came across some eccentric characters, who were quite a source of amusement. One elderly colonel of the Indian army, with many years' service, was never tired of vaunting the excellences of port wine and Holloway's pills. From his own account he must have consumed an immense quantity of both: possibly the one neutralised the effect of the other.

I made some acquaintances amongst the better class of the Chinese. One, a well-known jeweller and curio-maker, who spoke English, was always well pleased when I came down to his place for a talk and to give him some ideas as to new patterns. From this acquaintance I got much information as to Chinese life and ideas. I was less than a year in Canton, but before I left had come quite to like the Chinese, who

are very different from the vulgar but generally accepted notions concerning them. Difficult as it is for Europeans to believe it, they are in family life most affectionate and kind-hearted, and will give up and do anything for each other. It is a well-known fact that a man will sell even his life for the benefit of his family, taking the place of some wealthy man who has been sentenced to death. This by Chinese custom is allowable: the price is usually about £50 of our money.

More industrious workmen than the Chinese simply do not exist, or more honourable merchants, as our own bankers and traders well know: they can be thoroughly trusted to almost any amount.

In the many fights we have had with Chinese forces, their defeat seemed a foregone conclusion; but when properly trained and disciplined very few races make better soldiers, as Gordon so often proved with his Ever-victorious Army. In company with our men, even the ordinary Canton coolie is steady under fire. At Taku in 1860 they were employed bringing the scaling-ladders down to the advanced post, and not only willingly did this, but actually carried the ladders to the wall of the fort and held them in position whilst our men mounted.

The governing class in China is, from our point of view, corruption itself; and as for ignorance, conceit, and general unfitness for a responsible position, few human beings can come up to the ordinary Chinese mandarin: exceptions there are, but they are few and far between. Why the Chinese official from the highest to the lowest grade should as a rule be so unreliable, corrupt, and conceited is at first rather a puzzle. The conclusion I ultimately arrived at, however, was that these objectionable qualities were brought about by

the absence of any moral training, religious or otherwise, and the educational system with its absurdities of competitive examinations, when men even in extreme old age are locked up in the examination cells to make sure that they do not crib when writing out some high-flown rubbish on the sayings of Confucius. An acquaintance with the philosophical twaddle of that ancient sage is held in high esteem by the upper classes, and is by them considered quite enough as regards moral, and possibly religious, instruction. Of the great Buddhist religion, which in its inception doubtless contained some valuable ideas, nothing really is left but the ritual. This is very curious and interesting from a psychological point of view. Shutting one's eyes when in a Buddhist temple, the smell of incense, tinkling of bells, and the chanting of the monks softly vibrating amongst the timbers of the high roof, gives the impression that one is standing in some great Continental cathedral. Opening them, the similarity to certain forms of Christian worship or belief is still more startling. There in large gilt images is the representation of the Trinity in the triad deity, and the mother of Heaven with the infant in her arms; there also are the twelve special followers of Buddha; and on the altar in front of Buddha are the candlesticks and brass vases with artificial flowers, the latter absolutely identical with those which of late years have been adopted in so many Protestant churches, to the great delight of young ladies, who cannot know they are filling with the best flowers from the hothouse what are really pagan vases. The shaven monks with their long yellow robes and rosaries seem almost a travesty of one great branch of the Christian religion, and

did we not know that Buddhism and its rites existed long before Christianity, we should be tempted to believe that Buddhist ritual had been copied from it.

There are vases on the Buddhist altar which do not yet appear even in our most advanced ritualistic buildings—viz., those containing the sticks of fate. A Chinaman desirous of knowing beforehand the result of some undertaking, commercial or otherwise, pays a small sum to the *bonze* (monk) in charge, shakes the vase till one of the sticks with a number on it falls out, when the priest refers to a book, and reads whatever oracular statement may be opposite the number. The spirit of gambling exists in every Chinaman, and in any important undertaking he is naturally anxious to get a straight tip from Joss—that is his name for the deity in general. Of religion of any description in a really concrete form of belief the Chinese have none, although the nominal followers of Buddha number many millions. The ordinary Chinaman has drifted back to what was, according to high authority, the religion of the human race at a very early period—viz., ancestor-worship and the propitiation of evil spirits. The dragon appears to be the usual form in which the most powerful of these demons impresses the Chinese imagination. On the fifth day of the fifth month—June, I think it was—I happened to be on the Canton River when the festival of the dragon took place. An immensely long boat, propelled by many oars, rushed past, regardless of any boats or sampans which might be in the way. Over them or through them it went: on the front were men waving flags, and in the centre was a huge drum on which three or four men hammered with frantic energy. Whether it was to

propitiate or frighten the dragon away till next year, I was unable to ascertain. All the Chinamen knew about it was that it was Joss pigeon—the word pigeon being the Chinese rendering of the word business. One day a small specimen of a tornado did some damage near the landing-place, becoming a water-spout as it crossed the river. A Chinese acquaintance, on being asked what he thought about it, said, “Me thinkee devil walkee”—doubtless in his imagination some relation of the much-feared dragon. At sunset the sailors on board the junks made a horrible din with gongs. The only explanation I could ever get was that they were chin-chinning Joss, perhaps appeasing thereby some nautical demon. It seemed to me that ancestor-worship rather bordered on propitiation of ghosts who might become malicious, but the ghosts must have been of a kindly disposition, as the burning of paper representations of food of different sorts before their tablets was considered sufficient: doubtless the ghosts remembered what a struggle existence was to so many in China, and were well pleased that no real food was wasted.

Every scrap of anything which will help to support life is turned to account by a Chinaman: even dried rats can be seen exposed for sale in the poor neighbourhoods. One day when pulling down some old brick buildings to improve the defences, an enormous rat bolted. A boy went for it at once,—the rat bit him, but he killed it and carried it off in triumph. On my asking why he took it away, he said, with a look of astonishment at my having asked the question, “Makee chow-chow.” Not a single foot of ground in which any-

thing eatable will grow is allowed to remain idle: the care with which each little plant is watered and manured would be an excellent object-lesson for our agriculturists. Not only is the most made of dry land, but water also is turned to account, small fields after the crop is off being dammed up and fish turned in to fatten. On one occasion when after snipe, I happened to see a big fish show itself in a flooded field and shot it, also two or three more before it struck me why they were there. I paid the owner their value and also left him the fish (some kind of carp), so he at least was well satisfied. Manure (town and village sewage) is a valuable article in China, and most carefully preserved; but so fond are the Chinese of practical jokes,—a middy who can quietly tie the ends of the tails of two swell Chinamen together when they are engaged talking, instantly has the whole sympathies of a crowd on his side, who simply roar with laughter when the heads are jerked backwards,—that when one of our men-of-war was lying just below Wampoa some Chinamen, for the sake of a startling practical joke, did not scruple to expend the very valuable cargoes of two large manure-boats. The men were all on deck at divisions, and it being unfortunately Sunday, they had their best clothes on. Two boats a little apart came down on the tide towards the—— (even now it does not do to mention names), a rope connecting them fouled the moorings, and the boats swung on to the ship, one on each side. There was a double explosion from well-arranged powder-charges concealed in the boats, and then a perfect shower of the most horrible filth descended on the ship. Not only had the clothing of the officers and

men all to be destroyed, but it was a long time before the ship could be thoroughly cleansed from smell, and still longer before it was safe even to innocently use a pocket handkerchief in the presence of any one belonging to the —.

As ingenious workmen, more particularly in carving and carpentry, where fine detail is required, the Chinese can have few equals. Even an itinerant carver with a barrow-stall in the street, if given a dry peach-stone, will, while you wait, carve it beautifully. Another special curiosity was to break a wine-glass into several pieces, and then give it to a glass- and china-mender to rivet: the work was simply perfect. The Chinese can apply this careful attention to details in everything. On becoming a staff officer I required a staff cap with gold-lace of a particular pattern. A Chinese tailor looked at the pattern I gave him, then said, "Ten day, ten dollar, can do." In ten days a perfect staff cap arrived, and wore extremely well, descending to another officer, a brigadier-general, after I left. The colonel commanding the artillery was not so fortunate. He ordered a supply of coal—a rare commodity in Southern China: when tried some time afterwards, the whole turned out to be carefully painted stones!

The struggle for existence being so hard, it is not to be wondered at that infanticide is in time of famine rather too frequent. In consequence of this, some benevolent Chinese had in former days endowed a foundling asylum at Canton, and doubtless similar institutes exist in other Chinese towns; but, as far as I could gather, most of the funds intended to save infant life had gone into the pockets of those

whose special duty it was to look after the place, much in the same way as some of the educational and other charities in the United Kingdom have gone off the rails, as mentioned in the records of the Charity Commissioners. The general idea in this country is that the Chinese have no more affection for each other than ants or bees, and that when an individual can no longer work, they allow him or her to die. No greater mistake could possibly be made, and it is curious how it could have originated. Some forms of their punishments are brutal, but when one comes to think of it, they are not really so horrible as our own judicial executions only some 150 years ago. The most severe execution in China, slicing to death, dreadful as it sounds, is rapidly done with twelve regulation cuts. Compare this with the execution of the unfortunate Jacobites in 1746 at Carlisle and on Kennington Common, when after being suspended for a minute on the gallows, they were lowered down, their stomachs cut open, and their entrails torn out and burnt before their faces whilst the sufferers were still alive. Even as late as 1727 a woman was burnt alive in London, surrounded by a brutal crowd enjoying the spectacle. Fortunately the shrieks of the woman happened in this case to be heard by royal ears, and death by roasting alive ceased to be a form of legal execution in England; but the hanging, not only of men, but of women and children, for offences which would now be considered sufficiently punished by a few weeks' imprisonment or a birching, continued well into the nineteenth century. We can therefore hardly be surprised at what still exists in China. Such specu-

lations, however, hardly come within service recollections, but from my personal observations, living as I did amongst the Chinese for nearly a year, I consider it my simple duty to state my own experiences, and to say that I believe that Europeans who behaved themselves properly and did not offensively push their own religions or interfere in political matters, could live in China, and would be welcomed by the ordinary traders and peasants. The officials whose peculations and robberies are interfered with, naturally do not like Europeans, and when they can, make the country too hot for them. At Canton, where the allied commissioners kept the Chinese city mandarins in order with an iron hand inside a velvet glove, trade and business went on perfectly in a marvellously short time after we occupied Canton. The departure of the garrison doubtless well pleased the mandarins, but many thousands of citizens unquestionably would have preferred our remaining.

CHAPTER VI.

PEIHO.

BUT to return to my own particular line. News arrived one day which caused the garrison to stand to its arms, and consider whether we had a sufficient supply of ammunition and food for a siege. A terrible disaster had occurred to our arms in the north. In 1858, when the Chinese opposed our going up the Peiho to Tientsin to make the final arrangements about the treaty which had been agreed on, our gunboats forced a passage past the Taku Forts, and getting above them so enfiladed the works that the expedition got up the river with but little loss. The following year the treaty was to be ratified at a grand meeting of politicians at Pekin. As a matter of precaution, a battalion of marines and a company of Royal Engineers went to the north with the fleet escorting the Ministers ; but on arrival at the mouth of the Peiho it was found that the Chinese had immensely strengthened the Taku Forts since the previous year, and placed in the river huge iron stakes on tripod legs, and a strong boom composed of heavy spars arranged parallel to the banks a few feet apart, and connected by three rows of sunken chains. There was also a great raft of timber above the boom. When requested to remove these so as to allow the diplomatic represen-

tatives of England and France to proceed by the usual public road to Tientsin, the Chinese refused to do so, and told the Ministers they must go to Pekin *via* Pehtang, being as much as to say, "You inferior races are not worthy to come in at the front door, but must approach us by a back entrance." This being a matter of great political importance which could not be ignored, it was decided by the allied Ministers and naval commander-in-chief that a passage must be forced past the forts and the Ministers escorted with proper respect to Tientsin. The forts on both sides of the river were low massive earthworks with high cavalier bastions at intervals; the guns—very heavy brass pieces—being in casemates with rope mantlets in front of the embrasures. Broad ditches and mud flats made the forts safe from frontal attack by escalade.

All the large ships of the allied squadrons had, owing to the shallow water, to lie some miles out at sea; but the gunboats, averaging 60 horse-power, and the gun-vessels could easily pass the bar. The gunboats each carried one big 85-cwt. shell-gun and a 32-pounder lent from the flagship. There were some nine or ten gunboats and two large gun-vessels. A company of Royal Engineers was distributed amongst the gunboats as riflemen, and the marines, about 500 in number, were placed inside the bar in some junks which had been requisitioned, in case a landing party was required. The French squadron was very much smaller. The American commodore, the ever-to-be-remembered gallant old Tatnall, had only one small steamer. The British commander-in-chief, Admiral Hope, hoisted his flag on the Plover gunboat, which was to lead the way.

The night before the attack an attempt was made to blow up the boom, but judging from what took place next day, it must have failed: be that as it may, at about 2 P.M. with the first of the ebb the gunboat flotilla in echelon moved up to the attack. One of the gunboats hooked on to the great iron stakes, and reversing her screw, drew out two and then buoyed the passage. No sign of life was to be seen at the forts. The Plover, leading, then drove hard at the boom, hoping to break through as in the previous year. The boom moved very slightly, but the Plover almost bounded back from the shock, and at the same instant all the rope mantlets in front of the embrasures were rolled up, and such a storm of heavy shot struck the Plover that almost half her crew were at once killed or wounded. The commander, Rason, then dropped his anchor, and a regular, so to say, broadside-to-broadside fight began, and never in our naval annals was there a more gallant engagement; but the flush-decked gunboats, heavily armed, it is true, were no match for the powerful guns secure in their massive casemates. Rason was soon killed, his head taken off by a round-shot; then Captain Mackenna of the Royals, the admiral's staff officer, fell with a gingal-bullet through him, only living long enough to send an affectionate message to his old regiment. George Douglas, the flag-lieutenant, an old friend of mine, took command. More men were signalled for, and came up from the junks. Then the admiral was struck down, but still the fight went on, no less than three crews being killed or wounded before the little Plover sank. So crowded was the deck with dead that they had to be thrown overboard to give room to work the guns. One grand reinforcement came up—

the gallant old Tatnall, who rowed alongside the Plover, saying, "Blood is thicker than water," could he be of any use? Just then the stern of his barge was knocked out by a round-shot, and his men were in the place they wanted to be—viz., alongside ours working the guns.

Attempts were made to stop the huge splintered holes in the sides of the little gunboats with shot-plugs, the carpenters being lowered in bow-lines over the sides, where they worked away as if in a dry dock at Portsmouth; but such attempts to keep the gunboats afloat to continue the action were hopeless. Four gunboats and a gun-vessel were sunk, and the action between gunboats and the forts came to an end; but we were not to be beaten thereby. It was decided to land marines and blue-jackets and storm the great southern fort. Had it been possible to bring even 500 men with scaling-ladders and arms in order up to the walls of the fort, it would have been taken; but between the edge of the water where the boats landed the men, some distance below the boom, was a great expanse of soft mud, some 500 yards broad, covered at high tide, with many specially constructed water-holes scattered over it. Beyond this, near the fort, were two broad ditches, and then bamboo spikes up to the wall. The landing-party, heavily fired on all the time, struggled across the mud, some falling into the water-holes, never to be seen again. Several, however, managed to get somehow, swimming and wading, across the ditches; but by that time there were not a hundred men left, and not twenty serviceable rifles. To attempt to storm would have been worse than folly, so the ridge of earth on the far side of the ditch was held until the

wounded could as far as possible be passed down to the boats, and then all retreated. A curious incident took place as the covering-party—the rearguard, so to say—left the ditch. Some reckless individual struck up what in those days was a popular street ditty, “Sing song, Polly, won’t you try me, oh?” and all who had any breath left joined in the chorus. Our total loss that day was, as nearly as possible, 500 killed and wounded.

Three days after the fight a strange-looking wreck was seen drifting out of the river: it was one of the gunboats, the Kestrel, which was at once taken possession of and made serviceable again. Another gruesome relic of the fight floated out about the same time, the incident being lately related to me by Admiral Brine, then a lieutenant. The marine officer of the Highflyer was one of the first killed at the landing, and must, when shot, have fallen unperceived into a water-hole, as he was never noticed again. Lieutenant Brine was talking with his friends on the subject on the quarterdeck of the Highflyer, and was just going off in his own boat when he saw something in the water close to the boat-boom. On rowing up to the object, it proved to be the body of the marine officer, which had so strangely floated off to his own ship anchored some six miles outside the Peiho.

Judging by previous experiences, the attempt to force the passage with the gunboats was quite justifiable, and had the boom been broken the night before, as was anticipated, the attack would have succeeded; but the attempt to carry by escalade a fort which had sunk four of our vessels, and to do so by a rush over 500 yards of thick mud, with the tide beginning to

cover it, and under a heavy fire, was a daring but hopeless undertaking.

All needful preparations were rapidly and quietly made by us in our intrenchments on the heights in case the Government at Peking should send orders to recommence hostilities in the south. The mandarins did consider the question, but came to the conclusion they had better remain quiet. As they naïvely expressed it, "It is dangerous to attack a rat in a hole." Besides, hostilities would have destroyed trade and business of every description in Canton, where things were going on as smoothly as if we had been for years in permanent occupation of the city. Our mounted military police on their hardy little ponies patrolled every quarter of the city and its widely-extending suburbs, and the allied commissioners kept the local Chinese authorities well up to their work. Unquestionably the traders and inhabitants of Canton generally enjoyed a security of life, property, and justice previously unknown to them, and thoroughly appreciated it.

Our defeat at the Peiho meant another Chinese war, in which it would be necessary to dictate our terms of peace at Peking. As there was not time to get the necessary force together before the severe northern winter set in, all that could be done was to reinforce the garrison at Canton at once from India, and make preparations for a campaign in the spring. Two regiments, the Buffs and 67th, were sent from Calcutta. I had to go to Hongkong in connection with the arrangements for bringing them up to Canton, where I had found magnificent quarters for them in the great Buddhist temples. My first instructions, as soon as we heard reinforcements were
was to find room for 10,000 men. This could

not be done by taking over the large temples only, so I had to inspect and rapidly measure the accommodation of some of the large official yamuns where the mandarins were living with their families. The allied commissioners and Chinese authorities decided on the yamuns to be taken if required; and in order to disturb the inhabitants as little as possible, I did my work very quickly, and was rather astonished to find how easy it was to estimate the troop accommodation of large buildings. One working day, with a few assistants for measuring rooms, was sufficient to find quarters for the 10,000 men.

The arrival of the additional troops at Canton, together with a little international work with our allies and arrangements with the naval authorities, gave the quartermaster-general's department a fair amount of work; and when my chief went on a week's leave or duty to Hongkong, I thoroughly enjoyed having the whole of the department in my hands, a chance which does not come often to a subaltern of twenty years of age. The variety of the work was particularly interesting. I certainly had one very unexpected job—viz., to act as an amateur pilot to a troop-ship. By some oversight no pilot was put on board a sailing troop-ship which had to go up the river as far as Wampoa, and on which I for some reason had taken a passage. Fortunately I had studied the navigation of the Canton River and estuary, and was able to be of considerable use to the skipper of the troop-ship.

With the approach of the cold wet weather those who began to suffer again, one of the the quartermaster-general's came on very suddenly

and with great severity, necessitating his immediate removal to hospital. Amongst others I also went down, but a change of air to Hongkong as soon as I was fit to travel had a wonderful effect: doubtless the sea-breeze there at that time of year had something to do with putting me on my legs again, but, with the nervous system rather upset, when the troops for the coming expedition began to arrive, I got so uneasy and anxious about my regiment probably going on service, whilst I might be left on the staff at Canton,—the vexation of having missed all the work in India in '57 and '58, with my regiment actually in the country, was also still vividly before me,—that I requested permission to give up my appointment and return to my regiment. This I did, and had the consolation of being told afterwards by the general that had I held on for only ten days more, I would have had the same appointment under the new commander-in-chief. However, I was back again at my regimental home, which was some compensation. We had rather a lively time of it, the old Royals being given to much hospitality. Amongst others the French headquarter staff were often our guests. At one big dinner some of us noticed the extraordinary volubility and ease with which one of our young fellows, an Irishman, whose knowledge of French was extremely limited, carried on a conversation with one of the French staff. His explanation was to the point, "With the second bottle of champagne all languages are the same"; but another sub. who happened to be acting A.D.C. to the governor rather astonished the French commander-in-chief by saying to him, "*Mon général, voulez-vous porter madame R. à diner?*" the lady in question being not only the handsomest but

also the tallest in Hongkong, and of corresponding weight.

Having, when at Canton, had to copy the plans and sketches sent down from the north by Major Fisher, R.E., who had made a wonderful coast survey, which also gave the position of the different forts, I was able to see at once, what was also apparent to any one studying the matter, that there were two lines of advance to Pekin—one by a direct road from a town some distance north of the Peiho, the other by the ordinary road and the Peiho *viâ* Tientsin, after having captured the forts guarding the river-mouth. To do this it would be necessary to land a force to take the forts in rear, and the only place available for a disembarkation was at the mouth of the Pehtang, some ten miles north of the Peiho. From there an attack might be made on the northern forts, the most westerly one of which was the key of the whole position, as it enfiladed the entire line of forts on the south side. The Peiho being a very narrow river with low banks, the construction of a bridge, after the capture of the forts, to pass the army across to the road on the south side and the main road to Tientsin, would be an easy matter. So clear was all this to any one seeing the plans that I sent an account of what we were going to do to my relatives at home. It was therefore with considerable astonishment that I heard, after we had taken the forts in the way named, that the French general had had a great difference with Sir Hope Grant. General Montauban's scheme was to leave the north fort alone, cross the river, and then commence operations. Fortunately for the allied forces, Sir Hope insisted on having his own way. But even more startling than this was the original French

scheme for the invasion of China—viz., that the English force should land at Pehtang, ten miles north of the Peiho, and the French by themselves at a place twenty miles south of it. Such was their ignorance or contempt for the Chinese that they were of opinion that some 7000 French troops, without cavalry and but little transport, could land by themselves, defeat the whole Chinese army, and march twenty miles across a difficult country before joining the English. Fortunately for themselves, the French found their proposed landing-place impracticable, and at the eleventh hour agreed to land at Pehtang with the English.

Although the attempts of our gunboats to force a passage past the Taku Forts in 1859 had ended in disaster, the military power of the Chinese empire at that time was so poor that an allied expedition of some 20,000 was considered sufficient to capture the obstructing forts and dictate terms of peace at Peking. The number at first proposed was to be 10,000 British, under Sir Hope Grant, and 7000 French, under General Montauban. Eventually these numbers were increased to 13,000 and 7600 actually brought to China; but the numbers landed at Pehtang on the 1st August, when the campaign commenced, were 11,000 British and 6500 French.

The composition of the allied armies was as follows: British—one regiment cavalry, two regiments Indian cavalry, five batteries Royal Artillery, two companies Royal Engineers, one company Madras Sappers, eight battalions infantry, four battalions Indian (Sikh) infantry. The cavalry and artillery were splendidly horsed, and fit to go anywhere. The transport was our only weak point. The now defunct Military Train

from England was intended to have been its backbone: unfortunately some of that corps having in a case of great emergency during the Indian Mutiny been employed as cavalry, the Train considered transport work quite beneath them, and were perfectly useless in looking after and directing the native drivers of the crowd of ponies, mules, &c., collected from India, Manilla, and Japan. The backbone of our transport really consisted of the Canton coolie corps, several hundred strong, under Major Temple, assisted by the hard-working British subaltern and N.C.O.'s from the infantry regiments. The loads these coolies carried were astonishing, and their readiness at all times for work was particularly satisfactory; but not so pleasant was their quickness and ability to plunder their own countrymen whenever a chance presented itself. During the advance on Peking one had to be hanged for some special outrage: his reckless indifference as regards life was a strange sight. When taken to the gallows, he simply looked up at the apparatus with a grin, said "Ah, yah," and apparently assisted the executioner to put the rope round his neck.

The French force consisted of four batteries of artillery, two companies of engineers, and seven battalions of infantry; no cavalry or transport.

Before the allied armies could be ready to start for the Gulf of Pechili it was necessary to have some places of assembly in the south for the different forces coming from England, France, and India. Chusan was at first selected, and two of our infantry battalions and a battery of artillery from Canton, together with a small French contingent, were therefore sent to take possession of the island; but for some reason the idea of making Chusan a place of con-

centration was given up, and the remainder of the British force was assembled on the peninsula of Kowloon, on the north side of Hongkong harbour. The French assembled at Shanghai; but little room, however, was required for our allies. Cavalry they had none, and not even horses for their field batteries of light guns; their only transport was a small corps of coolies. Seeing their utterly unprepared state, Sir Hope Grant offered some of our surplus stock of ponies, but the French general objected to the price. It will hardly be credited that on the 1st of July, when the whole of the British army had arrived at Talienwhan Bay and was ready to start on the campaign, the French, at Chefoo, had only 114 unbroken Japanese ponies collected for their field artillery, for which some 600 were necessary. The consequence was that the expedition had to be delayed a whole month simply waiting for the French to get their transport ready.

But to return to Hongkong. The arrival there of the British portion of the expedition in May made quite a lively time. Previous to their coming the difficulty was to find suitable camping-ground, as there was none on the island of Hongkong. Curiously enough, while the matter was under consideration, I chanced to be in a boat with Colonel Haythorne, chief of the staff, and Major D. We just then passed the end of the Kowloon promontory on the opposite side of the harbour, when I happened to say, "Why not take possession of the Kowloon peninsula? the ground there is made for a large camp." Whether my suggestion was the cause of it I know not, but Kowloon was taken over and the camp made there.

From a professional point of view the great attrac-

tion at the camp was the two batteries of Armstrong field-guns. This being the first occasion in which English breechloading rifled field-guns were to be used on active service, a few rounds were fired from the camp at a target out at sea for the benefit of the naval and military authorities. The range and accuracy was wonderful, but the ancient warriors shook their heads over the complications of the breech mechanism. In shrapnel, and even in fuses, we seem to have always been ahead of our Continental neighbours; but the lead-coated Armstrong segment shell and its rather too delicate fuse did not come up to expectation, as we subsequently found at Taku, where some of our men, lying down in front of the guns, were killed by the lead-coating stripping off the shells.

CHAPTER VII.

TAKU FORTS.

A MORE suitable place for a camp than the Kowloon peninsula could hardly have been found anywhere. The camping-ground was excellent, there were no inhabitants on it, and it was on the north shore of the great harbour of Hongkong. With all the resources of that place at its service, it greatly facilitated the work of concentration before starting for the final British base of operations in the north—viz., Talienwhan Bay. The French selected Chefoo, on the south side of the Gulf of Pechili, just opposite Talienwhan.

Now steam transport is always available for an expedition, but in 1860 sailing ships had to be employed and plenty of time allowed. The date fixed for everything being ready at Talienwhan to move across to Pehtang was the 1st July, and to permit of this the British portion of the force had all to be ready to leave Hongkong by the 1st June, which it did. The transport which was to take the Royals to the north was an Aberdeen clipper of 1000 tons, a small ship to take a whole regiment; but deaths and sliding had, notwithstanding the addition of a from England, brought down the strength

of the battalion to 500 rank and file. Even then it was a tight fit, but as we were going on active service our little discomforts were not worth troubling about. When the first division of transports, all sailing ships, was ready, the wind was against us, so we had to beat out, tack and tack, and, as in the days of the old war, we had two men-of-war as convoy. They were powerful paddle-wheel frigates, and went with us not as a protection against any possible enemy we might meet, but to assist any ship which might come to grief. The transports kept pretty well together until we got through the Formosa channel, and then, a gale coming on, we lost sight of the rest of the fleet and made our way straight for the rendezvous—viz., Talienwhan Bay.

To a regiment which eighteen months before had come to China in a sailing ship from Gibraltar, life at sea was no novelty: as for myself, it seemed to me that the middle watch and I were again inseparable.

In going north we managed to get within a couple of days' sail of Japan, and much wished we could have touched at some port in that wonderful country, which had only been opened to the world two years before. The officers of the Calcutta flagship, the first man-of-war allowed to come into a Japanese harbour, gave us some very interesting accounts of their experiences with the then unsophisticated Japs, in whose eyes everything European, especially naval buttons, was of wonderful value.

Our voyage was uneventful: the only special incident I remember was the appearance, when in the Yellow Sea, of an enormous octopus, or something of that nature. The mass of pulp seemed about as

big as the floor of a large room. It floated past close to the ship, going down just as it cleared the stern.

We were the first transport to arrive in the magnificent harbour of Talienwhan, but were soon joined by many others. The country round the bay, open undulating ground, was a first-rate place for the concentration of a large force, the only drawback being a rather limited supply of water. My company happened to be sent on shore a day or two before the others for landing camp stores, &c. The second night I was in a bad way with an attack very like cholera — originated, I thought, very possibly by Talienwhan oysters. When at its worst, a violent squall with a heavy sea set in, which brought my tent down. I had just strength left to place some stones on the canvas to prevent its being blown or washed away, and crawled up the beach to a small hut, where I had rather a bad time until daylight brought our surgeon ashore. We lost two men from similar attacks, and then the complaint, whatever it was, ceased.

The British force at Talienwhan, in consequence of the water difficulty, had to be spread out on both sides of the bay; but as the Chinese forces were a long way off at Taku, we could safely make our own arrangements. The few natives, a particularly fine race, very different in appearance from the well-known Chinese type farther south, were rather alarmed at our arrival, but did not desert their small villages and farms, and were ready enough to sell us what they had in the way of provisions. I have an amusing recollection of going with another sub. to cater for our mess, and buying at a farm a nice little black pig, which would not be driven, so

we had to lash it to a pole, and then carried it, squealing, shoulder high in triumph back to our camp.

A foraging party of another regiment, headed by (it is said) its colonel, happened to hear fowls cackling in a small junk, and there being no one on board, the birds were considered lawful prize and carried off. Next day there was a great row, the fowls being the private property—doubtless annexed a few days before—of a well-known naval officer with a very suggestive name. To settle matters quietly, the soldier sent a blank cheque to the sailor, which was filled in to his satisfaction: report said it was not so with the soldier.

With our ships close in, with all the stores we required and a certain amount of fresh meat purchased from the natives, our stay at Talienwhan was very pleasant. The weather was hot,—105° at times in a bell-tent,—but the heat was dry, and we did not feel it much.

As usual I had to do some surveying, and, when so employed, made some interesting mineralogical discoveries. To get an object to take angles on at one point, I piled up a lot of quartz rock in which there was a large amount of visible gold. I afterwards heard that some small nuggets had been found in the ravines. When going along the beach towards the south I noticed great vertical reefs of quartz, several feet thick, in the cliffs, which were of chlorite slate. In the farms I also saw coal, which indicated an outcrop at no great distance.

The departure of the expedition from Talienwhan Bay, in glorious weather at the end of July, was a magnificent sight, with close on ninety sailing mer-

but the chief of the staff pointed out to me that our land transport was not sufficient for such a march, and that we must get possession of the forts, if only for the sake of the river transport which the Peiho would give us to Tientsin; and that the moral effect of capturing the forts from which we had been repulsed had also to be taken into consideration.

The landing at the mouth of the Pehtang and occupation of that muddy little town was effected without any opposition worth mentioning. The gunboats went in, and the Chinese retired from the two small forts guarding the entrance to the river. An infantry brigade landed in the mud and scrambled through it to the hard causeway connecting Pehtang with the Peiho. The gallant brigadier who led the way is said to have done so *sans culottes*. Like Henry of Navarre, the *panache blanche* was well to the front; but the plume on this occasion was composed, not of ostrich feathers, but of homely shirt-tails.

The only defence which the enemy's commandant of the place made was of a passive nature, and decidedly Chinese in conception—viz., ground torpedoes of large spherical shells, four in each box, one of which was buried in the mud *inside* the forts at the foot of the ramps leading to the high cavalier bastions. The shells, by an ingenious arrangement, were to have been exploded by the first inquisitive man who might walk up the ramps of the deserted forts. Fortunately, friendly natives at once informed us where the traps were before any accident occurred.

Storing a number of men and animals in such a small town was not an easy matter, but we managed it somehow, the inhabitants who remained turning out of their rooms and squatting on the flat roofs, a

somewhat scared but passive lot. The want of fresh drinkable water was a difficulty, and as the weather was very hot, the short supply allowed per head was rather irksome. The individual who suffered most from the heat soon after our arrival was our colonel, who suddenly rushed gasping from the little house, on a raised mud bed-like platform of which he had placed his blanket. The cause was in course of time ascertained—viz., that the officers occupying the next room, lighting a fire to cook their rations, did not know that the chimney or smoke-escape was used as a hot-air conductor, and led under the raised mud bed-platform to keep the natives warm when sleeping on it during the winter. Immediately after this we were startled by an excited individual, one of our senior captains, dashing into the street, sword in hand, and with nothing on but his shirt and an eyeglass, in pursuit of a little black pig. He had not yet been on active service, but had before landing been told that one should always have something in one's haversack. Needless to say piggy escaped, but it was a long time before the ancient one heard the last of his failure to have roast pork for dinner.

The morning after our arrival the regiment went out in support of a reconnaissance. The wounded brought in passed us on the causeway as we marched out, one very cheery individual on a stretcher being Macgregor, afterwards so well known as Sir Charles. The next time I was near him—twenty-six years afterwards—he was again being carried, but it was to his grave: I was one of his pall-bearers.

The causeway was so thick in mud that most of us had to pull our trousers up as far as they would go. Bare white legs, in some cases assisted by long

sticks, caused much amusement, which was increased when our staid but kind-hearted surgeon floundered into a mud-hole. However, he scored when a rude and stupidly inquisitive sub. chaffed him about a mahogany box he was taking such care of. "Don't be so cheeky, my boy; I may require that box for you before the day is finished—it contains my amputating-knives."

The enemy thought it better to retire, so we returned to Pehtang, where we remained a few days, getting ready for the final advance. What struck me more than anything was the workmanlike way in which the blue-jackets landed the horses of the Indian cavalry brought in by the gunboats, with whips and slings on their little foreyards. A horse fully accoutred was hoisted up, swung over the jetty, and dropped ashore on its legs before it knew what was being done to it.

The inhabitants left in the town soon saw that they had nothing to fear from us. There was but one known case of the disgraceful treatment of a family: the delinquents were not British. This good treatment had its effect. We heard that our kindness to them was passed on to Tientsin, and as soon as we arrived at that city crowds of natives at once came to our camp to sell poultry, fruit, and vegetables. There was some annexation of articles left in the deserted houses of the principal inhabitants of Pehtang, and the Chinese coolie corps were great adepts at looting what they could; but whenever caught they made the acquaintance of the provost-marshal's cat. Living in the same house as the provost-marshal himself, I was present when three of the coolie corps were brought in and

flogged: they had been caught red-handed by Norman, or Bowlby, the 'Times' correspondent. I particularly remember the leather coat he wore. Poor fellow! that coat was the only means by which his body was recognised after his treacherous capture and death under horrible treatment in the Chinese prison in Pekin.

Although living with the provost-marshal I did not think it wrong to make use of some flour which my servant had found. He was not a professed cook, but he assured me he could make Irish stew. Hungrily I waited for the looked-for dinner, but when it came my disappointment was painful. The flour had been made into a sticky mass, such as bill-stickers use, and in it, cut up into small dice-like pieces, was my two days' ration of salt pork. Hungry as I was, I could not manage it, and for that day and the next had to do as best I could with my ration of biscuits, a tight waist-belt, and many pipes.

On the 12th August, grouse-shooting day, the allied army moved out from Pehtang—our division and the French along the causeway and on the marshy ground on each side of it, the other division and the cavalry being away on the right, more inland, where the ground was rather better. In front of us, at a considerable distance from Pehtang, were two earthworks, one on each side of the causeway. As we got near, my company, which was leading on the right, was extended in skirmishing order; and it was interesting, as we marched forward in silence, to observe the enemy's rammers and sponges tossing about against the sky-line, and as soon as we got within range the shot splashed

up the mud in grand style. The shot came pretty thick at first, but our artillery soon silenced the enemy. The skirmishers being well forward, our gunners fired over us, but somehow the guns behind made one feel more uncomfortable than those in front. We used rocket-tubes also: fortunately those erratic missiles were well on the flank. On the right there was a grand spectacle. A large force of Tartar cavalry, certainly some 2000 or 3000, rode with wild cheers straight at the first division. The infantry brigadier in front, instead of receiving them in line, actually formed regimental squares. This sight of our men running into masses greatly impressed the Tartars, who came on most pluckily almost up to the guns, which with the rocket battery were firing hard into them. Fortunately the Sikh cavalry were behind the guns, and then got their chance. Riding into the dense mass, they punished them heavily, and quickly cleared the whole of them off the field.

Some distance beyond the earthworks was a line of intrenchments with a ditch in front. We soon drove the defenders off, crossed the ditch somehow, pushed on through the village beyond, named Sinho, and took possession of the abandoned Tartar camps, where we bivouacked for the night. What our casualties were I do not remember, but they could not have been heavy. Plucky as the Tartars were, it was a case of all Lombard Street to a China orange. This was the first occasion on which rifled field artillery (Armstrong guns) was used by us in action. We had a battery with each division. Oddly enough, the first wounded man I came upon, a Tartar whom I assisted as well as I could for the moment, had been badly

wounded by the segments from an Armstrong shell. One of these I noticed sticking in him, and I thought at the time that a shrapnel from a smooth-bore would have done a good deal more damage. When we got to our halting-place a couple of Sikh troopers came along, rounding up a small flock of sheep. They gave us a few, but just then the headquarter staff came in view and the sheep were let go, all except one, which had taken a fancy to my company. A short piece of string attached to my wrist and a prod from a supernumerary made the animal close up well to the rear rank: it was not noticed as we moved along in quarter-column. That night my company were of opinion that no rations at Hongkong had ever been so excellent as North China mutton.

We heard that the French general, with Gallic-like impetuosity, wanted to push on at once and capture the next place to be taken—viz., Tongku—which covered the lower forts; but Sir Hope Grant understood the business better, and decided to continue the work so well begun according to the arrangements made before leaving Pehtang. Next morning the other bank of the river flanking our advance had to be cleared; so blue-jackets and some of the French were passed over, and, assisted by a battery on our side, drove in the Chinese forces there and burnt a couple of war-junks. Either that afternoon or next day my company had to do some fatigue work farther down the river, when another battery opened on us. We had to lie low until our Armstrong guns came up, but somehow they did not produce the required effect. A smooth-bore battery was sent for, and the combined fire silenced the enemy's guns.

3 advance of the allied forces next day to attack

the Tongku intrenchment was a very pretty sight, our division on the right and the French on the left. To prevent trouble from the low-lying battery on the other side of the river, two of our companies were told off to stop its fire whilst we advanced, all the field artillery being required to batter the Tongku intrenchment previous to our storming it. The fire of the two companies, with the men lying down taking steady pot-shots, was most effective. The gunners were very plucky, but such an accurate fire was maintained on the embrasures that after losing many, who were seen to drop at the muzzles of the guns when loading, the garrison cleared out.

Forty field-guns and several rocket-tubes opened on Tongku, and in due time my regiment advanced in line to take its share in capturing the intrenchment, the Royal Engineers during the night having quietly prepared a rough trench for the skirmishers to take post in, 500 yards from the wall. By some curious arrangement of the roster it fell to my fortunate lot to carry the Queen's colours. As we were advancing in line, I did not think the colours showed to proper advantage in their cases, and requested permission to display them properly. Floating out in the breeze in front of us as we advanced, they looked uncommonly well, and so thought a gun's crew in front of us, who within a minute afterwards sent a round-shot so close that the earth thrown up just brushed the colour party. Fortunately there happened to be a small gap in the line near to us, and the shot went through without doing any damage.

As we got close up to the work I noticed a strip of firm ground between the ditch and the river-bank,

and across this we went, and up on to the ramparts, displaying of course the colours to the best advantage on the top. The regiment poured in and formed an irregular line, or rather obtuse angle, the colonel—whose horse had been shot—and the colours at the apex. Nothing was left of the enemy at the corner but the dead and dying gunners. The Chinese, who were farther along the wall, still steadily firing at the French, soon saw the game was up, and rushed in a great crowd across the fort and over the rear parapet. They went at such a pace that we could not get in with the bayonet, but we rapidly manned the rear parapet of the fort and opened a tremendous fire on the fugitives. As usual when men are excited and begin fiddling with their sights in the old correct Hythe fashion, the fire was all too high, and the killed could be numbered on one's fingers.

As soon as the enemy on the other side saw we had captured the fort they opened with the heavy guns of the lower fort, but a line of men is an extremely difficult target for a battery to hit when using solid shot. The practice was wonderfully good, considering the range, the shot at times splashing the mud over us, but there were no casualties. By custom of war the contents of a position carried by storm are the property of the captors, but as we left the fort on return to our old camp we noticed that as usual the non-combatants took possession of it. On this occasion they were led by a parson and a purveyor of the medical department, whom we saw rapidly overhauling the huts as we marched away. At this time I was rather disposed to agree with the French that we ought, with the large force of men and guns all well in hand, to have pushed on at once after the

fugitives and attacked the north fort whilst the enemy were still in a state of demoralisation; but Sir Hope now knew that he had the foe, so to say, in a cleft stick, and decided to wait until he got up the light siege-train, which included some mortars.

But this delay gave the enemy time to recover themselves and add to the strength of the north fort, which they evidently knew was the key of the position. The result was that when it was stormed the allied casualties amounted to between 400 and 500. What the British losses were at Tongku I do not remember, but they must have been very small, as we advanced in line, lightly covered by skirmishers. The French had skirmishers also, but they were followed by columns, which at times lost many, the round-shot, as an old friend in the French service told me, ripping them up from front to rear. A very amusing incident took place just before we reached the intrenchments. An excited recruit would not cease firing, although his captain roared at him, whereupon the captain, a very tall lame officer, who carried a bullet in his thigh from the Redan at Sebastopol, took two or three paces to the rear, and then rapidly stumped up to the recruit and gave him a tremendous kick on the stern. The recruit, rifle and all, went on his nose, his captain with the shock tumbling over on his back.

On returning to camp I was fortunate enough to find my little package of personal baggage, which a brother officer attached to the coolie corps had found with that of other officers lying on the Pehtang causeway. Not only the regiment, but the army, would have been in a bad way had it not been for that most valuable transport force, the Canton coolie corps. The

battalion of Military Train which came to China were much disgusted when they were told off to do the duty for which they had been created: the consequence was that the pack animals and native drivers, which the Military Train ought to have looked after, were utterly neglected; and a more disgraceful sight than the road from Pehtang, strewn with baggage, could not well be imagined.

Whilst heavy guns and mortars were being got up for an attack on the north fort, my regiment was passed across the river—some 250 yards broad at Sinho—to protect the formation of the bridge and supply such fatigue-parties as the Royal Engineers required for its construction. The bridge trestle and boat-raft combined—in the formation of which, of course, the ever-ready sailor worked hard—was an excellent one. Colonel Fisher, Royal Engineers, was, I believe, the presiding genius. We had the south side, the French the north. Just about the time the bridge was finished, the north fort, after a heavy bombardment, was taken by storm, so, unfortunately, we had no share in that matter. The casualties were heavy, a large proportion being caused by an attempt to carry a light pontoon bridge up to the edge of the ditch: as a matter of course, the first round-shot wrecked the whole concern. The Royal Engineers and others stuck to their charge, and did their utmost to get the absurd lumbering structure along; but it had eventually, after being the cause of a great loss of life, to be abandoned, and the ditch was crossed without its assistance.

The north fort, the key of the position, being taken, the others on both sides of the river surrendered. The navy soon cleared away the great boom-raft across

the river, and the gunboats passed up. We, 500 in number, were placed on board one of them, the *Bustard*: there was only standing-room, and away we went up the river to have a go at the river forts guarding Tientsin. Unfortunately, just as it got dusk, we grounded, and notwithstanding the employment of every nautical device, we had to remain hard and fast until the tide rose. Standing up all night was not pleasant, but there was not even room for the senior officers to ease their legs. It was not long after day-break when we got within sight of the forts, massively constructed, like those at Taku, and with heavy guns in them. The disgust of the regiment may be imagined when we found we should not have a chance of distinguishing ourselves. The Chinese for the time being had had enough of it, and on our approach abandoned the forts. There was nothing for it but to make the best of a bad job and render ourselves comfortable on the plain outside Tientsin, where we were in due time joined by the rest of the army, which had marched up from Taku. One of the wounded Chinese soldiers who had fought so well at the forts, and had been looked after by our surgeons, on being asked through an interpreter why they had at last surrendered, answered, as translated by the interpreter, "Your shooting too muchee curious."

When we left the *Bustard* one of our officers, *Paliser*, was found to have had a sunstroke, and was left, with an assistant surgeon and a few men who had broken down, in a building near one of the forts. I managed to get ice for his head from a Chinaman who was selling it, but it was too late: the poor fellow was quite insensible; but I think he recognised me in his last moments, as the following morning, when I hurried

down from our camp, just before the end, he raised his hand to hold mine. He was the first of our officers slain by the climate; two soon afterwards followed him.

We were some time at Tientsin whilst the political chiefs were trying to arrange matters. The natives were very friendly, and never from the first—such good reports of us had come up from Pehtang—showed the *slightest* alarm.

CHAPTER VIII.

PEKIN.

CROWDS came to the camp to sell poultry and vegetables, but, alas! the little money we had was soon gone, and the pay department had none at hand to give us. At last, owing to our pressing necessities, they succeeded in getting up enough coin to give each officer an advance of two dollars. These we made go as far as possible by cutting them up with an axe into small pieces, which the Chinamen were glad to accept by weight for fowls and vegetables.

Eventually the pay department was more liberal, and for some of us it was about time. Our thin summer clothing was getting pretty well worn out when we fortunately found that good cloth, not only blue but also scarlet, of Russian manufacture, I heard, was to be bought in Tientsin, and our master tailor and his men were soon at work. Unfortunately, before I had a respectable pair of trousers I was told off for the commander-in-chief and Ministers' guard in the town. I did not much mind my war-worn kit until Sir Hope's A.D.C. came out and asked me to dine with the commander-in-chief. My French colleague

when the invitation was
my trousers. As

I accepted the kind invitation, I think I rather puzzled him when I said, "I shall dine with Sir Hope, but not in these clothes." I had a sudden inspiration. A good dinner then was worth risking a row for. As soon as it was dark I handed over my guard to the sergeant, as I had to dress for dinner! I then at a trot went down the bank of the river to a despatch gun-vessel, one of the lieutenants of which was an old friend. I got him to lend me his uniform, and as a naval officer I had an excellent dinner and some first-rate champagne. The A.D.C., an old friend, took in the situation at once as soon as I appeared, sat next me, and so prevented awkward conversation, and possibly even a court-martial. After dinner I ran down the river again, and returned in my rags to my guard.

As the first thing to be done after occupying a new position is to make oneself acquainted with the country in the vicinity, I went, as soon as I had overhauled the line of intrenchment on our side of the river, known as Sangolinsin's Wall, down the bank of the river, and crossed in a Chinaman's ferry-boat. Not having any copper cash, a smiling, well-dressed native paid my fare. The large fort I had come to inspect was close to the water, and one of the first things which attracted my attention was a low curious-looking building in the centre. Just before I came up to it I happened to throw away the end of a Manilla cigar which I had finished. This was lucky for me, because as I entered the building I stumbled in the obscurity over what seemed heavy sand. When my eyes got used to the dim light I found myself over my ankles in loose powder, with leather-covered baskets of it piled on both sides. I did not light the

next Manilla until I was well clear of that magazine. The down-river face of the fort was strongly made, with gun-carriages before each embrasure, but the guns were absent. I noticed some freshly moved earth beside the carriages, and from curiosity, not having any idea of what was underneath, commenced poking it up with a short stick, when I struck metal, and soon saw it was the chase of a huge brass gun. Having no time to remove the guns, as our gunboats pressed up, the Chinese simply capsized their guns out of the carriages and buried them. This they must have done the night we were aground in the Bustard. I reported the find, and also similar smaller buried guns by Sangolinsin's Wall. The Royal Artillery came out and carted off the small guns; what became of the big ones in the fort I do not know.

As the nights were now beginning to get chilly, the colonel suggested that, as I had no special work on hand, I might as well go to our transport, which was anchored a few miles out at sea, off the Taku bar, and bring up the regimental blankets which had been left on board—a roving commission which just suited me. With a few things in a hand-bag, and my light greatcoat for night work, I walked into Tientsin and hunted about until I found a small steamer going down the river to the fleet. A good-natured skipper gave me a passage, and with a bundle of Chinese bread for food in my haversack, I made myself comfortable on the stern-sheets of the little cabin, having first placed my haversack in a tin where rats could not get at it; and lucky it was for me I did so, for the ship must have been swarming with them. So many ran about and jumped on me that, until I got used to them, sleep was out of the question. On the evening

of the next day I got to the ship, and found the blankets had been sent on shore to the forts. The senior officer then in the roads, about whom there were so many amusing yarns, could not get me a passage back to the shore; but my boat at last managed to cut off a steamer going in, and in due time I found myself at the great Taku fort, and, what was more to the purpose, the blankets were there, also a friend, who put me up for the night. Next day I got a kind-hearted commander of a gunboat to take me and my blankets up the river, much to the satisfaction of the regiment. Had I gone to work officially, it would have taken at least a week to get even the necessary passes and shipping orders. The only difficulty I had was with the naval officer, who did not see how he could find me a passage to the shore; but he was at times a little absent-minded, the service yarn being that when he for the first time commanded a steamship, fully rigged in those days, he shortened sail and made the usual preparations for anchoring, but the ship still went ahead full speed. Suddenly the captain was heard to say, "Oh dear, oh dear, I forgot she was a steamer"!

When at Taku I was able to make an inspection of the works which we had attempted to capture the year before with such disastrous results to us. The ramparts facing the sea were very solid, being also strengthened with massive beams of timber. The guns were in regular casemates, with heavy rope mantlets in front of the embrasures. The whole appearance of the solid work and the rope mantlets at once recalled what I had specially noticed in the Redan at Sebastopol. Russians were rumoured to have assisted the Chinese at Taku, but the work, I

am sure, was native only. The heavy brass guns, 6 or 7 tons, on the high cavaliers were mounted on ponderous non-recoil wooden carriages, pivoting on a huge wooden bolt in the centre. To prevent the brass running with the great heat of the large powder-charges, the bores of the guns were regularly lined with iron tubing, thus anticipating Major Palliser's invention by many years. The brass time-fuses were a coarse imitation of ours, and I very much doubt if they were of any use. The cylinders of grape made by the Chinese for the 10-inch shell-guns captured from our gunboats were just three times as long as ours, and very possibly would have burst the guns had these grape cylinders been used.

The ground outside the fort beyond the ditch was thickly covered with stout bamboo splinters about 3 feet long, 1 foot of that being tightly wedged into the mud. I found on testing the ground that so close were these splinter stakes that I could not get along without wrenching them out to make room for my foot.

In the open ground on the land side of the forts I found on the ground a huge naval shell which had been fired a short time before from the rifle muzzle-loading guns the French had on their gunboats. I stuck it up on end to see what the fuse was like, and then walked back to my gunboat, and had been only there a few minutes when there was a tremendous explosion on shore, and a huge mass of something came flying through the air and fell with a heavy splash close to a boat full of men. It appears that just after I left the shell an Indian coolie had shaken the ashes of his pipe into the fuse-hole, and then squatted down to watch the thing fizzing. The

shell must have broken into only two or three large pieces, for, except being sent head over heels, the coolie was not hurt.

The allied forces remained some time at Tientsin whilst the politicians were at work, and arrangements made for ratifying the treaties at Peking, so the Ministers, with most of the forces, moved up the river in that direction. We, as we were to return to England as soon as the war was over, remained at Tientsin. With Scottish caution it occurred to me that, just in case we had to move again before going homewards, it would be as well to have some transport of my own, instead of waiting until the Military Train had learnt their work; so I set off to Tientsin with a sketch-book, and the one Chinese word in my vocabulary—viz., *ma*, a horse. I could not get a horse, but managed to find a fine mule with three good legs, and one about two inches shorter than the others; but on that he had a high strong shoe, which I saw was in good order, and as the beast moved quite as well as if he had all his legs of the same length, I purchased him, harness and cart all complete, and a right serviceable purchase it proved to be. I also required a small tombstone for my poor comrade's grave: that I got and brought back in the cart. A stone-cutting sapper was soon found, but he had no cutting tools; however, I managed to buy some pieces of iron rod and a bag of coals, with which he softened the iron rods and got cutting points on them. I then printed the required inscription on thin paper and pasted it on the stone, and in a very short time all the letters were cut and the stone put at the head of the grave.

In the month of September we were living comfort-

ably in our camp at Tientsin when we were aroused by the news that a treacherous attack had been made on the political officials near Tungchow, and the small allied force had had as much as they could do to beat off a large Chinese army under Sangolinsin. Who took our place I do not remember, but we were ordered up at once. As usual, many men's boots gave way, but, barefooted or otherwise, every one pressed on, some men, and at times officers also, carrying a rifle over each shoulder to help a weakly comrade. The 200 miles were covered in a time which made the march a record and got the regiment much *kudos*. The last day we had to leave the road, or rather track by the side of the river, and strike across the park-like country for the army, which was said to be somewhere between Tungchow and Peking. Guides we had none, and it began to look awkward when, near dusk, we came to a large canal with a broken bridge. This, however, we repaired somehow, and got the little transport we had safely over. Being by this time acting adjutant,—the real one was left ill at Tientsin,—I had as charger a Tartar pony (which, by the way, was most useful during the march to some footsore elderly officers). By means of my pony I got hold of some stray natives, and by their help we found the army, and marched in by moonlight. How we did enjoy a sleep that night!

The next day we were at rest, and everything was got ready for a general advance of the allied armies to Peking. Sangolinsin was in front with a large Chinese force, intending to try the fortune of battle, and possibly save our capturing the capital of China. The following day, with three days' salt meat in our haversacks, the allied armies advanced across the

open country in regular line of battle. Some shots were exchanged with Sangolinsin, who, to our great disgust, fell back to the south-west of the city.

Marching in quarter column in very hot weather, with the ponderous old-fashioned knapsack on the men's shoulders, across a country covered with the sharp-pointed remains of the millet-cane, which tore the men's trousers and cut their ankles, was exhausting work; so in the middle of the day, when Sangolinsin's army disappeared, our men took off their knapsacks, which were deposited for the time being in an old limekiln. It is difficult now to remember if we bivouacked that night or not, but I am under the impression we did so, and advanced on Pekin the next day; but I know that as we were passing through some park-like country our skirmishers drove in a small enemy's picket. The remainder of the regiment pressed on in support, and on climbing a huge dike, there was Pekin in front of us. We made ourselves comfortable in a large Chinese farm and its outbuildings.

At daybreak a field battery close to us began firing, and, like a hive of bees suddenly disturbed, we were out and ready for work in a few seconds; but it was not an enemy the artillery were firing at. They were making a noise simply to let our cavalry know where the rest of the army was; for in the previous afternoon our cavalry, followed by the French force, had somehow crossed away to our right flank, and we had lost touch with them.

I may here mention that next day I happened to walk a little way in front of our bivouac towards Pekin when I met a European riding towards me. As he came close I saw by the drawn and almost

parchment colour of his face that he must have had some terrible suffering, and it was not until he spoke that I recognised Mr (afterwards Sir Harry) Parkes, whom I had known so well at Canton. He and Loch (afterwards Lord Loch) had only a few minutes before been released by the Chinese. After being treacherously seized at Tungchow the previous month, put in prison, and continually threatened with death, they were released on our appearing before Peking. The Chinese officials mistook the sound of the guns the previous morning for the commencement of an attack, and decided on the execution of Parkes and Loch. By extraordinary good fortune they had been released, and were on their way to our camp when the order for their execution arrived at the prison—it was said just fifteen minutes after they had left it.

We now learnt about the horrible brutality with which our treacherously seized prisoners had been treated, and how so many of them had died under their tortures. The savage feeling produced by the personal narratives of the survivors can only be imagined by those who have been in a similar position to that of the soldiers of both armies then in front of Peking and its brutal mandarins. It was not against the unfortunate soldiers or civilian inhabitants they were so bitter. The survivors of that terrible time told us that the only kindness they received was from the poor Chinese who happened to be in the same prison, who, if I remember correctly, even shared their little food with our unfortunate prisoners. Some of our poor fellows' wrists were so tightly lashed that the cords cut into the flesh, which was crawling with maggots, before death released them from their

sufferings. Could we have had our way every mandarin in Pekin would have been strung up.

Soon after the guns were fired news came that the cavalry and the French army were at the Summer Palace, some few miles north-west of Pekin, and that the French were revelling in loot. It seemed a bit hard we should be out of it, so I went to our divisional headquarters and asked if some of us might be allowed to visit the palace. Our divisional general, whom I knew, said one-third of the officers might go,—"But remember," he said, "there must be no looting"; but as his A.D.C. just then happened to be examining a piece of magnificent embroidery which some one had sent as a specimen, I considered I might put just a few grains of salt with the general's orders. In a few minutes we all drew lots who were to go. I was one of the lucky ones, and at once was away on my Tartar pony, riding hard towards a column of smoke in the far distance, having heard part of the palace was on fire. I got eventually to the outer gates, and taking my pony as far as possible, hitched it up and entered the first hall, where I noticed some men, quite off their heads with the excitement of looting a palace, and for no apparent reason tearing down grand embroideries. I saw one man send the butt of his rifle through a huge mirror, possibly because the reflection of his own unwashed and ugly mug did not please him. Leaving this wild scene, I pushed in to other parts until I came to a great hall with grand-looking vases, apparently gold, and some splendid bits of jade-carving. With the feelings of a boy suddenly told to take what he likes in a pastry-cook's shop, I was puzzled where to begin. I was all alone, and had in my hurry forgotten my

revolver, when it suddenly occurred to me that I ought to be ready in case any of the people belonging to the palace appeared, so I decided on letting them have it hot with a handy gold vase, and then clearing. However, nobody appeared, and I, knowing the great value of jade, made a collection that probably has rarely been seen. After I gave it up to the prize committee, my splendid collection was presented by the army to Sir Robert (afterwards Lord) Napier of Magdala. I soon had my prize on the pony, and with both arms round the pieces, put one inside the other, I started to return to camp, but lost my way, and eventually found myself on the highroad to Peking, with an occasional Chinaman looking curiously at my bundle. By great luck I managed to get in the right direction at last, and seeing the adjutant-general and his assistant in the distance, trotted up to them and so got home. In a narrow way I met some Sikh cavalry: they opened their ranks to let me pass, their eyes glittering at the sight of my load. As I passed them I sung out, "Jeldi jow sub jata howinga" ("Be quick or it will all be gone"). With a shout they put spurs to their horses, and I trust got all they expected.

That evening a hateful order came out. "The commander-in-chief expects that all officers who may have got anything out of the Summer Palace will give up what they may have taken to the prize committee, to be sold at auction for the benefit of the army." Considering the value of my collection—quite enough to purchase my company—the order was crushing; but in every atom of it went. The seeing how much I had given up, a few small pieces back. Not-

withstanding the order, a friend from the north of the Tweed came to me the following morning with a good-sized parcel of pearls to exchange for a small piece of my jade which he had seen. On my informing him that I had given it all in to the prize committee, there came from the very bottom of his heart, "Eh, ye big fule!"

Our regiment took up its quarters in the great open ground of the walled-in Temple of the Earth, just outside Pekin, whilst the heavy guns were being got up to breach the city walls before we stormed the defences. As soon as the particulars of the death of the prisoners became known, the commander-in-chief and political authorities decided that some exemplary punishment which would affect the highest authorities in the Chinese empire should be inflicted. It was therefore decided to burn the Summer Palace. Certain humanitarians at home afterwards protested against our barbarous methods; but could they have been with us at the time we committed to their graves in the Russian cemetery the remains of our poor comrades who had been so brutally done to death, I am of opinion that they would have felt as we did—viz., a regret that the emperor and all his crew were not in the palace when we destroyed it.

Our division—the 1st—was kept ready in case of a sortie by the Chinese when the other division was burning the place. What we of the 1st division felt as a great grievance was that the curios the 2nd division got were not required to be given up, as mine and others had been when we visited the palace. Some very valuable hauls were made,—one officer who had transport getting a lot of solid gold worth £30,000, which others had passed over as brass. The

French also did well. One of these latter some days afterwards offered to sell me a bracelet with (apparently) emeralds the size of my thumb-nail for ten dollars. Unfortunately before I could get a file to test them he had disappeared. A French naval officer, an old friend, had been requested by another friend of mine on our staff to get him some black pearls. This real brick of a Frenchman got a beautiful necklace and handed it over to my friend for what he had paid—viz., 120 dollars: the value of the necklace could not have been less than £1200. I heard afterwards that such confidence had the French soldiers in us that they took cheques on ordinary writing-paper from our officers who had not hard dollars with them. An enterprising French canteen-keeper did a good business in such supplies as he managed to get up. I paid £6 a-dozen for bottled beer for our little mess of three; and glad we were to get such a real tonic even at that price.

Just before the heavy guns came, an auction was held of the loot given up. I was buying some jade, of which I knew the value, when the general commanding the division called me over, saying he was going to save me wasting my money,—he little knew what he was depriving me of,—and told me that the regiment was to be got together at once to dig trenches and prepare the wall enclosing our camp for bringing a rifle-fire on the city wall. The guns were parked close to us, and then placed in battery behind the wall, through which embrasures covered by mantlets were cut. The regiment worked all night, and in the morning, being adjutant, I went into the trench to see how it was getting on. We were only 200 yards from the wall when a desire came on me to examine it

more closely, so I walked out of the trench across the open right up to the wall. As soon as I got there a perfect shower of heavy stones came all round me: how it was I escaped I do not know. Our men in the trench shouted to me to come back, but I thought it undignified to return at a greater pace than I went. Before returning I shook my fist at the enemy, which, as a Chinaman can enjoy a joke more than most people, doubtless amused my friends on the wall 60 feet above my head. The Chinese were informed that if the city was not surrendered by twelve o'clock fire would be opened by our battery and the city taken by storm. At a quarter to twelve there was no sign of surrender: the guns were loaded and the mantlets cleared away, the regiment manning the prepared position along the top of our wall. The chiefs with watches in their hands were waiting for the eventful moment, which had almost arrived, when the Chinese surrendered, and threw open the huge gate. Our men and the French rushed in, secured the great bastion-like masonry works which enclosed the double gates, and Peking was ours. This was about the middle of October. After some preliminary arrangements the political chiefs were given a residence inside the city; and my regiment being the senior, was detailed as ambassadors' guard, and the Prince of I's palace inside the city was assigned to us, the officers' quarters being the harem, and very comfortable they were. Our service rations, however, were not as good as they might have been, but how to improve them? Our little mess, after spending so much on beer, had no money left. Happy thought! I had several rolls of thick silk, which I had purchased for very little from some one who had been at the burning of the palace. My

servant carried the rolls to a big Chinese silk-shop, who weighed out so much silver in small lumps for each roll. With this silver I then went to the butchers' stores, and during the time we were in Pekin our little mess lived well. Some one when returning on the gunboat down the river annexed the remaining rolls of silk. I did not discover the loss until we were on board ship, but by that time it did not very much matter, although the silk was worth about £5 a-roll.

The inhabitants of Pekin, a much taller and finer race in every way than those in the south, were very civil. They never showed the slightest ill-feeling, and were always delighted when we went into their great shops or stores. Everything seemed to go on in the city just as if we were not there at all. Some time in the beginning of November the diplomatical people had settled their business, and we got orders to march down to Tientsin and embark, and full time it was that we moved off. The cold was becoming extreme, and the broad, dirty, ill-kept streets of the city, with an icy wind sweeping along them, were anything but pleasant. On the march down we put the knapsacks in the boats, and each man carried two blankets. We had enough meat, but the men by this time had become very tired of biscuit. By great good luck we came on a large store of excellent flour at one village on the way down, but there was nothing in which our bakers could mix the dough, until I found a brand-new Chinese coffin in a carpenter's shop. The bakers were up all night, and next morning the regiment had enough bread to last them to Tientsin. The tired bakers I put in the boats with the knapsacks. On arrival at Tientsin the gunboats were waiting for us, but no arrangements had been made to take over

our private and other transport animals. I sent a message to my naval friends on the guard-vessel that my mule, cart and harness, and another we had, were at their service; but we were hurried off, and whether they got them or not I never knew. It was bitterly cold going down the river that night: we afterwards heard a boat's crew had been frozen to death at the mouth of the river, which was soon filled with floating ice. We got away just in time, and right glad were we to find ourselves again on our transport. Besides the loss of my rolls of silk, I also missed a couple of live ducks, the last of our little mess stores, which as a reserve of food I had put in a bag and taken on board the gunboat, but I got them again. An eccentric old major had used them as a pillow to keep his head warm. Being well-brought-up Chinese birds, they soon, he said, became quite quiet, the major and the ducks mutually keeping each other warm.

We had a rough passage to Hongkong, being very light: we once rolled so much that with our slack rigging I fully expected the masts would go over the side; but the proverbial cherub evidently thought Tommy deserved consideration as well as poor Jack, and so we got safely to our destination, and arrangements were made for sending the regiment home—the headquarters and five companies in our ship, and three in a barque of some 700 tons. Hongkong at this time, from the reckless way pay and prize-money was got rid of, must have had some resemblance to Portsmouth in ancient days. A large amount of sycee silver taken at the palace was declared prize of war. This, to the great satisfaction of the men, instead of going through the hands of agents, was, thanks to Sir Hope Grant, divided, so to say, on the capstan-head at Peking, each

man and officer also getting his regulation amount by weight. One of our captains on the staff got a huge block and showed it to me. I pointed out that for silver it was uncommonly dull in colour. On taking it to the bank it proved to be lead! Unfortunately it was too late to get it changed.

Before leaving, I went up to Canton to make some purchases and see my Chinese friends again, particularly the jeweller, with whom I used to have many afternoon talks: we were mutually sorry to say good-bye. During my residence in Canton I had made the acquaintance of some of the leading native merchants, and learnt to appreciate their good and thoroughly reliable qualities. The mandarins as a rule, and, speaking generally, the Chinese Government officials everywhere, were about as objectionable and untrustworthy as they well could be; but for the Chinese merchant and the Chinese peasant I had then, and always shall have, a great regard. In the cities there are, as with us, a large criminal population ready for any iniquity, but considering how atrociously corrupt the ruling classes are, it is a wonder such a proportion of the inhabitants are so quiet and law-abiding. The departure of the allied garrison from Canton was a sad day for a city which until then had never enjoyed the blessing of really good government. Chinese officials, pirates, and robbers excepted, all the rest of the population of Canton would have been only too pleased had our garrison been a permanent one. Although it might have been risky to enlist Chinamen for soldiers' work in Canton, it often occurred to me that they would make excellent soldiers in other parts of the empire,

such as India, more especially in one Presidency, where the supply of suitable fighting material had apparently come to an end. The Canton coolie corps were very plucky, even holding the scaling-ladders for our men storming the large Taku fort. The Tartars, who were also a fine fighting lot, would have made good cavalymen.

CHAPTER IX.

HOME SERVICE.

WE sailed for England some time in November *viâ* Singapore, Anger, and the Cape. Just before arriving at Singapore smallpox broke out amongst the sailors, so, although there was plenty of it on shore, we were left on board ship in quarantine for seven days. The sick were landed and the forecastle fumigated, but beyond that nothing was done. The military and medical authorities on shore deliberately allowed the ship to go on its long voyage with every chance of our transport being a plague-ship before we got to the Cape. Before we left I had a couple of days on shore, and saw what a prosperous place Singapore was. The climate, moist and muggy, must have been very enervating, but the rate of mortality was low. The pine-apples and mangosteens were something to remember. When in quarantine a friend sent off a canoe-load of fruit, which was most acceptable until we came to the durian, about the size of a cocoanut, which is considered a great delicacy by residents at Singapore. As soon as we took the husk off we had all to bolt out of the saloon: rotten eggs were not in it compared with the durian.

The fort on the hill at Singapore in those days was

about the most perfect specimen of a shell-trap that could have been devised, but all the works have been altered since that time. The passage down amongst the islands to Anger in beautiful weather was a wonderful sight,—islands covered to the summit with luxuriant tropical vegetation, with broad shore-lines of glittering white coral. Smoke was coming from the summit of one great hill: this may have been the island of Krakatoa, which some twenty years afterwards almost disappeared in one of the most terrific of volcanic explosions of modern days. There was nothing to be seen at the low-lying small fort of Anger Head. The inhabitants of that unfortunate place, and many thousands along the adjacent coast, were drowned by an immense wave, said to be 70 feet high, which swept over that part of the ocean when the Krakatoa explosion took place.

The voyage to the Cape was uneventful. All I happen to remember about it was, that when laying off the course the day before we should have sighted land—I still went on with my nautical hobby—I asked the first mate to check my work, because by my reckoning we should be high and dry on shore about midnight. My work turned out to be correct; so the ship's course was altered several points, and in the morning there was the coast of Africa broad on our beam. Off Point Agulhas, for some reason, the captain, who must have been quite ignorant of the force of the Agulhas current, shortened sail until warned off by the lighthouse signalling, "It is dangerous to be becalmed off this point." Having a first-rate telescope, I had managed to read the flags just in time, as the daylight began to fail. Before this our captain would have it that Struys Bay was

Simon's Bay, for which we were bound ; and it was not until from the cross-trees with my glass I could definitely declare it was not, and that the only sign of shipping was a large wreck, that he stood on his proper course. The wreck was the *Miles Barton*, a sailing ship with the *Buffis* on board, the captain of which had made the same mistake as ours and gone on shore. In due course we arrived at Simon's Bay, and a party of us drove to Cape Town, where we had a good time. Fortunately at Simon's Town our captain was able to get the correct time for his chronometers : he naively informed me that by some forgetfulness he had let them run down.

The next place we touched at was St Helena, but when about midway between the Cape and that place we got a scare. When getting some coals up for the galley-fire they were found to be wet ; so the carpenter was directed to sound the well,—a hitherto quite neglected duty,—when 6 feet of water was found to be in the ship. The pumps were set to work at once, but made little or no impression on the leak, which, on the contrary, seemed to gain ; so an internal examination of the ship was made, when a lead pipe, supplying the forecastle pump, was found to have been cut in two by nails which had been used for some of the troop fittings carelessly put in : these had worked in a gale until the pipe was cut through. Of course when the leak was found it was easily stopped.

In addition to this incident, some one hunting about in the sail-room with a naked light managed to set things on fire : fortunately this was rapidly put out before it spread. Towards the middle of April we got near the chops of the Channel, when we were baffled by a strong east wind, and being very light we could

not beat against it, and the food question—we had been nearly five months at sea—became a serious one; but at last, to our great delight, the wind shifted, and we stood on our course. This so pleased our skipper that by the evening he tried to go to bed in a book-case; so we stowed him away in his cabin, and the first mate carried on until we saw two lights where we ought to have seen only one. As the Bristol Channel, by the last sailing directions we had, was the nearest place where there should be two lights such as those we saw, matters for the moment looked rather as if our navigation was a bit out; so I suggested backing the top-sail and trying a cast of the deep-sea lead. This was done, when the depth and hakes' teeth on the grease at once gave us a very fair indication of where we were; so we continued our course, and with daylight sighted old England, and then carried on with all the sail we could crowd on the ship, and in due time arrived at Spithead. All who could went on shore that night, and never since then have beef-steaks and porter tasted so delicious as they did on the termination of that five months' voyage in a very indifferently found hired sailing ship, with nothing but salt provisions for the last few weeks. We landed on the 21st April 1861, after three years and ten months' foreign service, and went by night train to Manchester, where we arrived next morning. With great beards and faces tanned—in some cases almost to blackness—it was no wonder the mill-girls who crowded the streets to see the new arrivals were heard to say, "Did you ever see such an ugly-looking lot of men?" It was some time before our faces got their proper colour. One day about a month after landing, and when coming from some *fête* very correctly got up,

I received rather a shock by a dirty little girl pulling a smaller, and if possible dirtier, little companion along, looking up at me and shouting, "Lor', Sairey, come and look at this 'ere blackamore!"

Hospitality was no name for the good time the regiment had in Manchester—balls and dinners everywhere, and invitations to country houses. In the winter it came to our turn to furnish the Weedon detachment, and those who kept horses made their arrangements accordingly. A hussar regiment with whom we were very friendly was quartered in Manchester with us. I happen to remember one festive night, at the termination of which, before the guests departed, there were cab-races round the barrack square. Going to London the next day with the colonel, he said he was astonished that he had heard nothing about the sergeants having had a ball, as he could not sleep in the early morning for the number of carriages driving away from the direction of the sergeants' mess. All I could say was that "I had not heard about the dance, and fortunately my room did not look out on the square." It was perhaps just as well that the remains of two cabs had been removed before the colonel came down to breakfast.

Sad was the day for both officers and men when we got the route for Aldershot; but we had had the good time we were entitled to after our foreign service, and our stores of pay and prize-money were also beginning to run low; so after a year's fun it was perhaps as well we went to a camp of instruction, where we should doubtless be taught the latest things in soldiering.

We arrived at Farnborough in the early morning and marched to Aldershot, which to us all seemed

about the most dismal and God-forsaken place we had seen for many a day. On our return from the Crimea, when we were at Aldershot for two or three days to be reviewed by the Queen, the huts were new, and there was plenty of fresh heather or heath about the place. Now the black and patched-up huts were unpleasant to look at and worse to inhabit, and the heath of the long valley having been burnt, the ground where we paraded was covered with a soot-like dust which made us all look like chimney-sweeps after every field-day. To those officers whose bank account was still a good one, or whose relations lived in town, Aldershot was bearable: one could always get away from after Friday's parade until Sunday night. Fortunately my relatives had a house in town and everything I could wish for, but for the men Aldershot was simply detestable. The town—then a mere collection of indifferent inns, beerhouses, and the usual barrack-square parasites—was to them a most unpleasant change from Manchester, and with the military police to restrict their going beyond a certain distance along the country roads, and without recreation- or reading-rooms, it was no wonder they wished themselves abroad, so when a chance of volunteering foreign again occurred they eagerly took it. India was the favourite, and no wonder. There the soldier was treated with due consideration even in the smallest matters, and had something more than the miserable 3d. per day, which was all that the soldier then got after stoppages had been taken out of his nominal shilling. Marching home covered with long-valley soot after one birthday parade, I heard one of my men say, "In India we get on this day 3 annas to celebrate it; here we get three rounds

of blank." As for learning anything which would be useful to him on active service, the little sketch in 'Punch' was about right:—

Civilian friend (to Tommy, on returning from a long field-day). "Well, what did you do to-day?"

Tommy. "Oh, just the usual thing. Right turn, left turn, and take the beggars' names down."

For brigadiers and mounted officers Aldershot was a useful place even in those days, being, with the exception of the Curragh, the only quarter where there was room for brigade drill, either cavalry or infantry; and when the division paraded with massed bands, and the whole force marched past, John Bull and his lady friends, who came down from town on special days, arrived at the conclusion that the British taxpayer was getting something for his money. But as regards real training for the *raison d'être* of an army—viz., the day of battle—there was but little. There was plenty of room and opportunity for any colonel to give that special instruction to his officers and men, in such things as outpost duty, attack and defence of positions, camp expedients, field-cooking, and so on, and there may have been some who did so, but they were very, very few. All that a colonel was expected to do was to have his regiment in such order that it might pass a creditable general's half-yearly barrack-square inspection. In those days colonels often retained command of their regiment for ten or a dozen years,—gallant old veterans many of them, but, as a rule, too much inclined to take the world easy and not do more than was required of them. When I got my commission the colonel of our first battalion had served in the Peninsular war. Doubtless it was on account of these old warriors that

the articles of war then in use actually referred to the "army in Spain and Portugal." Possibly it was also on account of the strong language used by commanding officers in those days that there was a special article directing punishment—I think a fine of £5—for any officer or soldier "who should speak against any known article of the Christian faith."

The Solferino campaign in 1859, in which rifled field-guns were used, and the increasing power of the infantry small-arms made some of the younger officers think that the days of close formations under fire were about over; but at Aldershot we found the same brigade and division drills we had had on the plain of Balaklava in the Highland division some seven years before. My particular theory in 1863 was that the skirmishing line should be gradually reinforced until it became the fighting line, and that the men should be trained to advance firing in line as they always eventually did when pushing home an attack. Knapsacks and regulation tents I thought might also be abolished in favour of some system which would allow on special occasions more rapid movement. In my own case I had managed before the China campaign to get out from England a light waterproofed woollen greatcoat of regulation shape and colour, which I carried *en banderole*, and found it quite sufficient until the winter began; and during the forced march to Peking I used a little French *tent d'abri*: it was sufficient for three of us. This tent idea, at about the time we were at Aldershot, I improved, making it of waterproof stuff, and so arranged and divided that four men could each carry their share and have room enough. Ten years afterwards I used it in the woods in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, when I

had to take a share with my two Indians in carrying our things from one camping-ground to another. The tent, used in all weathers, answered perfectly. The circular tin pot I carried in China was very similar to the *marmite* of the French soldier, about 5 inches high and 6 across. It had a tin-plate for cover, and inside this tin was another entirely closed one, except a bung-hole stopped with a cork: this was my water-bottle. The whole arrangement was in a buttoned canvas cover, with a broad strap round it. When hung over the left shoulder, it rested flat and quite comfortably in the hollow of my right hip. When on outpost work, I often blessed my little pot: some hot water from the embers of the picket fire and a couple of spoonfuls of Moore's cocoa and milk-paste—a tin of which I always had in my haversack—gave, with a regulation biscuit, enough sustenance for a heavy morning's work. I presented an account of my tent to the United Service Institution for the magazine, but the only people who took notice of it were men who were going West. I often thought how very much more handy my round tin pot was for field-cooking than the oval mess-tin, originally devised in very ancient times to fasten neatly on the knapsack. Owing to our utterly neglecting field-cooking in what are known as mess-tins, our men are often on the verge of starvation when French soldiers are in excellent condition.

At times I went out to see if I could pick up any special information by watching the cavalry brigade at work. They were rather beyond an infantry subaltern, but, as far as I could judge, were in splendid condition for solid charges knee to knee, and would have ridden in grand order to another Bala-

klava ; but although I knew well every road within ten miles of Aldershot, I never in those days met any cavalry doing reconnaissance or working as flank-guards. For those duties our cavalry were not in it compared with Indian troopers like those of Fane's or Probyn's Horse.

The Military Train, especially to those who had seen what a failure it was in China, was a source of amusement, going through its waggon drill as if it were a field battery. No wonder, when a lady asked one of the officers what his corps was, she got the answer, "Same as horse artillery without the guns." The corps was a soft billet for officers who wished to remain at home and have a horse kept at the public expense. Instead of cantering about with empty waggons, the Train ought to have had a lot of half-trained ponies and stubborn mules with which to learn how to make use of pack-animals. One day the commanding officer of the Train was wildly indignant when the band-master of a cavalry regiment gave him the very appropriate tune to trot past, "Wait for the Waggon."

I forgot ; we did have a certain amount of regimental instruction for officers—viz., setting-up drill. At the termination of the winter leave season all the officers except the two majors had to fall in as privates, and were put through a regular course of squad drill by a corporal with his space-stick as if they were raw recruits.

Aldershot in those days, from its proximity to London, was an expensive quarter. Dinner entertainments were decidedly too many, more especially when they came so close together that we had to take it in turns to see the evening through with our guests.

On one occasion I remember the last of them did not move until the mess waiter came into the anteroom to inform us that the colonel had just sent in to order his breakfast.

In the autumn the brigade was put in orders for manœuvres, which I much looked forward to; but to my vexation it came to my turn for a course at the Hythe School of Musketry—a place we not only had a great dislike to, but also contempt for. That smart corporals should be able to drill recruits, showing them exactly where to place the little finger or thumb on the rifle, and that they should know how to make out musketry returns and target registers, hardly required that a vast school should be kept up by régiments being obliged to keep it filled with subalterns to learn such work, and to get by heart an amusingly pedantic little red book. Having a good memory, this did not trouble me, and I had plenty of time to work at a hobby—geologising under the Folkestone cliffs. A school of musketry up to date, such as doubtless there is at the present day, would have been most useful, but with the organisation of the Hythe of those times very little could be expected. For instance, the idea of any rifle but a muzzle-loader being used by soldiers was treated as an absurdity, one of the stock objections being that breechloaders could not be loaded with loose powder! and this when the Prussians were armed with the needle-gun, which showed its terrible power but three years afterwards.

Being a particularly good rifle-shot before I went to Hythe, I had no difficulty in making the biggest score up to 600 yards, and getting the £5 wing cup. Unfortunately the evening before the 900 yards shooting came off there was a big ball at a country house near

Canterbury, to which with a friend I was anxious to go. We drove eighteen miles there, danced all night, and drove eighteen miles back to Hythe, just in time to change and go on the shingle. I lost the long-range cup, but the dance was worth more. At the skirmishing targets I had rather an escape. I put all my shots on the single target assigned to myself and to my rear-rank man, a volunteer. I thought he looked a little queer, and could not make out where his shots were going to, as none hit our joint target. On returning to barracks he was found to be in a very bad way with delirium tremens.

One curious effect of a course of musketry at Hythe was that for some time it quite spoilt my game-shooting, on which I prided myself: it took me several days at the partridges before I could stop myself taking aim.

I did not return to Aldershot after I had finished at Hythe. The officers' mess-room happened to be burnt, and the regiment was, in consequence of the loss, sent to Portsmouth in place of another detailed for that station. That was a great disappointment for the regiment in question, which would gladly have seen their mess-room and all their huts besides burnt, provided such took them away from Aldershot.

We all came to the conclusion that Portsmouth, especially after Aldershot, was an A1 quarter. There was little doing in the soldiering line there, but I managed to pick up some wrinkles in naval gunnery, which came in useful many years afterwards.

Portsmouth in the early 'Sixties was a very different place from what it is now. Southsea was then little more than a large village outside the fortifications,

which enclosed Portsmouth on the land side with a regular line of works—bastions, ravelins, covered ways, glacis, &c.—and the usual broad ditches with drawbridges and sally-ports, with guns in the ramparts facing what are now square miles of houses. The old slums, in which many a gallant blue-jacket must have been done away with in old times, still existed, and in many respects Portsmouth was still the place it had been in the rollicking war days of half a century before. Having friends in the country, the other side of Portsdown Hill, and also in the Isle of Wight, I thoroughly enjoyed our new quarters, until early in the year I was offered a company by purchase in another regiment. It was a great wrench leaving my own regiment, which was really my home; but as I still had thirteen subalterns over me in the Royals, it would have been worse than folly to decline it. So in March 1864 I became a captain, and my never-to-be-forgotten, happy-go-lucky days as a subaltern were at an end.

The regiment, the 96th, in which I had obtained my promotion was abroad, its two depot companies with those of three other regiments being at Belfast, at which place I had to report myself. Although now the great manufacturing capital of the north of Ireland, its appearance to a new arrival in those days was not inviting, and to a recruit from some village or country town in England, the grimy factory-like barrack, with nothing in the way of recreation but the pot-house canteen of former days, and without attractions in a town where soldiers were not appreciated, it was most dreary; and no wonder desertions were frequent, and that the young soldier longed for the day to arrive when he would leave

a depot battalion and join his own regiment, no matter where it might be stationed.

The men being nearly all recruits, there was no work worth mentioning, except for the drill corporals. There was an excellent club at Belfast, of which we were kindly made temporary members; but to another officer and myself there was a much more attractive place—viz., Lough Neagh and the river Bann, where there was then grand fishing. We managed to get the usual three days' leave, and on the evening of our arrival at Toom Bridge a magnificent 18-lb. trout taken in a net was brought in. Happy thought! send it to the colonel with our compliments. We heard that the fish arrived at the orderly-room at the same time as the prisoners: it was said that they got the benefit of that fish, and we also. Week-ends usually found us at our fishing quarters: we never got an 18-pounder, but often caught lake-trout up to 6 and 7 lb., and grilse. Naturally we had some curious experiences, but it is never safe to relate fishers' yarns, even when supported by official documents, as the following will show. A friend at the Admiralty, in looking over ships' logs, noticed that after pistol practice at a target suspended from the foreyard of a certain ship when in the tropics, a dolphin was caught with nine pistol bullets in its stomach (being on the look-out for flying-fish, it had evidently caught the bullets soon after striking the water just before they sank). My friend wrote to the captain on the subject, who was very indignant that anything entered in the log of a Queen's ship should be doubted, so my friend sent the account to Buckland, to put in the 'Field.' Buckland's answer was, "We always publish any

interesting letters on the subject of fishes, but we must draw the line somewhere."

The anniversary of the battle of the Boyne at the beginning of July put an end to our trips to Lough Neagh. Men who have been peacefully working together all the year discover at that season that they belong to different branches of the Christian religion, and therefore are deadly enemies. In 1864 the disturbances between the Orangemen and Roman Catholics became serious. Both sides began to use firearms. More constabulary were brought in, but they were not sufficient to prevent some streets being wrecked. I remember being suddenly sent with about 100 men from the barracks to garrison a schoolhouse, and be ready to go out and open fire if absolutely necessary to save property and life. Fortunately the mob in the vicinity of my post simply amused themselves by firing blank cartridge, and made no objection to reinforcements in the shape of bread, cheese, and beer being brought in to my garrison. They had no feeling of enmity against the soldiers, although the Orangemen did not like the green colour of the cuffs and collars of one of the depots. "It's not your faces, it's your facings we object to," as one facetious Orangeman expressed it. However, I was not sorry when the 84th Regiment from Dublin relieved me about midnight. The riots lasted six weeks, and before they were ended we had a battery of field artillery and 3000 soldiers, cavalry and infantry, in the town. Only on one occasion had a section of soldiers to fire, and it is said no one was hurt; but the unfortunate inhabitants had in the fights between themselves no less than 195 killed and wounded.

Going round the hospital to inquire if anything could be done for the unfortunate wounded, one of our officers saw a man who had lost his hand. "How did you lose it?" my friend inquired. The answer was, "My gun burst." "But how did that happen?" "Well, you see, sir, I put nine bullets into her and fired her off down Dover Street, and she and my hand went off together."

Soon after the town had quieted down Coxwell came to give a balloon ascent. I thought I might pick up some ideas with reference to reconnaissance work, so for a consideration was allowed to go with Coxwell. Although the ascent was a very quiet and simple affair, the earth seeming to drop away from us as we calmly stood in the car, I found that a free balloon was useless for the purpose I had in view. The highest hills became, so to say, flat almost immediately, and it was most puzzling to find out where we were, although we never exceeded 7000 feet altitude, and the breeze was gentle. The trip was otherwise so interesting that some of us arranged that Coxwell was to return, and, if the wind was suitable, cross to England: unfortunately the balloon was destroyed by a mob at Leicester.

The wealthy people of Belfast were not much given to dinner-parties and suchlike, but those in the country made up for it—more hospitable they could not be. At one ever-to-be-remembered place, not only had we to do justice to good liquor at dinner, but every man had to finish his bottle of port before being allowed to go into the drawing-room, where a dance usually finished the evening. That was pleasant enough until opposite the large mirror at the end of the room; then I noticed that most men

shut their eyes and trusted to their partners till past the danger. Going down to that house, the train went at such a pace that I thought it a trifle dangerous, but our host reassured us. "You know I am a director of this railway, and as I did not want you to wait for your dinner, I just told the engine-driver that I had made a bet we would arrive at the station up to time to-night!"

In 1865 the annual riots did not give much trouble, and being then married I did not go ballooning when Coxwell again came over. It was just as well I did not. When the valve-line was pulled to descend it broke; there was a scare, but the balloon came down eventually, and all scrambled out except two. The balloon with these unfortunates then shot up, and, as the telegram put it, "has gone God knows where." Fortunately on the coast-line it came down again, the grapnel caught, and the two men, badly hurt, got out somehow, and the balloon again disappeared, to be afterwards found on the island of Islay.

In 1866, having decided to try for the Staff College, I came to the conclusion that a regiment at home would suit me better than one abroad, so exchanged into the 69th, lately arrived from India, and then at Aldershot under orders for the Channel Islands. The headquarters, which included my company, went to Jersey almost immediately after I joined the regiment. The Channel Islands station is not one where much, or rather anything, can be done as regards soldiering; but, Alderney excepted, the men were delighted with their quarters, and so also were the young officers, with dances, picnics, and moonlight sand-eeling parties. When at Jersey we had an instance of the time the germs of a virulent disease retain vitality. In 1866

part of an old cemetery, where those who died of cholera in 1848 had been buried, was slightly disturbed in widening a road ; cholera at once broke out in the houses on the other side of the road, and rapidly spread into the town. In 1867 the regiment was sent to Dublin, where the jail guards over Fenian prisoners were pretty stiff. Even as captain I was on guard every third day ; and once I was told there was no relief, and that I must continue for another twenty-four hours. To any one else these guards would not have been pleasant, but as I was working up for the Staff College, the inside of a jail, where one was not disturbed by visitors, was rather an advantage.

CHAPTER X.

STAFF COLLEGE.

FROM Ireland the regiment went to Canada ; but as I had passed for the Staff College, I was left at home, and went to the college in February 1868.

The old Staff School at Marlow must have supplied some good men to Wellington in the Peninsula, otherwise the French Government would not have subsequently sent over a special commission to inquire into its organisation. After Waterloo the Staff School, with many other military institutions, gradually died out. Nominally under the name of the Senior Department at Sandhurst, it just kept its head above water ; but it was not until the Crimean mismanagement and disasters showed the necessity for a properly trained staff that a scheme for a staff school was brought forward, and the present Staff College built. Entrance to it by officers of a certain length of service, and with special recommendations from their colonels, was to be by competitive examination in mathematics, languages, and certain military subjects. To induce officers to compete, all staff appointments were for the future to be given only to men who had successfully passed through the college.

The scheme was received, as such reforms usually are, with a great flourish of trumpets, and the public at once jumped to the conclusion that every officer who got through the Staff College must consequently be a perfect staff officer. In due time it was discovered that the days of miracles were over, and that a staff college course, although it might improve a good officer, could not put an active energetic brain into the head of a man who did not possess it, no matter how good he might be at competitive paper-work examinations.

For the failures of the Staff College careless commanding officers have been almost entirely to blame. Consignment to permanent half-pay would not have been too severe a punishment for some colonels who recommended officers for the Staff College, apparently because they were useless in their regiments, and they were glad to get rid of them.

The subjects given for the entrance examination at the time the college was opened were not altogether what they should have been, and the course of study, as well as the selection of instructors, required reform. In time considerable alterations were made, and although still capable of improvement, the college is worked on very different lines from what it was when I joined it.

Instruction in military administration and law, as also that in fortification, artillery, and schemes for the attack and defence of positions, was excellent. Military history lectures were interesting, but could hardly be considered as particularly instructive; but what some of us thought fully made up for defects in this branch of the work was the mental exercise as regards original thought which the writing of memoirs on cer-

tain portions of a campaign gave us. As for military surveying and sketching in those days, although there was an instructor, there was no instruction given worth mentioning. Old cadets who had been through Sandhurst and Woolwich really taught those who came to the college ignorant of those subjects.

There were instructors for French, German, and Hindustani, and a passing-out examination had to be gone through in one or other of these languages. No matter how well an officer might know a language, he had to put in a certain amount of attendances in one of them.

Mineralogy and geology were also taught. These were both hobbies with which I was already well acquainted, from attending lectures at the School of Mines in Jermyn Street, and always investigating quarries and mines whenever I got a chance; and I took them up as they counted in the final examination, while the fact of their being more an amusement to me than a study gave me time for other work. There was an excellent laboratory at the college, and as I had only a theoretical acquaintance with chemistry and electricity, I took full advantage of it, putting in all my spare time in what used to be known as the abode of bad smells. The information I acquired in it, more especially in food and water analysis, was most useful. Only one officer besides myself of my batch went through a complete course of chemistry and physics. I worked steadily for about eighteen months at the first-named, but even then felt I was only on the fringe of a most fascinating science. As regards its utility for a staff officer, that certainly may be questioned, but as I should never have such a chance of working in a laboratory again, I did not think I

was wrong in giving such time to it as I could conveniently spare. A very childish system of competition for place on leaving the college was in operation when I was there, thereby putting a premium on what paid best in marks and not on what was most useful. We had an amusing incident with reference to marks. Only certain languages were allowed to score for place at the final examination, but there were several languages in which an officer might pass, and those who successfully got through were mentioned in the annual report. One of my batch applied to be examined in modern Greek, and a magnificent specimen of a Greek priest one day appeared in the anteroom: he was a fine-looking man with a great beard and a long black robe reaching almost to the ground, whilst on his head was a tall black hat with the brim on top. The subject of marks rather puzzled him, but when the candidate for examination informed him that 1200 were full marks, and that if he was good enough in the language to get 800 he would be perfectly satisfied, "Eight hundred marks!" exclaimed the priest. "You shall not have less than two thousand. I do love the English!"

Although part of the time at the Staff College might have been employed to better advantage, the two years there—exchanging ideas with men who had served in various capacities in different parts of the world—was in itself a professional education of no small value. The habit of steady work also for an average of some eight hours a-day had somehow a permanent effect on the mind, making one feel ever afterwards that one was neglecting one's duty if not working at something professional. I had a curious instance of this even before leaving the

college. Gunnery at all times had a great fascination for me, and when there was a good deal of newspaper discussion about the effect of shell-splinters in a ship's battery, I came to the conclusion that heavy rope mantlets, similar to those at the Peiho, might be suspended from the beams and placed between the guns on the new ironclads, thereby placing each gun in a species of splinter-proof casemate. I found on measurement that the guns were quite far enough apart to admit of this; so I had a model made to scale, photographed it, and sent a paper on the subject to one of the Lords of the Admiralty whose acquaintance I had made when he commanded the *Excellent*. I was much flattered when he wrote informing me that he approved of my idea, and would have it inserted in the Gunnery Regulations.

After leaving the college in 1869, and before being attached to cavalry and artillery, I interested myself with another hobby, if I may so term it—viz., coast defence. In the course of the college work we had to make a reconnaissance sketch and report with reference to a supposititious landing on the south coast. Open beaches extensive enough for disembarkation of all arms were there, but the absence of suitable harbours for bases, and the defensive positions between the coast and London, gave one an idea of the difficulties an invader would have; but on looking at the map of Southern England, it struck me that an enemy would find a much easier road to London from the east coast than he would from the south. Just north of the Thames are two estuaries—viz., that of the *Ad-
ter*. The former is small, but
very extensive. The Ad-

miralty chart gives full details of its great depth, $3\frac{3}{4}$ to 9 fathoms, and the sheltered anchorage inside the Gunfleet Sands at its mouth. An examination of the estuary showed that although it has a muddy foreshore at low water, it nevertheless presents an opening for a disembarkation to which the Pehtang was a trifle in comparison. The country between the Blackwater and Crouch estuaries and London is very flat, and the distance to the metropolis but thirty miles. The only defensive position being one on the southern flank of the line of advance to London—viz., that on the range of hills enclosing Tilbury Fort and the Thames defences—an intrenched position on these heights in connection with the forces south of the Thames by a boat bridge or railway tunnel would probably be about as effective a position for the protection of the capital against a landing on any part of the east coast between Yarmouth and the Thames as a line of intrenchment directly across an invader's path. At any rate, thinking the subject worth discussing, I gave a lecture on it at the United Service Institution early in 1870, but before doing so thought it advisable to ascertain if the head of the Fortification Department, Sir William Jervois, had any objection. On reading the lecture he at once volunteered to be my chairman, and gave me his full support. In summing up at the end of the lecture, he mentioned that when at Elba, Napoleon had spoken to Sir Neil Campbell about his intended invasion of England, and told Sir Neil that, if the wind admitted of it, his intention had been to turn all Pitt's defences by a landing in or near the Thames rather than on the coast of Kent. (Marmont's corps in the Netherlands was doubtless intended to co-operate by a landing

north of the Thames, even if Napoleon had with the army at Boulogne gone straight across the Channel.)

East Tilbury is now stated to have been the place where the land force was assembled at the time of the Armada, when Parma's army was waiting ready in the Netherlands. Reference is also made in the records of those days to a bridge of boats or something of that nature across the Thames at Tilbury. Further discussion brought out the fact that the Danes made use of the Blackwater estuary when invading England. After the lecture a committee was sent to report on the subject, and I was told by one of the members that they quite agreed with me. Still more interesting was the circumstance that a year or two afterwards I heard, on quite reliable authority, that the lecture had been given to the Staff School at Berlin to be investigated as part of their regular work.

Having a good horse assigned to me when attached to a cavalry regiment at Aldershot, and permission to do pretty well what I thought best in order to pick up information, I had a pleasant time, except on one occasion, when on a duke's day all the horses had to be in the ranks, except one left for me, a fine handsome animal; but on leaving the regiment to join the headquarter staff, as directed, my horse, an iron-mouthed, bucking, squealing rig, gave me just about all I could do to keep him in hand. I heard afterwards that no riding certificate would be necessary in my case. Fortunately I was in excellent condition at the time, but had I been otherwise, and my muscles slack, my career as a staff officer fit for field service might have been jeopardised.

For artillery work I was attached to a battery of horse artillery at Woolwich: the officer command-

ing it did everything in his power to assist me in getting all the instruction the very limited training-ground that Woolwich Common and Shooters' Hill permitted of. Aldershot would have been a better place, but for some reason several of us were sent to batteries at Woolwich instead. This was to a certain extent fortunate for me, because I was thereby able to make myself acquainted with all the latest artillery inventions. The fuse question was then a burning one in all senses of the word, and in looking over the different varieties, it struck me that I might, by a very simple contrivance, make the ordinary time fuse also act as a concussion one, and so get rid of the then existing trouble connected with the employment of a detonating composition and a separate percussion fuse. This I did by simply boring up the powder-channel of the time fuse, and so connecting it at the upper end with the fuse composition, but separated from it by a copper cup with a hole in its bottom. In this cup was a copper plug, kept in its place by a copper wire through it. This did not in any way prevent the time arrangement being bored and acting in the usual way; but on the shell striking the ground, the shock sent the copper plug forward, breaking the wire, and so at once opening a communication between the burning fuse composition and the powder-channel, and instantly exploding the shell. To keep the plug in security, a safety-pin went through it: the head of the pin being in the end of the tape which encircled the head of the time fuse, when the fuse was placed in the shell and uncapped in the usual way by the tape being torn off, it took the pin with it, and so left the concussion arrangement free to act.

My principal difficulty was to ascertain what thick-

ness the wire should have, that the plug might break it on the shell touching the ground. It required many experimental rounds before I found that the graze was in dynamical effect only equal to a vertical drop of the fuse on its head of 3 feet.

I had to employ a special mechanic, and also ran up a good-sized bill for powder and shell used in experimental work at Shoeburyness, but had the satisfaction, at a competitive trial of fuses with several other inventors, of beating them all. I was in hopes of further special trials of my fuse and its being adopted into the service: for some reason, however, the Ordnance committee thought it better not to interfere with the regulation time fuse, but in consequence of what I had brought forward in artillery matters my large bill for powder and shell was cancelled.

During my different visits to Shoeburyness I thought I saw my way to some improvements in connection with gunnery, and also armour-plate backing, which would doubtless have involved me in considerable expenditure with a very doubtful return; so it was perhaps just as well that I received orders to embark for Halifax, Nova Scotia, where I was to be garrison instructor—a new appointment at large stations—for the purpose of teaching young officers field fortification, military sketching, administration, and tactics.

CHAPTER XI.

CANADA.

ALL the world being at peace, a staff appointment, even on the other side of the Atlantic, was worth having. Little did we know what was so soon to happen in Europe. Within six weeks of leaving England the Franco-Prussian war began. It was a bitter disappointment losing all chance of being attached to one of the armies; but as I could not speak German, I should have done all I could to join the French, and it was perhaps fortunate for me that I did not do so, seeing the disasters which came upon our old allies, amongst whom I had several friends.

The voyage to America was uneventful, but I again had an instance of the carelessness with which ships are navigated. In a dense fog off the banks, when going slow, we suddenly saw right in front of us, high in the air, the masts of a sailing ship. We just managed to clear her as she shaved past us. Our captain asked why they had not sounded the fog-horn. "Can't—it's broken," was the answer as the fog again shut her in.

In clear weather Halifax harbour is easy of entrance, but on a dirty night, or when there is a fog-bank close inshore, the broken rocky coast of Nova Scotia requires

to be approached with extreme caution. From want of care many a fine ship has been shattered to pieces close to its port, a notable instance being the White Star liner *Atlantic*, when some 500 people were drowned. A friend asked me to drive down with him to the wreck. Fortunately I was unable to do so: he saw 150 bodies laid out on the rocks.

Once inside the heads, the great harbour is perfection, completely sheltered, and with deep water right up to the shore. The construction of wooden wharves and jetties—masonry is unnecessary—is a simple matter, and huge ships may be alongside them with their bowsprits almost projecting into the main street.

Timber being very plentiful, the houses were all built of wood, but the city suffered so much whenever a fire broke out that all new houses were required to be of masonry. Thirty years ago, however, Halifax might shortly be described as a picturesque old-fashioned Canadian town, with little trade except to the West Indies and South America, whose negro and Roman Catholic population bought the fish which came in from the banks. The smell from the great warehouses of salt cod near the wharves extended at times over the city,—a pleasant bouquet, doubtless, to the owners of the fish, but not to other people, especially strangers. The western side of Nova Scotia, looking towards the United States, is very fertile, but the east is rock and pine forest. This may account for the fact that although Halifax has one of the finest harbours in the world, it has as a commercial port remained almost stationary, and although one of the oldest cities in America, has not even now more than 50,000 inhabitants. The winter in Nova Scotia is

tedious: commencing in November, the first part of it, when the great lakes are frozen, and give miles of splendid skating, is pleasant enough, but in December the snow comes down. Sleighs and snow-shoes then come into use; but without some special object in view the latter mode of progression soon becomes irksome, and sleighing in Nova Scotia with a cutting wind, which is so often the case, is very different from the pleasure of driving in the still, bright atmosphere of Toronto or Montreal. Tobogganning and rink-skating are amusing, but five months of them and nothing else are rather monotonous. The cold is at times intense. I shall not easily forget one morning going down to my office with the thermometer 18° below zero, in half a gale of wind. On that day the ink-bottles in the class-room had to be kept on the stove; even then the ink froze in the pens. The wooden houses were comfortable; but even with stoves going all night, I have noticed, on walking from my bathroom after using warm water, that the mark of my footsteps became ice before I had reached the fire in my bedroom. The rivers break up in April, the ice going out to sea in great masses, and from then until the beginning of October the climate is perfect, and the fishing and shooting one gets between those dates almost make up for the discomforts of winter.

Halifax has, or had thirty years ago, one advantage—extremely cheap provisions. As an example I may mention my servant returning from market one day in winter with a turkey, two geese, two chickens, two brace of partridge, and three dozen eggs, at an expenditure of 15s. Fish was good and plentiful, as were also oysters and lobsters, the latter being only 1s. per dozen; but not even the most magnificent

lobsters at one penny each could make up for the isolation of Halifax from the world on the other side of the Atlantic. We had only a fortnightly mail from England, and that was usually late during the winter : on one occasion the steamer did not arrive with our letters for ten days after they were due.

Although the preparation of a lecture may require the expenditure of much time and trouble, its delivery requires no great mental effort ; but teaching, when one has almost to transfer one's power of thought, if not actually one's brains, into the heads of those who have never been trained to think for themselves, is most exhausting. After a long spell of it I found perfect rest absolutely necessary ; and my most easy way of getting it was, when the work admitted of it, to disappear for a few days with the two Indians I usually employed, and live the life of a savage in the woods, carrying the few things we required, and living on salt pork and biscuits and the trout and tree-partridges we got.

Sea-fishing in the harbour in the afternoon and evening in fine weather was a great relaxation. I often loaded my boat with a hand-line, and got great hauls on set lines : on one occasion I caught more than I bargained for. Getting in the line, a mass of seaweed, with something else enclosed in it, came up, the hook being fast in blue cloth. As there was a German emigrant ship in quarantine with cholera on board, I was not long in cutting the mass adrift, and letting it sink into deep water again. Lobster-spearing in the shallows in the warm summer nights by the aid of a birch-bark torch was a new but very amusing sport. The so-called spear was composed of a pair of stiff wooden clips, which went

over the body of the lobster without breaking the shell.

I kept my long leave—viz., six weeks—for the salmon-fishing in the summer; then life was worth living. It will now hardly be credited that four of us had the whole of the Restigouche for £40 per year. To get there from Halifax before the inter-colonial railway was built required a week's journey, and then three days' poling up the river in a birch-bark canoe to the fishing-ground. What the country may be like now I know not, but thirty years ago the forest primeval for hundreds of miles on each side enclosed the river. There were a few settlers' houses about forty miles apart on the banks: of traffic, except when the logs were coming down, there was none. Each of us had a canoe and two Indians, and on arriving at our destination we separated, each taking so many pools. We were often twenty and thirty miles apart, and only saw each other on changing stations. Living alone with two Indians, who only knew a few words of English, and with nothing but salt pork, flour, tea and sugar, and trout for food,—as for salmon, in three days or so one's gorge rose at even the smell of it when cooking,—and with no shelter but a lean-to of canvas and birch bark, and exposed to black flies and mosquitoes, the life was a rough one; but the sport was splendid, the average weight of my fish being 23 lb. I only once got near that again—viz. 22 lb.—many years afterwards in Norway; but I killed some of those Norwegian salmon on a spoon, not then being strong enough to swing a rod all day. As usual the Jock Scott, as in all other parts of the world, was the favourite fly on the Restigouche. The use of such

an article as a spoon or artificial minnow on that river would have been considered most unsportsman-like; indeed I never heard of either being used in the clear waters of the Restigouche, where single gut was necessary. One strange thing about our fishing was the ease with which one could balance oneself on one's feet and swing an 18-foot rod in a birch bark. At first it seemed hardly possible to look at a canoe without upsetting it. As an experiment I tried one day—and successfully—playing a big fish and at the same time lighting my pipe with a common lucifer-match.

My Indians had never seen a fish killed on a rod before; but when I gave one the gaff, and explained as well as I could what I wanted done, no Highland gillie could have used it better, and never afterwards did either of them miss his stroke. On one occasion a huge brute of a fish 4 feet in length nearly tired me out: it became dark soon after I hooked it, and it took me five hours to bring it to the gaff. The Indians who lived on the lower part of the river, and whom we allowed to spear as far up as the lowest pool, declared they had seen a salmon as long as a man, and that they were afraid in their canoes to touch it; perhaps it was just as well it never took a fancy to a Jock Scott.

Returning to the settler's house from which I had started up the river on my first expedition, I was so black from the glare of the river and unkempt from the wild life I had been leading, that on going up to the front of the house the settler did not recognise me and said, "Indians must go in by the back door." I sent a small barrel of Restigouche salmon home to England. The size of the fish

astonished my friends, but they said they were too salt to be of much use.

Nets and saw-mills had pretty well destroyed the salmon anywhere near Halifax, but with information laid on when there was a run, we could get a fish or two occasionally in Indian or Gold Rivers: one day I succeeded in sending one back in the evening by the same coach which had brought me out in the morning. Away from settlements trout were plentiful, averaging about $\frac{3}{4}$ lb.; but as they would take almost anything, there was not much sport in catching them.

As for shooting, the so-called partridge, really tree-grouse, were plentiful enough: they were excellent eating, and were shot for the pot, as, sitting quietly in the fir-trees, they gave no sport. Moose-calling during the rutting season in September was curiously fascinating; of course it was only possible in wild districts, where the animals had not been much disturbed. On a perfectly still clear night the Indian, with a moose-call, a large conical roll of birch bark, would imitate the far-reaching cry of the cow moose. If well done, a bull moose would in time come within shot; if shy, the note was altered to that of a bull, which then often brought up the enraged rival. On two occasions a bear came up, for what purpose we could not imagine, for at that season they are quite fat on the blue-berries they eat, and I never heard of a bear attacking a moose. The first time the bear did not come out sufficiently from the bush to give me a chance of a shot, and on the second occasion, getting no answer from moose, we had given up calling and gone to sleep where we were, I with my head on a log. I was awakened by hearing in the wood of the

log the vibration of some heavy animal rapidly making off. In a second I was ready with my rifle, but the moon having gone down, I could see nothing. My two Indians remained fast asleep, but in the morning they saw the track of a bear, which must—there being no wind to carry scent—have blundered right on to us.

Calling was in some districts an easy way of getting a shot at a moose. Very different was it with moose-hunting—not the hunting as in Canada, where the unfortunate beast, breaking through the thin frozen upper crust, flounders along in the deep snow until run down by men on snow-shoes,—but moose-stalking, to which Highland deer-shooting is child's play. Moose- and cariboo-hunting in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick takes place at the beginning of the cold weather, when there is just a slight powdering of snow. In case of bad luck in not getting moose-meat, everything in the way of food and also camp-kit has to be carried; but the latter is not much,—a frying-pan, a couple of tin pots, and an axe, with canvas for a lean-to, and a blanket-bag and mug each, about covers it. A second flannel shirt and a spare pair of socks may be taken; but I have been out for a fortnight without changing anything except taking off the two pair of damp socks when drying one's half-frozen moose-shank moccasins. Boots cannot be used on these occasions, when the crack of a broken stick might spoil a whole day's work. It is wonderful how easily one drops to the life of a savage, but still more interesting is it to notice how the hunting instinct, which must be hereditary in the British race, comes out in men in a very short time. An apparently insignificant mark on a piece of damp soil, a half-

chewed leaf or a broken twig, tells him not only that a moose or cariboo has been there so many hours before, and was feeding quietly or had been alarmed, but he can in time almost understand what the animal is thinking about and where it intends resting or yarding for the night. Tree-grouse cannot be shot to add to one's rations, which have to be economised, —the report might scare the moose for miles. But the Indians are good at trapping, and once I remember their getting a porcupine: it was not bad, but somehow my companion had a nightmare afterwards and made a horrible noise, although with most people the thick comfortable bed of spruce-branch tips, to which the best spring bed cannot be compared for comfort, usually has a most soporific effect. A good supply of tobacco and matches is essential, as also plenty of tea and sugar, as well as salt pork and flour. Spirits I never took, except a soda-water bottle of brandy in case of an accident. As for plates and dishes, the Indians with their crooked knives found perfect substitutes from birch bark, with which they also made excellent cups.

There was good cock-shooting to be got on the east side of Nova Scotia, but I never tried it, thinking it better to reserve such leave as I could spare myself from work for bigger game.

During my last summer I found that I could have eight weeks' annual long leave instead of six, so came to the conclusion that by taking a few days off my salmon-fishing I should have time for a trip to New York and Niagara. So with wife, sister, and brother-in-law I went by steamer to Portland. On landing in that temperance state, oddly enough the first thing which attracted our attention was an exceedingly

drunken man in the middle of the main street. He may have been specially retained by the town as a horrid example; but at the time I should much have liked to know where he got his liquor, because when I asked at one hotel for a small quantity of brandy for a lady who came with us and was ill, I was told that in the State of Maine no alcoholic drink of any description could be supplied without a doctor's order. Next day I happened to mention this to an American I had met on the boat. He was very much amused, informing me that in a room on the top storey of the hotel, which every one knew about, I could have got any liquor I wanted. From Portland we went on to Boston. I must say I did enjoy a glass of beer at the first station out of Maine, and so apparently did many others. Boston is the only English-looking town I saw in the States. I regretted not having time to go to the top of Bunker Hill, of which both British and Americans may well be proud. No others would have held it so long, and no others but steady invincible English soldiers would have captured it after such tremendous loss. 1775 seems a long time ago, but Lord Albemarle, who was at Waterloo, told me that in his younger days he knew an officer who had been A.D.C. to the general at Bunker Hill. From Boston we went by train and then by the Fall River steamer to New York. More magnificently got-up boats than those on the Fall River I have never seen: what in other steamers would be a saloon was a huge dining-room, with little tables, and waiters faultlessly got up. As for the bill of fare, it was a menu with every possible luxury mentioned in it. From the dining-room a fine stairway led up to the cabins; and on one of the boats there were grand portraits of two cele-

brated millionaires, F. and J. G., the principal owners of the line, one in the uniform of an admiral, the other of a general. When they were put up the two millionaires asked another well-known man in New York to admire them. On being asked his opinion, his only remark was, "Well, if you will put a crucifix between the two you will be about right."

In the States passengers "express" their baggage, and in the towns travel by trams or street railways. We, being strangers, engaged a pair-horse cab—hacks they are called. We took half an hour getting to our hotel: the fare was just 6d. a-minute. The Fifth Avenue, where we stayed, was very comfortable, and the cost per head, paid in greenbacks, came to 15s. English money: this included everything. The only custom I did not like was that of serving one's dinner in little dishes all placed on the table at the same time. Now it may be different. New York, with its avenues and streets in the principal district all at right angles to each other, is not a picturesque city. We did the usual sights, including the Brooklyn cemetery and a lunch at Delmonico's. What interested me immensely was the Stock Exchange, my first experience of the visible worship of the almighty dollar; the hoarse-voiced bookies of a racecourse were not in it in comparison. Looking down from the gallery, the great floor below was covered with what to the uninitiated was a seething, shrieking mass of lunatics yelling to obtain the contents of other people's pockets.

Much has been written about the brusqueness of American waiters and public servants. All I can say is that from hotel waiters, and even policemen, we always met with the greatest civility and attention, they many times going out of their way to oblige and

help us. In the train from Albany I was much pleased with the conductor, who, as soon as he saw we were strangers, requested us to come into a special saloon, and then pointed out objects of interest as we went along. At Niagara, going into a curio-store on the American side, I had spent all I intended, and told the proprietor I could not buy more, having only enough money left for our return journey home. His answer was, "Take anything you like ; when you get to Halifax you can send me a cheque."

We went north from New York by boat to Albany, and then by night-cars on to Niagara. How any one having business in the capital, and who can do so, does not live on the banks, or rather shores, of the Hudson, and go by train or boat to his daily work, I cannot imagine. The scenery all along the great river is grand, and as for associations, historic or legendary, there is not a prominent point without them, commencing with the ancient Dutch days and going on to the stirring times of the revolutionary war. Half-way up the river are the Catskill Mountains, vividly recalling Rip Van Winkle and his demoniacal hard-drinking friends. West Point with its military college had special interest for me ; unfortunately a whole day at least, if not more, would have been necessary to have gone into all the particulars of the system of education there, and we could not afford the time.

At Niagara we put up at the Cataract Hotel on the American side, an excellent establishment in those days. The black servants, thoroughly well trained, were in themselves a recommendation, to say nothing of the good cooking. I ventured to try a cataract bath in the morning ; it was in a sort of large

cellar. I got into the bath, and must have pulled too vigorously or pulled the wrong string, for out of the square-mouthed wooden shoot rushed a solid block of Niagara. Fortunately I was stooping down at the time; it struck my back, and from there ricochéd into the room. None went into the bath. Next day I begged to be allowed to use the simple tin of ordinary life.

Niagara has been so often described that I will do no more than say I quite agreed with the young lady who, when requested to write something in the visitors' book, was so overcome by the magnitude of the Falls and thunder of the water rushing over a precipice that all she could put on paper was, "Niagara, Niagara, you are indeed a staggerer!"

Going on, we went through the thousand islands—very pretty, but not to be compared to the tropical island scenery between Singapore and Anger. Toronto and Montreal had in our eyes nothing very special to recommend them except their great prosperity. The hotel at Montreal was in those days very indifferent, as were all the Canadian hotels. Shooting the rapids in a steamer was interesting, but it was not until we arrived at Quebec that we were enraptured with any city in Canada. That picturesque old capital, standing high above the river, with its dominating citadel and its quaint crooked streets and tin-roofed houses, with its old-world French population and speech, is in itself worth coming to Canada to explore. As for associations of former days and deeds of valour, in no other place in North America are they so numerous; every name, every mile almost, in the vicinity of Quebec is grandly historic. It might be as well that special guides should be appointed by the authorities to

take visitors round the old battlefields near Quebec. A party from the States were rather startled when asking the soldier who was conducting them to show them where Montgomery fell (the American general who was killed at the attack on Quebec). The man looked rather startled that a regimental occurrence of the previous week should already be known outside the barracks. "It was here, sir, just outside the mess-room. Poor young gentleman, it was the first time he had dined at mess, it was guest night, and his head wasn't strong." We stayed as long as we could at Quebec, but my leave was running out, and I mentally saw far away my birch bark canoe waiting for me. We returned to Halifax *via* St John and the Bay of Fundy, and then I dashed away north, rod in hand and alone, to enjoy that greatest of all human felicity—a strand of single gut, oneself at one end and a 30 pound salmon at the other.

CHAPTER XII.

INSTRUCTIONAL WORK, HALIFAX AND GIBRALTAR.

My instructional work at Halifax was almost too technical for "recollections." I went fully into the subject in a lecture on Education and Professional Instruction of Officers, at the U.S. Institute, June 1873. An extract from it may, however, be of sufficient general interest to permit of its being given :—

I commenced my first course with a class composed of four officers, who must have made a favourable report of what happened to them, for afterwards I rarely had less than a quarter of the captains and subalterns in the garrison under instruction at a time, and with two exceptions only, more willing pupils it was impossible to wish for. The only obstacle I had to contend with was the imperfect education which many of the officers had received when boys at school. You will be rather startled to hear that I never yet had a class in which I was not obliged to teach some of the officers composing it vulgar and decimal fractions, and on one occasion a very simple rule-of-three sum was too difficult a problem for any one in the room. Equations were things which many had apparently never heard of, and the officer who could write a concise report, especially in a legible hand, was in some classes rather a *rara avis*. As regards subjects of general information, I also found in two or three instances

an astonishing deficiency of education. There passed through my hands representative pupils of many English schools, and I came to the conclusion that several of them had had their time entirely wasted at school, and that their only acquirement had been a smattering of Greek and Latin.

I by no means wish it to be understood that all the officers who attended the classes were badly educated, far from it, some having taken their B.A. degree at college; but this I do mean to say, that fully one-fourth of them had received a very defective education indeed. How the schoolmasters that professed to have taught them could have been satisfied with their work I cannot understand. With two or three exceptions, there was no want of natural ability shown by those officers who had been so badly educated, but unfortunately it took a considerable portion of the four months during which the course lasted to get some of them into the habit of using their brains at all. At times their intellects seemed suddenly to awaken, as if startled from sleep; occasionally the process was more gradual, but as soon as this change had taken place, and they began to think for themselves, the great difficulty of instruction was overcome, and some of those who appeared very dense at the beginning of the course turned out remarkably well afterwards. Some few—fortunately I never had more than two in any class—were naturally so defective in intellectual power, or had received so little attention when at school (I am strongly inclined to believe that the latter was the true state of the case), that the labour of imparting instruction to them became almost a physical one. I have often, after only three hours with the class, been quite as much exhausted

as if I had been pulling a heavy oar all the time. Had it not been for the willingness—in fact I may say the intense desire—on the part of the officers referred to to obtain professional information, it would hardly have been possible to have continued the uphill work of instructing them.

With reference to the support given to the system by commanding officers, all I can say is that, from the general commanding downwards, every one took the greatest interest in its success. As soon as the nature of the course was understood, the colonels of the different regiments offered to change their parade and orderly-room hours, or do anything that I could suggest, for the purpose of enabling as many officers as possible to attend, they themselves being present when any outdoor work was going on.

Captains and subalterns had sometimes hard work to be in time for lecture after being present at orderly-room with their prisoners, &c. A conveyance of some kind was usually kept waiting just outside the orderly-room, and as soon as their work was done they came down at full speed to the classroom. Sometimes much valuable time was lost from interruptions such as I have mentioned, which made me almost decide that unless officers would consent to be struck off all duty, so that their attendance with the class might not be interfered with, I would not undertake to put them through a course of instruction; but on considering that the commanding officers had done everything that was in their power to enable as many officers as possible to attend, I decided it was my duty and the better policy to leave matters as they were, and do the best I could under existing circumstances. The

willingness on the part of the officers to attend in spite of all obstacles was indeed in itself a sufficient reason for overlooking such irregularities. Many a time have I admired their determination not to be a minute late for lecture, although the weather in winter was at times hardly faceable, with the thermometer 10° below zero and a breeze blowing that sent the *poudré* snow into the innermost recesses of one's wraps. Schoolmasters at home would not expect their pupils to make their way to school on snow-shoes, but at Halifax it was no uncommon thing for officers to get frost-bitten on their way from barracks to class-room.

At the request of a commanding officer, who justly considered that instructed non-commissioned officers would be invaluable assistants to an officer who had to put an outpost or position into a state of defence, I obtained authority for establishing a class for sergeants, none but the most intelligent being sent. The result was very satisfactory. I was quite astonished at the aptitude many of them had for using a pencil. To enable them to attend regularly they were excused guards and parades, but nothing else. Amongst others a sergeant-major of one of the smartest regiments in the service went through a complete course. He passed an excellent examination: his road, river, and outpost reports were certainly among the best I had read; they were clear, concise, and written in a very legible hand, a matter of considerable importance. He afterwards got a commission.

From my experience at Halifax I came to the conclusion that garrison instruction of four monthly courses ought to be carried out in special schools, say at Aldershot, the Curragh, and two or three in

India, with one or more instructors for each subject: it is killing work for one man to do it properly.

Being so much occupied with my regular work, I did little with professional hobbies, except to make a rough model of a depression range-finder for the battery on York redoubt heights, and draft a scheme for a protected spar torpedo-launch, to be started and directed from the shore by means of a light insulated wire which would be run off a roller in the launch as she moved on; but I was told by an electrician whom I consulted that the idea was unworkable. I was more successful with a little book, 'Elementary Lectures on Military Law,' which went through two editions at once, and for two years was a text-book at the Staff College. I had, however, some special professional occupation in working out a scheme for the torpedo and obstruction defence of Halifax harbour, instructions to that effect having been sent, much to my surprise, from the War Office to the general commanding the forces in Canada and Nova Scotia, the Royal Engineers being directed to give me any assistance I might require. My naval friends as usual were my great allies in this matter, and from the deep-sea and net fishers I got some useful information as to the value of nets and floating ropes for entangling screws.

In 1873 I began outdoor work as soon as the winter commenced to break—viz., about the middle of March—and must somehow have got a chill without noticing it. I went on with work as long as I could manage it, but was at last obliged to call in a doctor, who found my lungs so seriously affected that a medical board was assembled, and as my only chance was a more temperate climate at once, I was invalided to England by the next mail steamer. Fortunately I

was able to get a particularly energetic officer, whom I had instructed, to take up my work. I could not be otherwise than anxious as to how he would get on, but as I was now perfectly useless myself, nothing more could be done. The voyage home was a rough one: we had even in the mail steamer to lie to for three days. One of my boys, two years old, was thrown out of his berth, and a leg so seriously injured that one surgeon at home was keen on amputation: fortunately another very eminent specialist entirely disagreed with him. Eleven years on crutches and a good constitution eventually put the damaged limb right, and the boy grew up into a powerful young athlete. Good nursing and a summer in my native climate also put me right, but it was useless my thinking of returning to Nova Scotia, so I had to resign my appointment there. In the autumn I was passed fit for service again, and the authorities most thoughtfully offered me another particularly good educational appointment at home; but I could not teach as I considered teaching should be done without its taking too much out of me, so I declined the kind offer. I well remember the exclamation of an old Staff College friend who saw me soon after my return from Halifax,—"Why, your hair was perfectly black when you left the college; now you are as grey as a badger!"

As my regiment was stationed at Gibraltar I could not have had a better climate for damaged lungs, and quite looked forward to a pleasant winter there. At Pembroke Dock I picked up a draft and embarked with all my belongings in the Tamar, arriving at Gibraltar in October 1873. One of the first officers to come on board was the assistant adjutant-general, who handed me a telegram from the War Office that

I was to do the duty of garrison instructor whilst the real one was at Ashantee. This I positively and absolutely declined, and stated my reasons; but he told me that they were most anxious for special reasons that I would consent to do the work, and he trusted I would reconsider my decision and do so: he further added that there was only one man in the class, and he was usually on the sick-list. As it was a question of officers qualifying to pass for promotion, and there was really no one else to help them, I eventually gave way. In a short time my solitary pupil became a roomful, and I had plenty of work; but I only took one class on hand during the day: this gave me the early morning free, and by permission of the colonel of my regiment I had the battalion to work with for the before-breakfast parade, and as I had also to do brigade major to the temporary second brigade on the north front once a-week, I soon began to feel myself a soldier again and not a schoolmaster.

The north front gave me enough ground for instructing my class in field fortification, the only objector being the town major, who was much alarmed for the safety of the fortress whenever I made bridges across the narrow part of the inundation. But to teach military sketching on the rock was a decided difficulty: hitherto that branch of the work at Gibraltar had been confined to taking angles with a theodolite. There was nothing for it but to take my class out in the open country beyond the Spanish lines, cautioning them to be as careful as possible with their work, so as not to excite the attention of the Guarda Civile. The Spanish authorities were most civil and obliging to the garrison, making no objection to our hunting all

over the country, and it would not therefore have done to let them get it into their heads we were making military surveys. Only on one occasion did a *guarda* come up to one careless young officer taking an angle with his prismatic, but a good cigar and a few polite words in Spanish put the matter right. As there were two rivers, both excellent for teaching survey work, we could not have had better ground: the field officer, however, detailed as a president of a board of examination for the class, declined to go into Spain without a written authority from the Spanish general. This of course could not even be asked for, but it occurred to me that there could be no objection to asking the authorities in Morocco for the requisite permission. The governor, Sir Fenwick Williams, wrote to Sir John Hay, our consul-general at Tangier, who at once got authority from the Moorish governor at Tangier, who gave me permission to take my class wherever I thought it necessary; but if possible we were to avoid going near villages, as the inhabitants might think our measurements had something to do with taxing the land.

On arrival at Tangier we paid our respects to Sir John Hay, who decided that before we commenced work we ought to have some amusement in the shape of a boar-hunt or rather shoot. I happened to be given the place of honour on some rocks near Cape Spartel: the view away across to Trafalgar Bay was very fine, and what with admiration of the view and thoughts of the work I intended for my class, I quite forgot about the boars until, turning my eyes inland, I saw in the bush close to me a very nervous-looking little pig. I tried to remember if we had

lately passed any village where pigs were kept, as I could not imagine how the little beast had got so far away from a sty, when it flashed upon me that we were amongst Mohammedans, who did not keep pigs, and this must consequently be one of the monsters whose gigantic dimensions existed only in Arab imaginations. I made a clutch at my gun lying on the rock; in an instant piggie was into the bush like a rabbit. My snap-shot was useless, and apparently also the rolling fire from Europeans and Arabs, as the poor bewildered animal raced past and got away. It was some time before my "tame pig" was forgotten. Two pigs were shot, one being by an officer of my class, and we found properly cooked wild boar by no means bad eating: it had a curious gamey flavour. I finished up the surveying course with a mounted road sketch—very well done by most of the class—to Tetuan. When there I heard there was a trout-stream in the hills at the back of the town: an Arab guided me to it, but being in heavy flood I got nothing, even when trying with a worm; but three beautiful trout, about $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. each, were subsequently sent to me. They were put in spirit and sent home to Buckland, who was much pleased at the trout-line being brought so far south: he had no idea there were any trout in Morocco.

I may here mention one special recommendation of Tangier,—it is an excellent place for keeping servants in order. Our cook was much too fond of liquor—so much so that, as a last resource, I said he must go to prison. They sent down to me to know what punishment was to be administered. My answer must have been misinterpreted. A short time afterwards a woman came shrieking into the

garden, and our interpreter explained it was the cook's wife, and that her husband was about to have his head cut off. I immediately pointed out there must be some mistake. The man was brought back with his head still on his shoulders, and he kept sober during the rest of the time we were at Tangier.

CHAPTER XIII.

PYRENEES.

IN 1874 unfortunate Spain was still undergoing the miseries of civil war, the Carlists besieging Bilbao, which was holding out for the Government, whose forces attempted its relief on the 26th March, but were defeated with a loss of some 2000 at Somorrostro, a position held by the Carlists across the main north coast road about twelve miles west from Bilbao.

The capture of Bilbao would have been of such immense political importance to the Carlists that the Spanish Government decided to do its utmost to raise the siege, and for this purpose organised a fresh Corps d'Armée under General Concha to assist the Spanish commander-in-chief, the Duc de la Torre, then in front of Somorrostro. When a foreign army is on active service it is usual to have an officer of our service with it as military attaché to report on the operations. I heard there was no English officer with the Spanish army, and as I was then entitled to some leave, thought I could not spend it to better advantage than by being present with the Spanish army which was about to undertake the relief of Bilbao. Not only would I be able to send a report to our Intelligence Department, but I should per-

sonally be in a position to pick up useful information in mountain warfare in the Pyrenees. At this time, early in April, Mr Layard, our Minister at Madrid, was on a visit to the governor: both concurred with my ideas on the subject. A companion who could speak Spanish was necessary, and fortunately my great friend, Captain Gilbard, now gone to his rest, was as keen on the adventure as I was; so having got the necessary leave and letters of introduction from Mr Layard to the Spanish commander-in-chief and other officers, Gilbard and I packed our small kits in two hand-bags, and next morning started for Malaga in the gunboat which was returning with our Minister.

We had to remain at Malaga for the night, but next morning, the 7th April, at 7 A.M., got the Madrid express, and arrived at the capital in exactly twenty-four hours. One special curiosity we noticed, who put in an appearance at the dining refreshment-room at Cordova and another place during the night—viz., an individual with a belt full of long Spanish knives, which he was most anxious for us to purchase, his special recommendation being that they were good for sticking as well as cutting. Doubtless he had been informed we were going north on some desperate enterprise for the good of Spain.

Madrid, where we had to remain twelve hours waiting for the through train to Santander, seemed to us an uninteresting modern city, with no special attractions but the armoury and picture-gallery. The armoury was not open, but we were able to visit the national picture-gallery; and it was indeed well worth the two hours, which was all we could spare for it. The Murillos will long live in memory; would that

the remembrance of them could have blotted out the recollection of what we were soon to see. There was to be a bull-fight at four o'clock, and as I had never seen one we decided to go. A more horrible exhibition of cruelty to that most useful servant of man, the horse, could not be imagined. The picadores, padded and armoured spearmen who receive and turn the bull's charges, are mounted on worn-out, helpless screws; these are killed by the bull, which often rips them open, so that their entrails fall down. One poor brute we saw actually trod on them, tearing them out as it staggered forward, brutally spurred by its rider. A chulo being also killed, the scene was too much for us: what happened afterwards we knew not, as we elbowed our way out of the place, to the astonishment of the people at the door, who told us we could not return without paying, and no doubt did not understand how we could leave at the very commencement of the performance.

We left Madrid in the evening with an amusing farewell from a friend—"Well, if you ever get back to Gibraltar, remember me to so - and - so." Until we reached, in the forenoon of the next day, the mountains of the north coast, the scenery was of the usual dreary Spanish plain and olive-tree type, but once in the mountain-ranges, it was like being at home again; even our own Highlands could hardly show grander scenery. The blue-eyed, fair-haired inhabitants of that part of Spain are quite a distinct race from those farther south.

The hotel at Santander was not to be named in the same week as that where we had dined at Madrid, but after two successive nights in an ordinary and very full railway carriage, any hotel with a decent

bed in it was not to be despised. Fortunately we were not too late after our arrival at Santander to call on the commandant, who gave us a letter to the captain of the port, which got us a passage in a small tug starting the following morning for Castro-Urdiales, a small town, the sea base of the army, eight miles farther on, at Somorrostro. With these two officers commenced our acquaintance with Spanish officials, the pleasant remembrance of which can never be forgotten, so marked was it, on the part of every one with whom we were brought in contact, by the greatest courtesy, kindness, and assistance. The tug was small and slow, but we arrived at Castro in the evening. The voyage was interesting, in that we got many particulars of the campaign and the last fight from some officers returning to their regiments. We also found on board an old friend of Red Cross fame in the Franco-Prussian war, where he had well earned his spurs, so we dubbed him our Knight; but if all Red Cross officials require on a campaign the same amount of baggage as our old friend, their transport waggons must be a serious consideration. Castro was crammed with troops and stores, and getting quarters anywhere was a difficult matter until one of the acquaintances we met on the boat in the kindest possible manner hunted about until he found a room at a small but clean *posada*, which was run by an active old lady and an energetic maid-of-all-work, who must have been some relation to the strong-necked bulls we saw at Madrid,—at least we so judged by the ease with which she placed upon her head, and walked upstairs with, one of the Knight's huge cases. We had some difficulty about getting that warrior's luggage up from the boat, when a bright idea

struck us. Get the army to do it — and so they did; but it gave us just a little shock to see a long train of soldiers with the Knight's baggage, his largest portmanteau on the back of the smallest soldier. We could scarcely get them to accept any return for what they had done to assist us. Three of us and a Spaniard occupied the same room. The Spaniard was a quiet old gentleman who used to be very much amused at our Knight's proceedings, as when looking for anything he could not immediately find in his baggage, he capsized the whole contents of his portmanteau or carpet-bag on to the floor.

As a base for a campaign which must be commenced by a big fight within a few miles of Castro, our little inn was well placed. The food at first, with its usual garlic and oil, was not to our liking; but our dear old landlady, whom we soon universally addressed as Madre, gave us a little dining-room to ourselves and food cooked as we wished. The care and interest the old lady showed for us was quite touching. One day after the fighting began I had gone off alone to have a look at a particular battery in action, and did not return with my companions. Madre asked for me, and Gilbard in fun said, "The Carlists have done for him." The poor old lady dropped into a chair and quite broke down.

The morning after our arrival at Castro we drove out to the army headquarters to report ourselves to the commander-in-chief, Marshal Serrano, Duc de la Torre, and present our letters of introduction. The road to Somorrostro was beautiful: it reminded one very strongly of the Western Highlands, but with far richer vegetation in the glens, with their red-roofed houses and little trout-streams. If the Government

were only what it might be, there would be many worse places to live in than the north coast of Spain. Mr Layard informed me that the Bidassoa was full of salmon. There was also a good river near Santander where a friend had got a 25-lb. fish: he told me the Spaniards tried fly-fishing, but did not understand wading, and that their tackle was very coarse. I had on chance brought a few trout-casts and a Jock Scott or two. The lower part of the Somorrostro looked likely for sea-trout, but, unfortunately, an old savage of a Carlist chief fired at every one going near the bank; so I came to the conclusion that even a day's fishing might be too dearly purchased. The Basques are an entirely different race from the dark southerners; the fair-haired energetic peasant women, with their bright-coloured petticoats, and hair tied up with a handkerchief and their fish-creels of the regular old Scottish pattern, made one almost expect to hear the cry of "Caller herrin'." The men also, in their blue bonnets and plaids, were in many cases so like Highlanders that more than once I was on the point of trying a word or two of Gaelic on them. The Biscayans and our Highlanders must surely be kindred races.

Marshal Serrano received us most kindly, as also did the chief of the staff, General Lopez Domingues, who was next on the roster as regards letters of introduction. He gave us passes to go where we pleased, and at the same time placed horses at our disposal whenever we wished for them.

A short description of the positions of the contending forces is here necessary. The Somorrostro stream, running about north and south, divided the opposing armies until the 27th of the previous month, when the Carlists were driven back about a mile and a half to the top of

the slope on the opposite side of the stream, where two churches about 400 yards apart, one on each side of the main road from Castro *viâ* Somorrostro to Bilbao, formed such strong citadels that the national troops could not force their way past them, and had, after a loss of 2000, to be satisfied with the mile and a half of ground they had gained beyond the Somorrostro River. Both sides were well intrenched, the Carlists holding a position on the spurs of the hills and mountains, which almost formed a semicircle round the advanced posts of the national troops, which were only some 700 yards from the two churches. These now, with massive intrenchments, had been made stronger than ever. The remains of a small hamlet, our farthest advanced post, was only 300 yards from the most northern church, named San Pedro Abanto, and so close to a Carlist trench on the hill on its left that when we went, by special permission of the officer commanding the outposts, to inspect this advanced post, there was a tacit cessation of hostilities, and we were allowed to walk beyond it. The Carlists called to me from their trench, "Arribo, señor!" ("Come up, sir!"), and although I should much have liked to do so, it would not, as we were guests of the National Army, have been right; so taking off my cap with a polite bow, I fired off the only Spanish sentence I knew well, in the most correct Castilian, "No puedo hablar Español" ("I cannot speak Spanish"), which very much amused our friends the enemy, who shouted "Sí, sí" ("Yes, yes").

At first we were asked for our passes, but after a day or two we must have been pretty well known, as we were allowed to wander about at will. On the first and subsequent days we visited every battery

and advanced post, with the exception of the lower part of the Somorrostro stream where the objectionable old Carlist was, and which I wished to see with reference to trout almost as much as I did for the batteries. The new Plasencia mountain gun was a particular object of interest to me. The colonel commanding was kind enough to take it to pieces for us, explaining everything connected with it. I may here mention that the kindness of the artillery colonel was by no means singular: the courtesy and attention of every one, from the field-marshal commanding down to the private soldier, can never be forgotten.

On one of our visits, hearing that the troops held one end of a tunnel on the Galdames railway on the right of our position and the Carlists the other, we determined to investigate the matter. We reached the tunnel, which was about 200 yards in length, and found both entrance and exit were in the hands of the troops, but the farther end was barricaded and the Carlists immediately outside: both troops and Carlists were fortunately just then on the best of terms. On walking a little way farther down the cutting a rather amusing sight was a Carlist woman washing clothes on the bank above us, doubtless an old campaigner quite accustomed to war's alarms.

In my report to the Intelligence Department, which I am glad to say met with the approval of H.R.H., who directed that I should be so informed, I went very fully into everything connected with the organisation and professional value of the Spanish army, and was also able, on reliable authority, and on what we ourselves saw, to make a short report on the Carlist forces. These reports would be too professional for mere "recollections." It will therefore be more ac-

ceptable if I give a condensed account of the force with which we had the satisfaction of going through a short but very interesting campaign. The National, or, as it was sometimes designated, the Republican Army in the north consisted of three army corps, the third, as already mentioned, having just been formed under General Concha, the troops composing it being principally Carabineros and Guarda Civile, these latter a particularly fine body of men. In their three-cornered cocked hats and peculiar uniform they bore a striking resemblance to the pictures of Napoleon's Old Guard before they wore the bearskin. The Marines and Cazadores were also very fit-looking troops; the line battalions, although the men were small and rather narrow-chested, were not so burdened as French soldiers (whose dress, by the way, the Spanish army has apparently copied), nevertheless they carried wonderful weights, and as for marching, never seemed to tire.

The only powerfully built men with the line regiments were the stretcher-bearers, four to a company: each carried one pole and a part of the stretcher, a light iron frame with canvas, which doubled up conveniently to pack on a man's back. These men wore a broad white band with red cross on the arm; they seemed to keep rather too close to the firing line. I saw two shot almost together at the battle of Otanez, where they were very active in carrying the wounded out of fire to the dressing-stations. One mule with two chests of bandages and other medical requirements for the dressers was attached to each regiment of two battalions. The Spanish medical authorities, with whom we went over the different hospitals where the badly wounded from

the fight at Somorrostro and others too ill to be moved were, struck us as being rather behind the age; but compared to what our medical organisation was in the early part of the Crimean War, the Spaniards were angels of light and intelligence. They, and also the Carlists, were largely assisted by the English branch of the Red Cross Society, and also by the Spanish Cruz Roja. All Spain was very liberal in doing what it could, even the little town of Castro having fitted up its big church with 160 beds. The fine linen and lace pillows of many of the beds showed how well the upper classes had come forward. The one special defect we noticed was that of making the large churches into hospitals, as, owing to the height of the windows and thickness of the walls, it was impossible to ventilate them properly, and hospital gangrene soon made its appearance. Open sheds would have been better. Whenever the wounded or sick were able to be moved they were at once sent off by boat to Santander and by train to good hospitals farther south. There was a dearth of ambulance waggons, and it was most painful to see many of the wounded after Otanez being taken along the roads in bullock-carts with wooden wheels. The commissariat transport was well done; the light carts (*galeras*), drawn by four mules each, were excellent. These two-wheeled carts are nothing but a pair of shafts and a frame on which upright rails are inserted, with a cross-piece at top. A tilt of matting and waterproof makes the roof; the bottom of the cart is formed by hanging strong matting loosely, which almost touches the ground, so there is immense room for stowage below the centre of gravity. Four of these carts were attached to each brigade for the transport

of all its supplies from the commissariat depot, the depots being kept full by country ox-waggon, doubtless impressed. We noticed the yokes were on the horns, not the shoulders, so the animals were able to exercise the whole of their great weight and massive shoulders to *push* the cart as it were. The commissariat depots were often in churches, which answered well. We at first took off our caps on entering: this surprised our friends, who explained that that was unnecessary, as the host was not on the altar, which had been turned to account as a place on which to deposit some special sacks of grain.

The field artillery was that of the well-known Krupp pattern, with mules instead of horses for draught. The Plasencia mountain B. L. batteries were very well turned out with a magnificent mule each to the gun, the carriage, and the wheels. These guns came into action quickly and made splendid practice. There were a few old heavy brass muzzle-loading guns which had been made into rifles. They answered well enough to destroy the Carlist works above Somorrostro, for which special purpose they had apparently been sent. They gave out a most astonishing ringing noise when fired.

As the campaign was amongst mountains, cavalry were not required, except for orderly and police duty on the roads. There was an engineer corps with a small pontoon and trestle-bridge equipment. The men of both armies had had so much experience in field fortification, and more particularly trench construction, that they did not require assistance from engineers in that respect. The trenches, with their covered passages and protection against enfilade fire,

were models of what trenches in such a country ought to be,—very different from the amusing little play-things in our service, at that time known as half-hour and one-hour shelter-trenches.

Sanitation was but little attended to. We noticed a dead mule which must have been some time in a watercourse which supplied drinking-water to the troops. On our return to Madrid we despatched a short memo on this very important sanitation question, which Mr Layard forwarded to Marshal Serrano, who wrote requesting his special thanks might be conveyed to us, and that he would do his best to carry out our suggestions.

As regards the behaviour of the men of the army, it may give some idea of their good conduct that we never saw a drunken man—although the soldiers had plenty of money—or a quarrel, or heard an uncivil word the whole time we were among them.

The Carlist position at Somorrostro was so strong that a direct attack on it would in all probability have failed: it was, therefore, necessary to turn it by a flank movement. On the north or sea side, owing to the nature of the country and want of roads, nothing could be done; but on the south, and only some three or four miles over the mountains, was the fairly open valley of Otanez, through which passed an excellent road from Castro by the village of Otanez, then through the Pass of Munecas, which was only three miles from the village, into the Castro-Somorrostro-Bilbao road. It was by this route that General Concha's corps, coming up from the south, would in all probability roll up the Carlist left and raise the siege of Bilbao. Serrano's two corps at Somorrostro and Concha's numbered something like 50,000, whilst

the Carlists, with probably not more than half that number, had not only to carry on the siege of Bilbao, but also to prevent the advance of the relieving force.

On the 27th April General Concha's advance-guard arrived at the valley of Otanez. As soon as we heard of this we pushed on to the village, and got there just as the Carlists opened fire: this soon extended to the surrounding hills, but seemed to cease on the road, so we walked on past the village. Fortunately I noticed a side-path winding up the hill on the right, and suggested our going up there to get a good look forward before going farther. We had hardly gone a couple of hundred yards up the path before we saw a company taking shelter under the left bank. We asked why they were there: the answer was, "The Carlists are only fifty yards off in the woods; there are the marks of their bullets in the opposite bank. You had better get under cover at once," which we did. We were hardly down when a volley came over our heads, to which our friends replied, and had a very pretty little advance-guard fight, of which, by taking shelter behind trees, we had a good view. In time the Carlists retired from the wood, but continued firing from the high ground as we returned to the village—not at us, although occasionally it felt like it, but at the supports coming up. As it was getting dusk we walked back to Castro, noticing the picturesque firefly-like sparkle of the Carlist musketry on the surrounding hills. That night we discussed where we had better go next day to see what would evidently be a big fight, and from the hints we got, and our own observations, came to the conclusion that one of Serrano's divisions would hold the Carlists to

the Somorrostro position, whilst the other would extend its right across the mountain to the valley of Otanez, only some three miles distant, and clear the high ground on the left flank of Concha's advance, whose objective was the Pass of Munecas. Once that were gained, the strong position of Somorrostro would be turned, and the road to Bilbao open.

CHAPTER XIV.

RELIEF OF BILBAO.

WE were advised to get to the top of the Salta Caballos ridge, about 1200 feet above the Otanez road, and then walk along it for a mile until we were above the village. This we did, and then descending on to a lower spur, got a magnificent position, where we had an uninterrupted view of the whole valley and the Carlist intrenchments on each side of it. About 800 yards directly in front of us, and on our level, was another flat-topped detached hill named Serrantes, which was only about 700 yards from another steep detached hill, Talledo, to our left front, on which was an extensive line of Carlist trench. We were, so to say, at the apex of a right-angled triangle, of which Serrantes and Talledo were the base points: as the attack on Talledo was to be from Serrantes, the fire would be along the base line, and we at the apex would be safe enough and have a close view of the fight. Beyond Talledo were more Carlist trenches at intervals, extending from the hills down to the road. There were also other trenches on the spurs of the heights of the Munecas Pass, whilst on the opposite side of the Otanez valley, on the high ground,

was a formidable-looking redoubt, also supported by trenches.

Stated briefly, General Concha's corps of two divisions was to attack as follows: one brigade of his first division was to capture the Talledo hill. This being done, the brigade which did so was to continue along the high ground on the left of the road, on which with the field battery was the other brigade. Concha's second division, with the Plasencia mountain battery, was to capture the great redoubt and trenches on the other side of the valley. General Concha's headquarters were at Otanez, Serrano's at the church of Somorrostro, the two generals communicating across the mountain-ridge which was between the two places. Martinez Campos, who commanded the brigade which was to attack Talledo, moved from the village of Otanez at ten o'clock and massed his force behind the crest of Serrantes, the second division getting at the same time into position to move on the great redoubt. At twelve o'clock the attacks began almost simultaneously. A heavy musketry-fire was opened on Talledo from the top of Serrantes, and under its cover one battalion of marines which had been extended behind the Serrantes ridge dashed over it and down into the intervening valley. The enemy being only 700 yards off, and knowing the range exactly, punished them severely, many men falling the moment they were over the ridge. The battalion found cover in a sort of hollow road which ran along the bottom, and in a few minutes they again appeared, and advancing up the slope towards the trench, attacked directly in front. The enemy reinforced the defenders of the trench, who continued

a heavy fire; but the troops were not to be denied, and pressed resolutely on, when the enemy broke and retreated hastily to a wall behind and above the trench. The marines, headed by their colonel, Lara, who sprang on the parapet of the trench and waved on his men with his sword, scarcely dwelt a moment, but rushed on to the attack on the wall, which they also carried in a few minutes. The Carlists being strongly reinforced from an adjacent wood, and led on by one of their best chiefs, Don Castor Andechaga, after an obstinate fight overpowered the marines, who had to abandon the wall and the trench: some of them seemed to be pitched right over the parapet, possibly bayoneted. The Carlists again occupied the position, but the Valencia regiment coming up strongly in support, the Carlists were again driven back and Talledo finally captured, the struggle being hand-to-hand with bayonet and butt. Colonel Lara and Castor were at one time only separated by a few yards: we could plainly make out the old chief Castor, who was mounted and always in the very forefront of the fight.

General Martinez Campos having now made his left flank secure, marched his brigade along the lower ground parallel with the road, and being reinforced by fresh troops from the other brigade in the centre and a field battery, advanced his whole force to the attack of the other trenches, which were at right angles to the road.

As soon as Talledo was taken we joined the party still left on Serrantes, and were able with our flasks to be of some use to the worst of the wounded. From Serrantes we had again a close view of the action, and particularly noted the excellent service

of the artillery, shell after shell bursting perfectly in and about the trenches, thereby immensely assisting the infantry. At one place we could not help admiring the intrepid conduct of a Carlist officer who was on the parapet of the trench giving directions to his men, who with greatcoats thrown off and in their shirt-sleeves were firing steady volleys. He seemed to bear a charmed life, standing quietly with the rifle-bullets pitting the earth all about him. A cloud of dust knocked up by a bursting shell hid him at last from our view; when it cleared away he had disappeared. We could only hope that so gallant a soldier had not then received his deathblow, but that, seeing further resistance of no use, he had retired with his men.

Just before this occurred the death of Castor Andechaga, the fearless leader of the Biscayans, an incalculable loss to the Carlist cause. We happened to notice a mounted officer ride up to a trench between the hill and the road, as if to order his men to retire: he suddenly reeled in his saddle and fell, his horse galloping away. There was a running of men to the spot, and at that moment a shell burst amongst them, killing, as we afterwards heard, Cura Sestao, Castor's right-hand man. Another shell in the same place caused a rapid retreat of the Carlists from the trench; the troops quickly followed, and being now in touch with the division from the Somorostro side, turned and captured in succession the trenches guarding the left side of the Pass of Muncas. As the fight rolled away from us towards the pass, it became less interesting than that on the opposite side of the valley to capture the great redoubt on the height above. On the slope below the redoubt

were two lines of trenches, but so well defended were they that it was not until two o'clock that the first of them was taken; the second was more rapidly carried. We could hear distinctly the bugles of the division playing a march or charge as they advanced, but from this point the continuation of the attack through the heather up the steep slope to the redoubt was a severe trial for even such excellent soldiers as the Guarda Civile and Carabineros. One of the latter, who had been with us in the advance-guard affair, and whom we afterwards met wounded in hospital, told us that had they not come across water they were so exhausted they could not have gone on: as it was, the capture of the redoubt and its trenches cost them about 600 killed and wounded. It was during the long contest for the possession of the redoubt that we were able to observe and admire a firm stand made by a body of Carabineros or Guardas Civiles which most probably turned the fortunes of the day on that side. The troops could not make headway against the terrible fire from the redoubt, and had to lie down; but a small body of men, seemingly not more than about a hundred, worked round the right flank of the redoubt to a commanding hill. At that moment a body of several hundred Carlists, who were hurrying up as reinforcements,—for their leaders well knew the value of the position,—appeared over the brow of a lower crest not 200 yards off. Had the Guardas and Carabineros retired, the Carlists would have caught the line in front of the redoubt in flank, and probably rolled it up; but the gallant fellows held their ground, and the Carlists, no doubt being deceived as to their numbers, after a few volleys

retired, and the redoubt was captured, though it was not until dusk that the victorious division was in full possession of the right of the pass, and in touch with Martinez Campos' division on the other side. The capture of the pass practically decided the campaign in favour of the national troops.

At one time when the fight for the redoubt was going on I thought we might go up the hill and help the wounded; but we came to the conclusion that we could not really be of much use, and if hit,—we had seen some of the stretcher-men fall in the attack on Talledo,—we, as civilians, would in all probability be left unnoticed in the heather, which, by the way, caught fire towards the end of the action, many of the wounded being burnt to death. That night I made myself comfortable under cover on a stretcher which was not required, and next morning, as the guns were still at work at Somorrostro, I managed to find a short cut to that village. Two days had made a wonderful change. The road between the stream and the national battery, so lately thronged with soldiers and sutlers, was quite bare, not a single person in it. I walked along alone, keeping an eye on the Carlist trenches, more particularly on that where my friends had asked me to come up a few days before, as it was only some 800 yards on the left front, but I was not interfered with, and got into the large battery, which was smashing up the two churches and their surrounding defences. Krupp field-guns and either two or four heavy brass muzzle-loaders were hard at work, and as the churches were but 700 yards off, every shell was placed exactly where wanted. I was asked
rights; they were in all cases well

directed, but had they been otherwise, I could not as a neutral have suggested any alteration. I did not at all like the strange custom of allowing the gunners to smoke cigarettes, and as soon as I had made all the mental notes required for my Intelligence Department report, left the battery. In the afternoon the magazine exploded, killing and wounding a great number. It was said it was caused by one of the small shells of the enemy, but my own idea was that the cigarettes were to blame. The service of the battery was thoroughly well protected from rifle-fire from the surrounding hills. That night the Carlists managed to get a message conveyed to us at Castro—"That we were helping the enemy. The naval one [I wore a pilot-jacket] had been in the big battery laying the guns, which made their shooting so good, and that if captured we would be shot." In the succeeding campaign a German officer, Schmidt, apparently employed as we had been, was taken and shot at once.

Concha's corps had got too forward to follow without a special conveyance, so next day we went to the church at Somorrostro, and then on foot struck across the mountains to the right, following some mules with ammunition, until we arrived at the headquarters of the second corps, which was connecting Marshal Serrano with General Concha. We found the corps facing the Goldannes heights. Marshal Serrano with his staff was at the window of a farmhouse, and seeing us in the courtyard asked us to come up, when he most kindly explained his movements. As we were talking, a large force of Carlists, about 2000 strong, moved out of the valley and up the slope of the opposite hill, disappearing over the ridge; Marshal

Concha's net was almost round them. As nothing more was apparently to be done that day, we returned to Castro and next morning hired a two-horse conveyance, which would enable us to follow Concha's corps, now sweeping round beyond the Munecas Pass. We drove through Otanez and the pass, but at the first village beyond it—viz., Sopuerta—heard from an officer that during the night Serrano had taken possession of the Goldannes heights after a short resistance, and the Carlists, finding that a few hours longer in the Somorrostro position would entail the capture of all their forces there, had not only retreated from that place, but had also abandoned all their positions on the Nervion River below Bilbao, and were making preparations to raise the siege and retreat across the river. We decided at once to take the cross-road from Sopuerta to the Carlist position at Somorrostro, and then along the direct Bilbao road to the mouth of the Nervion River.

Although there had been some skirmishing on the Sopuerta road the day before, and the Carlists had taken thirteen mules laden with ammunition as late as seven o'clock the previous evening, we came to the conclusion it must now be safe, and rattled along it to Somorrostro, where the national troops were, and found the first corps marching along the road to Portugalete and Bilbao. We stopped a short time to have a look at the ruins of the two churches, particularly that of San Pedro Abanto, which had received such particular attention from the battery I had visited two days before. The intrenchments round the churches had only been vacated by the Carlists just before daybreak. Their construction, particularly interesting from a professional point of

view, would be out of place in "recollections," but I may say we could not help regretting that it had been necessary to destroy so much beautiful church masonry and wood-carving. Huge saints and most elaborately gilded angels, fallen amongst the shattered stones, had assumed very grotesque attitudes. Even the dead in the churchyard had not been left to rest, bursting shells having thrown up skulls and bones. Three miles beyond the churches we suddenly came in sight of the sea and the river Nervion, a glorious view. It was a lovely day, the sky was without a cloud, and the sea emulated its beautiful azure blue, the river with the white cliffs marking its broad opening full in sight, and on either side large villages of dazzling whiteness bordered the shore. On our left was Santurce, a summer marine residence of the wealthy Bilbainos. The red-cross flag was flying over five different buildings, which were found to be hospitals full of wounded the Carlists had abandoned. In front of us was the town of Portugalete, where the river narrows, and with about the same breadth continues to Bilbao, seven miles higher up. The Carlists had placed a chain across the river at Portugalete, but it had been broken that morning by the Spanish squadron which was now anchored in the river.

The road was so blocked as we neared Portugalete that we left our carriage, and taking a short cut across the fields, reached the town, which with its fine houses and large church had been sadly knocked about. The new part, inhabited by the rich merchants of Bilbao in summer, and containing the remains of some splendidly built houses and an immense hotel, was almost totally destroyed. One terrace of houses on the sea-wall with a grand

promenade must have been really magnificent, but it now presented a very sorry appearance. The Carlists had spared one block on which the English flag had been hoisted, but had removed all the partitions inside for the convenience of defence after they took the place. Consequently we walked through the whole block from end to end, and were able to make some service notes on the effect of modern artillery on house masonry, particularly as regards the spread of the cone of splinters when a shell bursts in a wall. The soldiers were already seeking their billets as we gained the street in which were Marshal Serrano and his staff. The Carlists were evidently on the move to the distant old Carlist strongholds of Castejana and Lucena, and the siege of Bilbao was over. They evacuated their positions round it during the night: this, however, we did not know until the following morning. After we had seen all we wanted to see at Portugalete, we decided that as we had no forage for our carriage-horses, and could get none amongst the ruins, we would return to Castro, coming back early next morning if the Carlists by any chance should still be near Bilbao. But when we heard that they had quite abandoned their position round Bilbao, and were in full retreat, and the campaign for which we had come was at an end, we thought it better to return to our Lares and Penates at Gibraltar.

With our usual good luck, a small steamer arrived at Castro from Portugalete in the forenoon, which enabled us to get to Santander in time for the evening train to Madrid, where we arrived next afternoon, and had a long interview with Mr Layard, after which we got the night-train for Cadiz, expecting as a matter of course that our luck would continue,

and that we should find a steamer waiting to take us to Gibraltar; but our good fortune did not follow us from the north—there was no steamer, and there would be none for several days. But such trivialities as no steamers or railways did not stop us. We got places on a diligence as far as Tarifa, where we slept, and then hired horses to Algeciras, whence a sailing boat ran us across the bay, and we were on the old Rock again, from which we had been absent exactly three weeks. It was just as well we decided to return to our belongings when we did. A rumour had got about in the garrison that we had joined the Spanish army, and my career had been ended by a Carlist bayonet at Otanez. The rumour became so circumstantial that the governor telegraphed to Mr Layard, who passed the inquiry on to Marshal Serrano, who very kindly wired back that he had seen me the day after the action, both Gilbard and myself well.

The professional information furnished by the Bilbao campaign, more especially as regards mountain warfare, required a good deal of consideration before writing out my report for the Intelligence Department at the War Office, but even that work could not eliminate the recollection of the horrible bull-ring at Madrid. The cruel way in which the natives of the south of Spain, including those of Gibraltar, so often treated animals, seemed now to stand out more vividly than ever, until at last I came to the conclusion that it had become my duty to do what I could to stop, or at least lessen, the suffering of beasts of burden in an English garrison. My dear friend Gilbard happened to be editor of the 'Gibraltar Chronicle,' and together we started an agitation in favour of humanity. In

time we got many supporters, and eventually the clergy of every denomination, and I felt very triumphant when they all met in the official residence of the Roman Catholic bishop, Scandella, who took the chair. Having the Roman Catholic Church on our side in a place like Gibraltar was of immense help to us, and we consequently got a very fair number of members when, after the meeting, we started our local society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, under the patronage of the governor, Sir Fenwick Williams, who gave me permission to put up in conspicuous places copies of Martin's Act and the penalties for cruelty to animals, in English and Spanish. This caused a good deal of excitement: it was said provisions would not be brought into market, &c., as so many of the mules coming in from Spain had such horrible saddle-raws and girth-galls; and it was freely prophesied I would end my days with a stiletto between the ribs, but I never really had any trouble worth mentioning. By begging the magistrate to cancel or mitigate the fines of unintentional offenders, I began to be regarded rather as a friend of all except those who had deliberately committed acts of cruelty. The society has continued its work steadily since 1874. Few prosecutions are now required, and instead of punishments, the society is more concerned with rewards given to poor men whose living depends on their animals, for those kept in the best condition.

To expect that the inhabitants of Gibraltar should cease attending the bull-fights at San Roque and Algeciras would be too much to hope for: it is only natural that people who have been accustomed all their lives to bull-fights should see nothing wrong in them. But surely the experience of one attendance

ought for ever to prevent not only every Englishman with right feeling from going a second time, but most certainly no lady, no matter what her curiosity might be, ought to go at all. Not only, however, do a large number of the softer sex of Gibraltar attend the Plaza de Toros at Algeciras and San Roque, but also a few English ladies. One of these got a shock she well deserved. When the horses are dead, it is customary to take their hides off, as these have a certain commercial value: the lady, looking at one of these skinned horses, was talking to a friend when the horse raised its head. Its hide had been taken off whilst it was still alive. It was supposed the horse had once been owned by the lady, and that it recognised her voice.

Not very many years ago a governor of Gibraltar, who desired to make his tenure of office popular with the Spaniards as well as the native inhabitants of Gibraltar, attended at the bull-ring at Algeciras in company with the Spanish governor of the district. Private individuals can do as they please, but that the Sovereign's representative should be present at such an exhibition was a proceeding which, it is to be hoped, will never again be repeated.

Before leaving Gibraltar I happened to be in temporary command of my regiment when an incident took place which fortunately had a very amusing termination. One evening a subaltern of the regiment got into trouble with a foreigner on the line wall, a lady of course being the cause of it. The foreigner proved to be an Austrian officer, who sent a challenge. As the matter came before me officially, I had to take it in hand, and finding our young sub. was in the wrong, directed him to make a suitable apology, which he did, although quite ready to go out

if the matter could not be settled honourably. It turned out that the Austrian was a naval officer of the Kaiser Max, and that he and another had been left behind ill when their ship sailed. I expressed my regret we had not known about it, more especially as the officers of the Kaiser Max had entertained the garrison right royally. As the unpleasantness of the previous evening had now been honourably adjusted, I hoped both the Austrian officers would do me the honour of dining at our mess that evening, which was our guest night. They proved themselves to be first-rate young fellows, and we all finished the evening, or rather morning, with some wonderful gymnastic feats. We made both of them honorary members of our mess until they left, and we became the very best of friends. And so ended the only "affair of honour" in which I had to take a prominent part.

One day early in 1875 the adjutant-general gave me a telegram from the War Office, offering me an instructorship in surveying at the Military College, Sandhurst, which I at once said I must decline. I had had quite enough of teacher's work, and wished to break with it once and for all and desired to remain with my regiment. Colonel N., however, saw matters in a different light from what I did. "Accept," was his advice; "if you don't like the billet you will be close to headquarters in London, where you will be able to get something better. Regimental work will not satisfy you for long." On consideration I decided to follow his advice, and in less than a fortnight afterwards found myself with my family in England again. I could not but be sorry to say good-bye to my regiment and Gibraltar, certainly in those days one of the best stations of the British army. For nine months

of the year the climate is perfect, and at the worst time a few weeks' leave could always be got for a stay at places like Ronda or Granada. In winter there was Morocco, where there was everything from a lion to a jack-snipe. I may mention that one day soon after we had been out on the memorable boar-hunt, a lion put in an appearance close to the place we had been at. At Casa Veja, on the road to Cadiz, there was first-rate snipe- and wildfowl-shooting. Nearer the Rock was any amount of amusement, of which the Calpe hunt was not the least. But pleasant as it was, and may still be, Gibraltar is not a place a regiment ought to remain at more than two years. Garrison battalions or marines should take care of that fortress, as well as that much-disliked place Malta. Barrack-square drill and musketry excepted, real professional work was out of the question on the Rock. Had it not been for the absurd number of guards, the men would not have disliked the place. Every one, except possibly the town major, saw that quite half the guards might have been abolished; and every one of us who had been on active service knew well that no worse system than that of the ordinary garrison guard, with its idiotic "All's well," could possibly have been devised for making a man useless for sentry-work in presence of an enemy. The whole system of guard duty in our service, certainly then, and possibly now, is one of all others the best calculated to eliminate a man's power of self-reliance, observation, and fertility of resource. In these days of invention it is odd a sealed pattern mechanical garrison sentry has not been devised and kept in store for issue to nervous commandants. As for patrol-work to take charge of stores or to prevent

people going where they have no business, a sharp military policeman is worth a dozen ordinary sentries.

Just before leaving Gibraltar there was a curious but decidedly eccentric example of that innate spirit of adventure and enterprise which is common to our race, and which in civil life does so much to counteract the defective education of pedantic schoolmasters, and in the army the pernicious influence of barrack-square colonels. A subaltern of the 69th, who had passed one of my instruction classes, fired by the account of the Bilbao campaign, determined to make a record, and ride alone from Gibraltar through Spain and the contending armies in the Pyrenees to Calais. Don Quixote, for so we christened our adventure-seeking sub., did bear a certain resemblance to the pictures of Cervantes' hero; but he was a thoroughbred copy—tall, thin, with a long, pale, handsome face, a considerable portion of which was occupied by a huge pince-nez. Our Don was very short-sighted. One day when out with the hunt he gallantly charged what he thought was a fence with a fine piece of greensward on the other side: it was a large pond thickly covered with weed, and into this he and his horse *Cæsar* disappeared. Fortunately I had a flask of brandy handy when we got him out. No faithful Sancho Panza had our Don: his squire was a curious mongrel terrier, and his horse, an ancient grey, was the very image of that with which Quixote charged the windmills. Not a word of Spanish did our hero know, but he had useful sentences written out on pieces of paper, such as, "I am armed; let me pass." "I am weak; do not bleed me." "Which is the way to the ——?" &c.

We could not but be anxious about our Don: he

had, however, this in his favour, that he was a Roman Catholic, and if taken ill or in distress, would by means of a friendly priest communicate with us.

One fine morning our adventurer, amid our cheers and laughter, rode away into Spain. For several days nothing was heard of him, and then came news that a very mad Englishman was passing through Andalusia, and had much alarmed the last village he entered, the inhabitants all running into their houses. He was stated to be leading a lame horse, followed by a limping dog, his legs from the knees downwards were bare to the shoes, he had one hat on his head and another slung behind on his back, whilst in his right hand was a huge upright knife. Hearing nothing more, I got the Roman Catholic bishop to send messengers after him, as we were getting anxious, when fortunately we heard from himself. He had got as far as Madrid, quite worn out. His adventures, afterwards related in a magazine, were most interesting. On one occasion he fell amongst a party of brigands: even they could not help being amused, roaring with laughter at the wild Englishman, who evidently was not worth a ransom.

CHAPTER XV.

INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT, BELGIUM, EGYPT,
AND CRETE.

IN 1875 I commenced my work at the Military College, Sandhurst, as an instructor in surveying. To an elderly officer who liked an easy life the appointment would have been perfect, but as I wanted to get on in my profession, something which would give me twelve hours' work a-day instead of about twelve hours' work a-week was what I required. I had to wait until the summer holidays, and then by a piece of extraordinary luck got a mission with which I was delighted. In 1875, according to reliable information, it was possible that another invasion of France by the Germans would take place, and that in order to carry out our treaty with Belgium, and to prevent her territory being violated by either side, it might be necessary to send an English army to assist her. To work out the arrangements required for such an undertaking, special information was required. This I was directed to get as quickly as possible.

The mission being confidential, I can say little about it; but I may mention that in 1875 the original scheme for the defence of Belgium, which had been based on the Antwerp forts, seemed to me, owing

to the immense numbers which an enemy could bring into the field, rather out of date. To prevent an Anglo-Belgian force being shut up in the Antwerp zone—possible inundations being considered—it was evident, after making a rapid reconnaissance of the country, in which the excellent Government survey plans of Belgium were of immense assistance, that the general line of defence would have to be advanced several miles. Rapidly constructed earthworks might have been sufficient, but that was doubtful. Permanent forts have since been constructed on the line referred to, and padlocks, in the shape of extensive fortifications round Liège and Namur, have closed the valley of the Meuse and Sambre to a possible invader. A reference to the condition of affairs in 1875 is therefore permissible, and I disclose nothing confidential in mentioning that the works—all part of the great scheme for the defence of the country by that most renowned military engineer of modern times, General Brialmont (whose professional acquaintance I had the honour of making at Brussels), which he had long before 1875 been pressing on his Government—were eventually completed, although not to the full extent he thought necessary. The Belgians have now done what they can as far as their expenditure on permanent fortifications is possible, and an Anglo-Belgian force should, if so required, be able to give a good account of itself, provided the Belgian army were what its chiefs desire it should be.

A rapid report of the general situation and requirements north of the Meuse having been sent in, the remainder of the work, which extended as far south as Luxemburg, was not so pressing and could be done more easily. An old and valued friend in the Royal

Engineers, and a keen young soldier in my own regiment, who ten years afterwards, to our intense grief, was killed in the Soudan, made up a small reconnaissance party, and as we should be in the land of trout-streams, I took my little rod with me. Into the details of our professional work it is unnecessary to go. I wish I could have mentioned that we had good sport with the fish, but it was not until almost too late that I found the trout—doubtless owing to the high temperature of the river Ourthe and the large streams—had all worked up to the cold water of the brooks in the hills. At no time can the fishing in the Ardennes be much, but the scenery there is well worth a trip from England: doubtless ere this the ubiquitous British tourist has found out one delightful little place—and possibly spoilt it—where we remained for three days, viz., La Roche. The inn was primitive, but comfortable; the cost, every single thing included, 3 francs a-day. One of the days there happened to be Sunday, and on that ever-to-be-remembered morning I noticed a very old woman, who must have been about ninety years of age, being supported out of the little church. She was given a seat near, and after a restorative, which I have an idea I supplied, I got into conversation with her on the subject of her early recollections. No chapter of Erckmann-Chatrian's '*Histoire d'un Conscrit*' or '*Madame Thérèse*' could have been more interesting. The very idioms and peasants' language of the heroes and heroines of those exciting days were used by one who had gone through what those wonderful writers so vividly picture. My great grief was that I could not write shorthand and take down what the old woman told me, as she pointed out the roads over the hills by which she had seen the

troops of the first French Republic enter the valley. Her accounts of the subsequent invasion of 1814 were decidedly graphic. In speaking of the German and Austrian troops she designated them as Erckmann-Chatrian do, "Kaiserlichs." Their discipline, she said, was wonderful: did any one of them take away anything, if only of the value "*d'une simple épingle, il fut passé par les baguettes. Mais les Cosaques étaient très mauvais gens; ils servient les jeunes filles malgré elles.*" From the compassionate way in which she spoke of "*les jeunes filles*" she evidently wished me to understand she had not come under that designation at the time.

Before leaving Brussels on our way home, we paid a visit to Waterloo. Compared with modern battlefields, it seemed almost incredible that such numbers could have been massed on so small a space. Standing on the mound, one almost seemed to be within shouting distance of Hougomont on the right and La Haye Sainte on the left. One defect the Waterloo position certainly had if intended for occupation beyond a few hours—viz., the very limited water-supply, the wells being few in number and deep. The heavy thunderstorm of the 17th was unquestionably a blessing in disguise. One subject connected with Waterloo is interesting to professionals visiting the ground—viz., the strange fact that General Colville's division at Hal, only nine miles away, did not hear the firing, and knew nothing about the battle having taken place until the following day. How it was that the two forces were not in proper communication with each other has never been satisfactorily explained, more especially as the Duke on the 17th had given orders on the subject, naming an officer for the duty.

Had his orders been carried out, it is more than probable Colville's division would have been brought nearer to the Waterloo position on the morning of the 18th, when it was seen that the whole French army was in front. It has been stated that Prince Frederick of Orange was posted at Enghien and Colville at Hal, should a retreat have to be made towards the sea base; but the reason for so placing them is clearly given in two of the Duke's despatches written on the 17th—viz., in case of a move by Napoleon towards the Duke's right.

Leaving out the three days at La Roche, the Belgian report took me just six weeks, working on an average sixteen hours a-day. It was therefore satisfactory to know, on returning to London, that the head of the Intelligence Department was well satisfied with it, and that it was exactly what they required; but if possible still more pleasing was a remark made years afterwards by another head of the department, when we happened to speak about certain Continental subjects, "We look on the report you sent in, in 1875, on Belgium, as a sort of text-book."

During the autumn I employed my spare time in compiling a hand-book on Ceylon for the Intelligence Department, from the official library of which I obtained all the necessary books and reports. A splendid plan of the island, prepared for me by the Surveyor-General of Ceylon, in which the transport value of every road was indicated, as suggested, by the thickness of the lines marking it, greatly added to the value of the book.

In the winter holidays I had another piece of good luck in foreign work. The cloud of the coming war between Russia and Turkey was beginning to show

itself above the political horizon. As it was not impossible that England would eventually be drawn into it, certain islands in the Levant might have to be occupied as naval stations or army bases. Attention was directed more particularly to two of them—viz., Cyprus and Crete. Colonel B., one of the best-known officers in the British service, was directed to report on Crete, and I had the good fortune to accompany him. To get to Crete it was necessary to go *via* Alexandria. At Marseilles we met General M., head of the Intelligence Department, on his way to Egypt, where he had been recommended on account of his health to pass the winter. Little did we think on steaming past the Alexandria forts that in less than seven years' time a British fleet would be obliged to destroy them. We had to wait a week for our steamer, and decided to pass it at Cairo. Those were the days of Ismail and lavish expenditure. Cairo now and Cairo then might almost be compared to a ballroom when the guests are gone and daylight is coming in. Ismail certainly did know how to entertain the world—with other people's money. One opera, when we were at Cairo, cost just £10,000 to put on the stage; and as for the French theatre, it was perfect: better actors could not have been found in Paris. Ten years afterwards, alas! I found myself sitting as president of a board of examination for officers' promotion in that same theatre. With the dreary-looking empty stage in front of us, the recollections of what it had been were painful. The morning after our arrival at Shepheard's, the only hotel in those days, General M. and Colonel B. paid their respects to the Khedive at the palace. General M. happened to mention that he was head of the

English Intelligence Department, but had come to Egypt for the winter on account of his health. Ismail with a smile turned to Colonel B., saying, "You also, colonel, I conclude, have come for your health."

There was a considerable Egyptian force of all arms at Abbasseyeh. I remember thinking that the men were a very fine-looking lot, well drilled and armed, but their white cotton uniforms would not do in any climate but that of Egypt. Poor fellows, they felt its defects when they soon afterwards went to Turkey, where they did good service for the Sultan.

Although such a thing as our ever being in Egypt as an enemy was not even dreamt of in those days, it is part of one's duty to consider the military situation in every country one happens to be in; and in looking over a map of Egypt showing the extensive fortifications in the vicinity of Alexandria, and also knowing how much had been expended on the fortress of the Barrage at the fork of the Nile below Cairo, all with the idea that if an enemy ever invaded Egypt he would have to land at Alexandria and move up the Nile as Napoleon did to Cairo, it suddenly flashed upon me that the Suez Canal, lately constructed, really turned all these elaborate defences, and that for a European enemy the proper line of advance on Cairo should be by the Canal to Lake Timseh, which would then be the base of operations in place of Alexandria. So impressed was I with this that I then wrote a detailed paper on the subject, little thinking how soon that line of operations would be made use of by the British army.

Those who knew Ismail well declared he had great natural ability, and if he had been properly brought

up and trained for his position, he would have made a good ruler of Egypt.

Ismail's rule was too despotic for a modern Egypt. His method of getting rid of a Minister with whom he did not get on was decidedly Eastern—viz., a passage across the Styx. When the harem of one of these unfortunates was dispersed, an English girl who had been a barmaid was found amongst the others, and she at once claimed protection of the consular authorities. The accounts of her life were interesting: she had been kindly treated by her late master. It seemed to us at the time that sensational novel-writers missed a grand field in not being in Cairo during the last few years of Ismail's reign.

Although only in Cairo for a week, it was sufficient to enable us to see behind the scenes, and to know that an end must soon come to the reckless expenditure of borrowed money. The shifts the Khedive was put to at last were, if true, rather amusing. Granting concessions was one way of getting the needful. An engineering firm, it is said, got a concession to build a bridge, to be paid for out of public funds. On their representative asking Ismail where the river was over which the bridge was to be built, the answer was, "How should I know? That is your affair."

But to return to our journey. In ancient days the Isles of Greece when covered with forests must have been grand, but now bare rocks, even when associated with the heroic deeds of gods and men, require a vivid imagination to look at them with proper respect. Crete with its long range of snow-tipped mountains is in itself, even without its mythological traditions, an island well worth a visit: un-

fortunately our consul there, whose guests we were, objected so strongly to our making explorations in the wilder parts of the mountains that we were obliged to confine ourselves to obtaining the professional information we actually wanted. Our consul's fear (and he was a man who knew what he was about) was that if two English officers appeared in the mountains, a rebellion in favour of the island becoming part of the British Empire would be certain.

The special value Crete would have been to us was its magnificent harbour of Suda Bay, the best in the Mediterranean. The great drawbacks to our occupation of the island were its proximity to Greece, and the intrigues that the nationalist party in that country would be constantly raising to have it handed over like the Ionian Islands,—the inhabitants of which, by the way, now never cease to bitterly regret our leaving. With the great natural advantages of Crete in the shape of soil, climate, and water-power from the mountains, the island under our Government would have done well. With the fate of the Ionian Islands as an example, and the keenness of all classes to belong to England, it seemed a mistake that harbourless Cyprus should have been preferred to such an island as Crete; but be that as it may, annexation in 1875 would certainly have saved the muddled policy of a quarter of a century later, which brought such misery and suffering on the island. During the time we were in the island we were able to make excursions to the villages on the spurs of the mountains, and then more than ever hoped that such fine specimens of humanity as the Cretan Greeks would some day be British subjects. St Paul's acquaintances must

surely have been the Levantines in the coast towns; they could hardly have been the forefathers of those faultless Greek faces we so often saw. The inaccessible mountain-ranges doubtless preserved the purity of the ancient race, even when the whole military strength of Turkey was against them. One mistake we thought the Turks had made, and that was in neglecting to form roads through all the mountain-passes when the island was at peace. Blockhouses were but little use without roads.

Supplies, camping-grounds, and defensive positions were the principal points to be attended to by us. There were apparently many excellent sites for camps, but on inquiry several were found to be unsuitable. On looking over our working map I was startled at the number of places over which it was necessary to write that dread word "fever." Defective drainage and bad water-supply were the causes. These could have been rectified, and in time Crete, under our government, would have been no mean jewel of the British Crown. Colonel B., who had Greek at his fingers' ends, made a very interesting antiquarian discovery amongst some old ruins; and we had the good fortune to get some ancient Greek relics from a tomb which was found when we were there. One ring which I bought and paid 10s. for, thinking the stone was glass, turned out on examination at home to be an engraved ruby. It was curious to note the Egyptian tone of some of these finds, showing a very ancient connection between Crete and the Nile. As for coins, both silver and copper, they were quite a drug. One copper one I still have has the Labyrinth on one side and a beautiful Greek head on the other. My friends now possess

nearly all the others. I gave one ring to a great ally who I thought would know its value. I happened to mention I had found an engraving on mine. "Oh, I suppose a verse from the Koran!" It was quite a shock, which I did not get over for some time.

Our consul gave us some wonderful wine, called Comandera. It was excellent, and I thought I recognised its taste, which was that of good Madeira. Working the matter out, it appeared that the original Madeira vines had come from Crete.

From Crete our shortest road back to Marseilles was *via* the Piræus, and as neither of us had seen Athens, we were not sorry to be obliged to go that way. It may be different with other people, but to me it has often seemed astonishing with what very small print ancient history has been, so to say, written. The Acropolis, the spot where Paul preached,—where, by the way, there was such an excellent background to send his voice forward,—the Stadium, and the other places so renowned in history, were all so close together and occupied such a small space of ground. We were fortunate enough to be in Athens when the last portion of an ancient open-air theatre below the Acropolis was being cleared of rubbish. Some interesting discoveries were also made at the same time when the ground was excavated for a railway station. A cemetery was unearthed: the beautifully carved figures and inscriptions on the marble monuments were as clear as if they had been done the day before. Some of the scenes depicted of parents taking leave of a departing child or a wife, ready

equipped for the unknown journey, were quite touching in their earnestness and beauty of expression. Contemplating these monuments, and with one's mind full of the glories of Ancient Greece, it was sad to look up and see close in front of one a small commonplace modern town. However, we had a good time during the few days we were at Athens, but we did think the Opera House might be more carefully attended to. When in the stalls Colonel B. showed some little discomfort. "Cramp?" I suggested. "No, fleas!" was the answer.

We had interesting discussions with the politicians, and just before leaving it was proposed we should go on to Constantinople; but as my holidays from Sandhurst, where I was under engagement as an instructor, were just running out, I could not manage it. Would that some arrangements permitting of it had been then thought of. I heard afterwards that my name had gone in to report on the Balkan passes, work I should have been delighted with. As it was, I returned to Sandhurst, and as soon as possible resigned my appointment there and went to the Intelligence Department, on temporary service in connection with schemes for home defence.

CHAPTER XVI.

INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT, WAR OFFICE.

MY work was the inspection of the coast with reference to possible landing-places suitable for an invading force of all arms, and the selection of defensive positions on the roads between the landing-places and strategical points inland.

My first portion of coast-line was the south side of the Bristol Channel from the mouth of the Avon to Ilfracombe, the objective strategical point being a certain part of the Thames valley. My headquarters for the six or seven summer months I established at Weston-super-Mare. Inspecting the coast in April was rather cold, but it had the advantage that at that time of year I had the shore all to myself. The nature of the work required that it should be done on foot, and I am afraid in walking along the cliffs and across private grounds extending down to the beach, I must often have been guilty of trespass; but no one ever interfered with me or questioned my right of way. Before beginning my inspections I had been very much puzzled by an official report, sent in by a public department, on harbours and landing-places on the south side of the Bristol Channel, stated to be suitable for the disembarkation of cavalry and artillery, which was quite

at variance with the information given in the 'Bristol Channel Pilot.' On visiting the places mentioned, I found they were simply small tidal harbours, dry at low water, and only used by fishing-boats and small coasters; and as for the adjacent beaches so favourably reported on, they were often nothing but jagged rocks which no boat dare approach even in a dead calm. Local photos of these harbours and pretty beaches could always be obtained, and they saved me a good deal of writing: the photos with a short description underneath—"Harbour and beach which, according to — report, are suitable for the disembarkation of cavalry and artillery"—were a sufficient explanation. One landing-place, and one only, suitable for the rapid disembarkation of an army corps, is to be found on the south side of the Bristol Channel, but that is a perfect one: there can be no objection to my now referring to it, for even in the time of Napoleon its capabilities were thoroughly well known to the French War Office.

On my sending in my report on the place in question, I was rather surprised at the head and next senior officer of the Intelligence Department coming down to see the bay. It appeared, from records in the department, that Napoleon had at one time arranged to send a diverting expedition from Brest to the Bristol Channel, but the place could not be identified until my report came in. It is odd to think that until of late years we were so ignorant of the weak points of our coast, whilst the French, even a century ago, had such a knowledge of everything required in connection with schemes of invasion of this country. Other nations have since then improved on the example set by

the French. I have no hesitation in stating that foreign War Offices must have every possible information that may be required for hostile expeditions against us, all worked out by officers who have stayed in the country and carefully gone over the ground. I had hardly commenced my inland work in the west when, on driving along the ridge of some high ground, the coachman said he could not understand why gentlemen took such interest in that road: only the previous year he had driven two gentlemen, evidently foreigners, along exactly the same way. He asked them why they took a drive on such an uninteresting road, and they said they were employed making a directory. I pointed out to the driver that to make a directory of a desolate place where there was hardly a building to be seen was rather a waste of time, but that had not occurred to him. In the following year, when doing the Yorkshire coast, I heard of a German officer staying at a hotel at Scarborough, which he had made his headquarters while doing work which on inquiry turned out to be precisely that in which I also was engaged, and my headquarters were close to—viz., at Bridlington Quay. My regret was that I did not hear about my German colleague until my work was just finished: we might have done it together.

Tramping along the Bristol Channel coast away from roads, and carrying anything in the way of kit which might be required for two or three days, was rather solitary. A clean bed and food were always to be found at some village near, and the quaint places and people I often came across far more than compensated for any little inconveniences. The coast scenery alone in some places was worth a hard day's walk even in the keenest of east winds. The inland work was

quite luxurious, as I was permitted to hire a conveyance whenever necessary, and so could take a bag with me. Working forward from the coast, first of all with the eyes and ideas of an invader, and afterwards as a defender, was particularly fascinating from a professional point of view. One very interesting discovery I made, and it was this, that work as independently as I might, I invariably found myself drawn on to lines of operations which had not only been those of the Civil Wars, but also those in use in the time of the Danes. Without having the least idea of where my line of advance on one occasion would lead to, I found myself eventually standing on the spot where King Alfred is said to have burnt his cakes, whilst almost within sight was the field of Sedgemoor. Only those who traverse the country as I did can have an idea of the beautiful scenery in many of the out-of-the-way parts of the west of England, and how full the country is of interesting historical places. Whenever time permitted I always inspected the village churches: they are pretty sure finds for something of antiquarian interest. The prehistoric camps on the high downs were puzzles to me with reference to the important question of water-supply, until I heard about the never-failing dew-ponds: in ancient times also, when the low country was covered with forests, the rainfall must have been much much greater than now and high-land springs more abundant.

At the end of the summer I found I had gone over something like 300 square miles, examining not only positions but also verifying roads and means of communication, which, strange to say, included inspection of several railway stations, the extent of their sidings and possibility of quickly extending them. It might

have been supposed every information on this subject could have been got from the Board of Trade or the railway companies, but I found the quickest way was to get what I required on the spot myself. From constant practice I was astonished at the rapidity with which I could sketch a rough workable plan of almost any station and its capabilities.

There can be few more useful branches of professional instruction for staff and senior officers than that of considering the advantages and disadvantages of a position, first for defence and then for attack. When at the Staff College I often thought our instruction in such exercises was far too scanty: doubtless that has been changed since my time, and staff officers are now in all probability taught all that is necessary. But the number of officers who get the benefit of a course at the college is limited, and it has occurred to me that it would be a move in the right direction if small select committees of Staff College officers who were waiting for staff appointments were to form classes in each district of the senior regimental officers, and go over again the lines of operations reported on a quarter of a century ago, when the tactical requirements of the muzzle-loader were very different from those of the magazine-rifle and smokeless powder. Doubtless the working details for positions immediately covering London are kept up to date by the Royal Engineers, but it is possible the reports on more distant positions, such as I was employed on so many years ago, require revision.

When my summer work was over, a good deal of detail had to be written out in my room at the Intelligence Department in London. My afternoons were so often broken in on by old friends, who some-

how imagined that one employed at Adair House could furnish information on any professional subject they were interested in, that I found the best plan was to commence work as soon as the doors were open—viz., at 9.30. This was hardly in accordance with official routine, but I found it answered well. On one occasion I reaped the advantage of having time on hand. The adjutant-general desired me to give him a paper on some special subject—commutation of officers' pensions, if I remember correctly. He said if I could let him have it in a week or ten days it would do. Fortunately it was a subject I had already well considered: when he arrived at his office the following morning the paper was on his table.

In the spring I had to do the Yorkshire coast from the Humber to the Tees, York being the objective point. An April hailstorm on the Bristol Channel was not pleasant, but it was a trifle compared with what I now and then experienced when tramping along the Yorkshire coast. Oddly enough, the only place in which I ever suffered from the sun was in Yorkshire. Being very interested in something special, I had gone on working all day without attending to food requirements. I managed to reach the highroad, and was picked up by a costermonger's cart, and got back to Bridlington. A few days' rest put me right again.

The scenery of East Yorkshire was very different from that I had worked amongst the previous summer; but in Yorkshire, as in Somerset, I found myself on lines of ancient military operation, one being towards Stamford Bridge, the scene of Harold's victory in 1066. It was some time before I realised that I had got to

the site of the ancient battlefield, but my reveries about antiquity were broken in on rather suddenly by a huge fish rising in the pool above the bridge: a salmon it certainly seemed, but as no one had ever mentioned that there were salmon in the Yorkshire Derwent, I thought I must be mistaken, until another fish, about which there could be no doubt, made a jump at the weir. A wire to London for my salmon-rod, and a letter to York to know what the fishing regulations were for Stamford Bridge, were at once sent off. The Yorkshire Fishery Association knew nothing about salmon at the bridge, so I tried a Jock Scott and a few other flies, but got no rises, although when standing on a plank above the weir I could have touched the salmon with the butt of my rod as they tried, but vainly, to jump over the fall. I could not spare time for a second visit: doubtless a flood soon enabled the fish to get out of the pool and up the river.

On finishing my work in Yorkshire I was appointed to the headquarter staff of the Southern District, and as I was in the land of horses, bought a very fine thoroughbred, a grandson of Orlando. A better charger was never foaled. After serving me five years in the south, where I was offered double what I gave for him, my beautiful chestnut left his bones in Egypt. Yorkshire must have been the land of good horses and acquisitive horse-loving natives from very ancient times. A friend who happened to return from a trip to Denmark before I left Bridlington told me of a curious old Danish proverb he heard. "Rattle a bit over a Yorkshireman's grave, and he will get up to steal the horse."

One day during the summer a telegram arrived at

Bridlington summoning me to headquarters in London. On arrival there the military secretary asked me what mischief I had been up to, as the Wellington College people reported I had given a lecture in which I had called in question the proceedings of the Wellington College governors, the Horse Guards authorities, &c., and that H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief was in consequence much incensed against me. All I could say was that the statement was not true, and that I had given no such lecture. But during the previous winter a sad case happened by chance to be brought to my notice of two officers' orphans, who ought to have been received into Wellington College, having been rejected; and on going into the matter I found that the college, about which up to that time I really knew next to nothing, instead of remaining an army charity, for which the army and the country had so largely subscribed, was rapidly getting off the rails and becoming a second Eton. I stated I put my notes together and had given them to a well-known kind-hearted officer who had considerable influence with high authorities, in hopes of his being able to put matters right, but as I had been away from town for several months I had been unable to do anything more. I then said I should be only too pleased if I might give the paper to him (the military secretary). The answer was, "Yes, let me have it." I felt at once that I had not only parried a thrust but put my sword through the individuals, whoever they might be, who had made the disgracefully malicious statement against me. My paper was passed on to another head of a department at headquarters, who said plainly that it gave too mild a statement of affairs, and that reform was very much required. It

was then proposed I should read the paper at a meeting of the governors of Wellington College. With this proposal I was well pleased, and said I should be delighted to read it and be cross-examined on it. I attended accordingly, when to my vexation an official came out and said I would not be required, as a committee would be appointed to make the necessary investigations. What the committee did I never heard, but apparently their report was not concurred in by the army authorities, as a correspondence extending over several months took place between the college governors and the Horse Guards. The subject was of course taken up by the newspapers; and to the best of my recollection every one of them but the "Thunderer" and a well-known weekly took the army side of the question. The correspondence came to nothing: the military authorities were unable to overcome the *non possumus* attitude taken up by the governors. The adjutant-general told me he could do nothing more. I thereupon asked if I was free to act independently, and was told I could do what I liked.

For an unknown captain to take up a subject in which the military authorities had been unable to move such a powerful body as the Wellington College governors seemed rather a reckless undertaking, but, as in the case of the animals at Gibraltar, I came to the conclusion that, happen what might to myself, it was a matter of duty that I should do what I could to carry the matter through. The most influential newspaper in the world was in opposition, but with one exception, all the other leading journals took what I believe
 f the subject. I discussed
 conservative members

of Parliament, on whose judgment I could rely, and it was decided to try for a Royal Commission if a member of special ability would consent to take up the subject. Mr Reginald York, on the case being placed before him, agreed to do so; and right well he fought for those who so much needed it. My contribution was to print a pamphlet containing all the most telling articles from the newspapers, and to send a copy to each member of both Houses. Naturally there were also a good many personal interviews with my parliamentary friends and acquaintances to help the good cause. A three-line whip was sent out against Mr Reginald York's motion, and on the night when it came on there hardly seemed to be a vacant seat in the House. I had a place in the distinguished strangers' gallery: being there early, I was at the inner end of it. Several others afterwards came in who, by their conversation, were evidently some of the Wellington College people: not knowing who I was, they began talking over the plan of counter-attack which had evidently been arranged by their side. I had no wish to attend to what they were saying, but as they talked so openly I deemed it only right to make a note of their plan, which I got passed to Reginald York, who was sitting on the front Conservative bench: he met and demolished the plan of attack in his speech. The only time I heard Gladstone speak was that night. It was rather a shock to me that that wonderful genius, who had done so much for suffering humanity and justice, should take the side against us. I could not help being of opinion also that his family connection with the college ought to have kept him silent, more especially as it was the system of administration, not

the working of the college, in which reform was wanted.

There was a long debate, and as the dinner-hour approached the House began to thin. The Wellington College side continued to talk until the number of members was very much reduced, and then a division was called for. I waited in the lobby whilst the doors were closed, and then one member after another came up to me, saying they did not expect a division so soon and were vexed about it, as they had intended to vote for me. Even then the division was a close one, our side being beaten by only seven votes. As soon as it was announced an official belonging to the House said to me, "It was unfortunate a division was not taken before. You had all the Conservatives and half the Liberals on your side." With such a close division the Government could not well avoid granting the Royal Commission asked for. Lord Penzance was chairman, with Robert Lowe and other eminent men as members. My difficulty was in getting officers who felt interested in the matter to come forward and give evidence: they fancied their doing so would be a bad thing for them professionally. There was some reason for this, one vindictive Wellington College governor going so far, when I first took the matter in hand, as to suggest that I ought to be deprived of my staff appointment and sent back to my regiment, which was then abroad. Having the subject of the inquiry at my fingers' ends in all its details, I quite enjoyed my two hours' cross-examination before the Commission. Sitting next a well-known bishop, I was amused at his asking me where I got all my statistics from. Pointing to a Blue Book, I said, "From the Public Schools Inquiry Commission"; and then, *sotto voce*,

"of which I think your lordship was a member." My reverend neighbour could not help laughing.

The report of the Commission was that the college had departed from the intention with which it had been founded, and stringent reforms were suggested, which I could not help thinking might have been even stronger; but be that as it may, Wellington College was given a chance of becoming what the country and the army intended it should be. Many friends congratulated me on having succeeded in what I had undertaken, but others of greater worldly experience said, "You have made powerful enemies, who will not forget to put a spoke in your wheel whenever they get a chance." Unfortunately for me these proved to be true prophets; but I had this consolation, that, although I suffered for it, I had done my duty.

CHAPTER XVII.

QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL'S WORK, PORTSMOUTH.

As already stated, I was in the autumn of 1877 appointed to the headquarter staff of the Southern District. My principal work at Portsmouth, and occasionally at Southampton, was the embarkation and disembarkation of troops and their families, the first-named place being used by the Imperial and Indian troopships and hired transports. At Southampton only hired transports were berthed. The trooping season commenced in September and ended in May, and during that time I was rarely away from the dockyard or the office except to sleep. Occasionally I found it advisable to remain all night in the yard, so as to have everything ready for commencing work at daybreak, taking a rest rolled up in a blanket on a couch in the nearest transport. My dockyard staff consisted of two clerks and four old blue-jackets. As soon as I had established a system, which was afterwards embodied in the Queen's Regulations, everything went as smoothly as well-oiled machinery. My most interesting work was the rapid embarkation of cavalry regiments at the outbreak of the Zulu war. I thought I ought to have disembarked them also at Durban and gone up country with them, but the

authorities did not see it in the same light. For this special job, which was principally carried out at Southampton, I asked the transport admiral in London to let me have blue-jackets, as I knew by experience that shipping horses was not a strong point with cavalry officers, who, as a rule, disappeared below deck as soon as their regiment arrived, doubtless to look after the berthing of their men. I was only too pleased to be left to work alone with my old friends of the navy. Using two brows and two lifts at the same time, it took just four hours to embark over 300 horses: full details of the means employed and the time were by request sent to the Staff College. The animals were handed over to the blue-jackets on the jetty, who, although many of them could never have handled a horse before, managed somehow to be friends with them at once. It was but rarely I had to use the breech-tackle we improvised to run a restive horse into its box like a gun into a broadside port. Once there, the most obstreperous brute was down the hold and into its stall before it knew what had happened.

The quickest infantry embarkation was a regiment which went in a hired ship, the *Russia*, to the Cape. It came in two trains with regimental horses and baggage. In sixty minutes from the first train entering the dockyard the whole of the men were sitting at dinner round their mess-tables, with their packs stowed overhead, their arms in the racks, and the ship reported as ready to cast off. A company of the regiment came the day before with the heavy baggage: using these men as guides, and furnishing them with tickets to show where to take each mess and what to do, greatly simplified matters. I was particularly

pleased with that embarkation, as, owing to some oversight in London, I had the day before to get some forgotten troop fittings put in at once and a lot of ship stowage done: for this the admiral superintendent of the yard got me 200 blue-jackets from the flagship. Somehow anything connected with ship work seemed like second nature, and carrying on with my old friends of the navy was to me simply delightful. By an extraordinary piece of good luck for me, the Duke with some of the Horse Guards staff and two Lords of the Admiralty were in the yard at the time of the Russia's embarkation, and came to the troop-jetty to see how it was done.

At the end of the trooping season invalids and time-expired men and families came home, with as many as 300 and 400 children with their mothers, in a single ship. Many of the families were often in want of money or warm clothes for the journey to their homes, and helpless women with their children also drifted down to Portsmouth days before they ought to have come for embarkation; so we started a Soldiers' Families Benevolent Fund, to be administered by our office, the first lieutenants of the Indian troopships giving the necessary funds, about £200 a-year, from the profits of their canteens. Continuous work fortunately was a useful antidote to prevent one's feelings being interfered with, but occasionally a lump would come in the throat at some of the parting scenes on the jetty, and more especially when relatives came to meet an invalid, and were informed that the poor fellow had been buried at sea. The lunatic invalids were often sad examples of the effects of tropical service, but they also at times caused some amusement. More than once piercing shrieks from a train of invalids

leaving the yard have caused it to be suddenly pulled up, only to find a grinning invalid, who informed us he was one of the lunatics. One day the man in charge of the lunatics came to me in great alarm, saying he had lost them all. Being in the same clothing as the crowd of invalids, they had simply got mixed up with them. The matter did not trouble me; I felt sure that even lunatics who had been so long under discipline would answer the helm. I directed all the invalids to fall in in two ranks. All being reported present, I gave sharply the word of command, "Lunatics, two paces to the front, march." They all stepped out at once. "Lunatics, close on the right file, right turn, quick march. There are your lunatics, put them in their proper carriages."

Five years' trooping furnished many yarns. Their narration would take up too many pages, but I may mention one of them. Several ladies had come to the jetty to meet a regiment returning from the Zulu war; there happened at the same time to be another transport, the *Tamar*, on the point of leaving for the West Indies. A soldier's wife, whose husband was at Barbadoes, came up to me with a letter showing that she ought to have got a passage, but somehow had made a mistake in her application. The ladies were of course most sympathetic and anxious I should give the woman a passage, but I had no authority to do so: however, as on a few other similar occasions, I came to the conclusion that as there was room I might risk it. The woman's baby and box were at Gosport; the ship was to leave in less than an hour. She said she could be back in time, and started off to fetch them. The hour for departure came, but no woman. I got a delay of ten minutes more, but still no woman. The

pilot, an old naval one, and therefore a friend, said he must start on account of the tide, but at my earnest request he made the tide late for another five minutes that morning ; still no woman. He again put the tide back for three more minutes, still no woman, and then said he could not safely remain any longer. The warps were cast off and the screw about to turn, when there was a shout of a boat coming round under the bows with a woman in it. With blue-jacket alacrity she and her belongings were in a few seconds got on the jetty. "Shove her in through that port," I shouted. "No," said Foley, our kind-hearted admiral, who had arrived on the scene, "she will stick ; get that light brow." Like lightning it was run in. One of my old sailors picked up the woman and ran her on board, another followed her immediately with the baby, and a third with the box. They were all on the deck and the brow hauled out just as the ship moved away. I then shouted to the officer commanding the troops, who was standing on the poop, "That woman is to be entered in the returns as your servant." "I don't want one," he answered. "Never mind," I replied, "it is a mere matter of form ; please so put her down."

For a moment I had forgotten the baby, which was not on the embarkation return : then a happy thought struck me, so I roared out to the startled colonel, "That baby does not now exist, but it is to be born during the voyage ; that will then make your disembarkation return correct." All this time I had quite forgotten the ladies standing behind me, until their presence was recalled by a shout of laughter. They were good enough to congratulate me on my fertility of resource and miraculous power over tides and also human nature.

Fertility of resource is probably hereditary. One of my boys, an energetic little chap with a will of his own, could not get on with his governess, and at last ended by making her stand in a corner. He was warned that any further trouble by him would entail a severe whipping. One evening, after a hard day's work in the dockyard, the boy met me at the door with a note from the governess. I said I was too tired to whip him, so he must go to bed in disgrace. I could not imagine why he was so disappointed, until I heard he had prepared himself for the expected punishment by a padding under his clothes of towels, copy-books, &c., and got the other children to test it with a cricket-bat : that boy ever afterwards was known at Portsmouth as the "Ironclad."

Situated as Portsmouth was, there was not much opportunity for the troops getting any instruction beyond regimental and brigade drill on the common : it will be hardly credited in the present day how generals and commanding officers were hampered by the civil departments of the army. Seeing the traces of our only field battery very slack when marching past at Southsea, I made some inquiries, and was privately informed by the officer commanding the battery that the War Department had let their drill-field at Hilsea Barracks to a farmer, and the artillery were not allowed to use it until the farmer had got his hay in. Fortunately our general had sufficient influence to get the lease terminated. Our only chance of making even a show was when the Duke came down in October for his annual inspection ; and my immediate chief, W. S., the best friend I have ever known during my life, showed what might be done with a very little expenditure in railway fares,

by taking the whole Portsmouth division out on to the open down country by Petersfield. When my chief was transferred to a more suitable field for his energy at Aldershot, I was directed the following year to work on the same lines and arrange something new for the Duke's visit. I thought it a good opportunity to show the weak points of the Portsmouth defences. The Portsdown forts were all very well, but the western continuation of the line of defence by the chain of the Gosport forts was far too close in, even in those short-range days. The Portsdown line ought to have been continued beyond Fareham tunnel to the Tichfield stream (I think that is its name) and down it to the sea. The angle at Fareham tunnel was the weak point, and I drew up a scheme for the field operations so as to show how easily the line could be broken through there. Having got leave from the farmers to go over their land, the day was a great success, and at its termination the Duke directed the usual explanation of what had been done to be given to all the mounted officers assembled. The general, a well-known soldier, long since gone to his rest, not being at the time strong enough for an open-air lecture, I was called upon. It rather startled me, but nerving myself for the occasion, with the Duke in front of me and the Horse Guards' staff behind him, I tried to imagine the assembly as one of my garrison classes, and launched out. I could see H.R.H. was much pleased; and next day he did me the honour of coming up to me, and said, referring to the operations, "That was a very creditable performance of yours yesterday." That gave me confidence for the operations next year, in which I showed the weakness of the east end of the Ports-

mouth line, and how easy it would be to cut off the water-supply of Portsmouth.

I had a more ambitious scheme, which passed the Horse Guards, but the Admiralty did not see their way to sanctioning it on account of the number of small craft which would come and very probably cause an accident. The Isle of Wight being within the dangerous zone for the dockyard, I wished to direct attention to such an excellent landing-place for an enemy as Sandown Bay, which was then very inadequately protected. My scheme was for a naval attack by the Channel and Reserve Squadrons on the solitary fort there, and a disembarkation against such troops as could be spared—a naval counter-attack to come from Portsmouth. The surrounding hills would have given a magnificent site for those looking on. It would have been a grand spectacle, and I thought a useful one.

The Easter volunteer reviews, usually at Brighton, were really little more than military picnics as far as instruction went. The entraining was useful to the regiments. This was part of my work, and I then became aware of the Volunteers being of themselves in a better state of discipline than was generally supposed. It would be out of place to go into details, but I can state that even regular battalions could not have worked more quietly, or been better in hand,—not on account of their officers looking after them, because few of the officers really knew their duty. It was the natural intelligence of a superior class of men which showed itself. The battalions I used to see were, I believe, the best of the force: had they had trained officers I would have been well pleased to have gone on active service with those regiments,

after, say, a month's proper instruction in camp. I happened to be station staff officer at Slough for the great Volunteer Review at Windsor in 1880, when 50,000 volunteers were assembled in the morning, and sent away again in the evening. 13,000 of them came to my station. Only one man was decidedly under the influence of liquor. I disposed of him by locking him up in a railway carriage of his train, which was then shunted into a siding, where he remained for the rest of the day. For the return journey I had to entrain 10,000 after ten o'clock at night, with the other traffic on the line going on at the same time. At two o'clock I lay down to sleep as I was, in a waggon filled with straw, more than ever satisfied that with a proper system of organisation the Volunteers might be made a reliable force for the defence of the country; but as long as M.P.'s, who are afraid of losing votes, are so obstructive when the military authorities try to wheel useless regiments into line, this is hopeless. One can understand civilian M.P.'s, who think more of the security of their seats than that of the country, taking the line they do, but it is almost heart-breaking to read of M.P.'s who have been in the service, and who unquestionably must know they are doing wrong, throwing obstacles in the way when the War Office tries to do its best to make the force what it ought to be.

When at Portsmouth a circumstance came to my knowledge showing how very careless our authorities in London were in keeping as secret as possible the plans of our defences. One day it was arranged that there was to be a grand visit by some eminent personages to the Spithead forts. The German naval attaché requested permission to go also: this was

referred to the War Office and refused. He told me he regretted not being allowed to go. His visit could have done no harm, as he already knew all the details of the forts. I asked him how he managed it. He told me that he happened to be sailing out to Spithead one day when the forts were being built. He went up alongside one of them, when a man there, possibly a small canteen-keeper, asked if he would like to buy some ginger-beer which he had for sale; so he went up and over everything. Doubtless he was not the only foreign officer who had done the same. It is to be hoped he was not invited to buy ginger-beer in one of the great land batteries, or his naval eye would at once have seen that the 18-ton guns in it were mounted behind 12-ton shields, and that in consequence they could not be used for anything but very short ranges, as the chase of the guns came against the shields, which were too low for them as soon as elevation was attempted. The Royal Engineers supplied the shields, but the Royal Artillery put in the guns. I noticed this on my first visit to the battery in question, because, some four years before, I saw the same thing in a battery, since dismantled, on the Almeida at Gibraltar. A day or two after I had noticed this I was talking the matter over with some of my gunner friends who were inspecting this Almeida battery, when I said I saw a way out of the difficulty. "How?" they asked. "Why, put the sights underneath, and reverse them." "But how on earth would you so use them?" "Easy enough," I replied. "Get a light-headed gunner who can work with his heels in the air instead of his head. There are some such men in the regiment." Fortunately there were no loose rocks handy, or I might have suffered!

I always look back on the five years at Portsmouth as the most interesting and pleasantest time of my life. All the staff worked together as one man, and as for our general, Prince E., none could ever have been more popular. We on his staff became devotedly attached to him. The hospitality and kindness of the general and Princess E. were unbounded. The thoughtful care of our princess for the soldiers' wives and children left behind on our hands, occasionally for weeks at a time, was something to remember. It was by her influence that the army obtained that most useful institution at Portsmouth—viz., a woman's hospital, for those invalids who were unable to stand the journey to Netley or their homes. Wards for invalid officers were also then established at Netley.

During the autumn of 1880 I managed to get away for a fortnight to the French manœuvres. I had no letters of introduction as in Spain; but on calling on the French general, saying I should be glad to have permission to be with his corps, for the purpose of picking up all the professional information I could, he at once very kindly gave me leave. I had as a companion an old friend doing correspondent's work. I, so to say, attached myself to the 8th Regiment of infantry, going with them everywhere from daylight until the evening, and soon made some pleasant acquaintances with reserve men—barristers and such-like. Some of their billeting experiences were most amusing, but the one who capped all was a friend who had been billeted on a *sage-femme*. The officers did not seem so keen as ours are when out at manœuvres; and the men used to talk a good deal about getting back to their *foyers*, carefully calculating how much longer they would have to serve:

but that must naturally be the case in all conscript armies. I afterwards found it was so with the Germans also. The troops were worked uncommonly hard, almost, if not quite, as much as if they had been on active service. There were no dry canteens and waggon-loads of beer following, as at our manœuvres, as if for the express purpose of making our men helpless, and teaching them "how not to do it" on active service. I could not help being struck with the way my French acquaintances, taken from their ordinary civil-life occupations, managed, heavily laden as they were, to do the long marches and tiring manœuvres across country. Dead tired as they must have been, it was grand to observe how rapidly the shooting line was formed and the supports in the right place as soon as the enemy opened on us. As in the Crimea and China, it was worth seeing how quickly fires were lighted and food got ready during the middle-of-the-day halt. Public disclosures a few years ago show something very wrong in the administration of the French army, but if France in days to come produces a Cromwell or Napoleon, the carefully organised Germans would find the French army could not be disposed of as in 1870.

CHAPTER XVIII.

INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT, EGYPT.

DURING my last year at Portsmouth—viz., 1881—when the Duke made his usual autumn inspection, there was so much going on that I was unable to get a chance of an interview with the quartermaster-general, Sir G. W., which I much wished for; but as he left with the headquarter staff for town, I requested him to read a little memo which I gave him about Egypt, where matters were approaching a crisis. It was an outline of the paper I had written in 1875, with reference to an advance on Cairo *viâ* the Canal and Ismailia. Towards the end of the year the chances of our having to interfere in Egypt became so evident that I thought it would be a move in the right direction if I paid another visit to that country for the purpose of making myself acquainted with the military resources of a possible enemy, so that in the event of hostilities I might have a fair chance of being employed on active service. With this view I went to town and saw the quartermaster-general on the subject of getting six weeks' leave: I had some two months due to me, and I thought I might combine business with pleasure, shooting snipe in the Delta. My leave

was arranged, and I was directed to call at Adair House before leaving. My proposed trip met with the approbation of the chief there, who exclaimed, "Thank goodness you are going! We wanted to send out two officers some time ago, but it was forbidden." I mentioned that as I was going out at my own expense, snipe-shooting, no one could interfere with me, or even know where I had gone, and I should be only too pleased to be of use to my old department. An Indian troopship happened to have a vacant cabin in pandemonium,—the lower deck, so much depised by subalterns: this, a naval friend, a retired admiral who had agreed to go with me, and I occupied, and thought how luxurious it was compared with what we had known in our younger days.

We landed at Port Said the end of January, and as a good deal of special information with regard to the capabilities of that place had to be recorded, we remained there some days. I had several cases of ammunition with me, all very legibly marked as such; we were consequently looked on as very keen sportsmen. Snipe were not plentiful near the town, but we had other business to occupy us; amongst that work, the possibility of the Canal being wilfully blocked in places, and the means of clearing it had to be considered. A naval friend, I found, was similarly employed at the Suez end. I commenced at Port Said, and when making my observations on the Canal bank, I made a curious discovery. An easterly gale came up very rapidly, and at last was so strong, driving the sand from the dry far side into my face, that I had to cease work. Next morning the wind having a good deal gone down, I went on the Canal bank again, when, to

my astonishment, I noticed that Lake Menzaleh on the west side of the Canal had disappeared beyond the horizon in that direction, and that the Arabs were walking on the mud where the day before large boats had been floating. When thinking over this extraordinary effect of wind on shallow water, it suddenly flashed upon me that I was witnessing a similar event to that which had taken place between three and four thousand years ago, at the time of the passage of the so-called Red Sea by the Israelites. Subsequently, when I had time for it, I examined the shores of the Bitter Lakes, and came to the unquestionable conclusion that the Red Sea of Pharaoh's day extended to the head of the Bitter Lakes, and it was there the passage took place, and that the description of it in Exodus is literally correct, word for word. I need hardly say the usually accepted Sunday-school picture of a number of people running through what looks like a deep railway cutting is not what really happened. The crossing was evidently by a broad shallow belt—cleared by the east wind—which would permit of the immense crowd of people and animals getting over in the time stated. I went fully into the subject in a public lecture in London, at which the savants declared I had proved my case, and solved a problem which had puzzled the world for many centuries. The lecture was widely discussed, one post bringing me two newspapers, one from Bengal, the other from New Orleans, both concurring in the correctness of the idea brought forward.

Ismailia was the next place where I thought it advisable to try for snipe. As that town might be required for a base of operations, we were a few

days there: our bags were not great, but nevertheless sufficient to impress the people with whom we were brought in contact. In the following August I happened to be again at our old lodgings in the Hôtel des Bains; I was then in uniform. Our former acquaintance, the Arab waiter, beckoned me to the corner of the building,—“Ah! monsieur était ici en hiver pour la chasse aux bécassines”; and then pointing to the troop-boats landing the soldiers, “Voilà vos bécassines!” The next place visited was Tel-el-Kebir, at that time without intrenchments, with the exception of a line of an old shelter-trench: we went simply for the shooting, which was splendid. It was not until I had been to Cairo and got behind the scenes that I discovered what the intention of the Egyptian War Office was with regard to the position at Tel-el-Kebir; then I paid another and much longer visit to the place.

Unfortunately my companion got a chill in the marshes, which brought out a bad attack of malarial fever, from which he had formerly suffered, so we had to go to Cairo for medical advice: the end of it was the admiral had to go home, and I was left to continue my work alone. By great good luck I made the acquaintance of Mr C. B. Alexander, who had come over from the United States for the winter, and who was also staying at Shepherd's. This acquaintance in due time became a firm friendship, which has existed between us to this day. I happened in course of conversation, when talking about Egyptian soldiers, to say I had not yet seen how they lived in barracks. Alexander mentioned this to General Stone, a fellow-countryman, chief of the staff of the Egyptian army, who very kindly arranged for our

visiting the Abdin barracks, and an inspection of the infantry brigade stationed there. I came to the conclusion that as I had no uniform, we ought to make up for our being in plain clothes by the magnificence of our equipage; so I hired the smartest turnout I could get in Cairo, and, with running footmen covered with gold embroidery, we drove up in state to review Arabi's troops, just three months before hostilities began by the massacre of Alexandria. After the review I had the officers assembled and made them a grandiloquent speech in French, in which I am afraid I rather embroidered history, about our having in former days "*combattu l'ennemi côte à côte sous l'ombre des Pyramides,*" &c. At the end of it one of the officers said certainly soldiers were all brothers, but we were Christians, and they were Mohammedans. "*Oui, c'est vrai,*" I answered; "*mais avec soldats il n'y a pas beaucoup de différence entre les deux religions. La grande différence est ceci : vous avez deux femmes, moi, je n'ai qu'une. J'en ai, je crois, le dessus.*" This very much amused the officers. I then said, "*Peut-être messieurs les officiers se trouveront un jour en Angleterre; il me ferait grand plaisir de les recevoir chez moi.*" A rather extensive order, considering the size of my little house at Southsea, but in the East a trifling exaggeration is permissible.

I afterwards went over the barracks, going everywhere. No English quarters could have been cleaner or in better order, but at that time the Egyptian army had an energetic American officer as chief of the staff. The state of filth of these same barracks when the Egyptian officers were left to themselves during the war was something indescribable. As I

was in the Abdin barracks, I thought it just as well to make a mental calculation of the number of British troops they could accommodate: five months afterwards my calculation proved to be correct. When examining the men's rifles—my inspection was as minute as if the regiment had been my own—I noticed that the inside of the barrels shone like glass. On inquiry I was told that, being in a dry climate, oil was unnecessary on any part exposed to the air: oil would at once have made them unserviceable when used in the sandy desert. This I specially reported, but my caution was not attended to until after our first fight at Kassassin, when I again brought the matter to the notice of the commander-in-chief in Egypt, and a general order was issued forbidding the use of oil. That evening I dined with our agent-general, Sir Edward Malet: he was much amused at my cheek in getting Arabi to allow me to inspect his troops.

Soon after arriving in Cairo I became aware, from the exceedingly critical state of affairs, that before long we should, if only for the purpose of protecting the Suez Canal, be obliged to occupy the country: it therefore became clearly my duty to obtain as quickly as possible every information connected with the Egyptian army and its powers of resistance. Little did the 200 or 300 English visitors then in Cairo know what volcanic soil they were on. The decided language in which the Egyptian officer stated we were Christians and they Mohammedans gave me something to think about. What I considered not improbable was a sudden rising as in India in 1857; so I secretly worked out a plan for the concentration of the English in Cairo, and selected a place where

I thought it possible we might hold out until relieved. A fortnight afterwards, when at Alexandria, I suggested to the responsible official there a similar plan for that town, and drew up a rough scheme for the place selected. Unfortunately my precautions had not been attended to when the massacre took place in June.

The task I had now in front of me was no small one. There are legitimate and, so to say, illegitimate ways of obtaining information, and, as an English officer who had been so kindly received by the chief staff officer of the Egyptian army, I was determined to do nothing which could be considered in any way derogatory to my profession. Possibly it was this very line I took which enabled me to get all the information I required. On one occasion I thought the chief of the staff was lifting the curtain rather too high, so I said to him plainly, "You must not tell me too much. You and I may be on opposite platforms before long." He laughed, saying, "When I am abroad, I keep my eyes open, and I guess you do the same." To sum up: I was able in my report to give not only a full detailed account of everything connected with the army—its guns, arms, stores, magazines, factories, what was on order in Europe, and what their scheme of defence was: I was also able to examine and give an account of the state of the forts at Alexandria, and along the coast, with the nature and number of their guns, &c.

I managed to get an excellent French map of the Delta, which was of great use to me in reporting on the military value of the railways, the Cairo, Ismailia, and Suez fresh-water canal, means of communication, &c. The supplies of food, forage, transport, &c., had also to be fully tabulated. Trout-fishing and snipe-

shooting are useful accomplishments. At Cairo I found geologising came in handy, particularly on the Mokattan Heights, where I was able to locate there the proper position for a breaching battery against the Mokattan fort, which commanded the citadel, and also a place where the wall of the citadel could have been escaladed, had the storming of it been necessary ; but the citadel was a trifle, as regards its importance, compared with the rapid capture of Alexandria at the commencement of hostilities.

With that object in view, I first of all examined the west coast in the vicinity of the place where Napoleon landed, but the proximity of forts and other works which had been constructed, rendered a landing there impracticable ; so I tried the east at Aboukir Bay, where Abercrombie disembarked. That was too far off ; but I saw that, although not a very good one, the shore at Ramleh would do as a landing-place, particularly in the morning, before the usual midday on-shore wind sprang up. The waterworks hill, which was close to, gave a splendid position : once in possession of that, the whole narrow peninsula below it, bordering on the lake, on which were the road and railway from Alexandria to Cairo, would be under our fire, and every soldier in Alexandria in our power. I worked out the necessary calculations, and came to the very decided opinion that 3000 infantry, with half-a-dozen ship's field-guns and Nordenfeldts, could hold the position between Ramleh and the lake so strongly that no force of Egyptian troops from Alexandria could turn them out. Deprived of fresh water, and the usual daily food-supplies from outside, the garrison of Alexandria, and all the Egyptian officials there, must in a few days have surrendered.

The capture of the four colonels, who were simply making use of Arabi as a figurehead, and who in July were with him in Alexandria, would in every probability have ended the "military operations." In my report I stated the professional value of the principal officers. Opposite Arabi's name I wrote, "An ignorant fanatic, with some crude ideas about liberty." One of the four colonels was believed to have military ability, but he really had none. No Egyptian officer, except one, Raschid Pasha, a Circassian, who had served in the Turkish army during the Servian war, Cretan rebellion, &c.,—his *sobriquet* was "White Moustache,"—showed any real professional knowledge. The selection of the position at Tel-el-Kebir was a great mistake. A few miles farther back there was a position which would have been a difficult nut for us to crack. In my report I stated as follows with reference to the Tel-el-Kebir line which the Egyptian War Office had decided on: "If defeated, they would certainly lose all their artillery, and it is more than probable the fellaheen soldiers would avail themselves of such a favourable opportunity for disbanding and returning to their homes." That is exactly what took place on the 13th September. In my report I also mentioned that the black troops and the long-service garrison artillery would prove themselves to be good soldiers. This they certainly did. As for the fellaheen under Egyptian officers, I stated what Gordon told me about them in the Soudan—viz., that they were trash, and that when difficulties arose, they used to come to him beseeching to be sent back to Khartoum.

As

*. Tel-el-Kebir had been decided
Office to resist any hostile

force coming from the direction of the Canal, I went down there again for more snipe. I managed to find quarters at Zagazig, an important railway junction that required examination. There I made the acquaintance of the local head of the Telegraph Department, Clarke (now, alas! no more), who afterwards was my right-hand man in my special work. For his invaluable services I got him recommended at the end of the campaign for a C.M.G., which he received. I afterwards put up at the small house of a most hospitable and kind-hearted French lock-keeper on the sweet-water canal near Tel-el-Kebir. Here I met a young Bedouin sheik, a keen sportsman, who spoke English. I also got on good terms with several of his tribe, who were most useful to me after hostilities commenced, when I was in charge of the Intelligence Department. The quiet observing power of these sons of the desert is wonderful. The young sheik told my friend Clarke some time afterwards he could not quite make me out. I was evidently thinking of something else besides shooting: he noticed I did not always fire at birds getting up within easy shot, and once he noticed me walking with the step of a land-measurer. I was keen about duck as well as snipe, and got capital flight-shooting in the dusk of the evening. This puzzled my native friends, who said I was a curious man, shooting snipe by day, but going out alone on the marshes at night to shoot ducks by starlight. In a short time the Bedouins became specially friendly. One who was going with a lot of camels across the canal into Syria was anxious that I should go also: he said that with him I should be quite safe, and I could get grand shooting. On finishing my work at Tel-el-Kebir I returned to Shep-

heard's, examining on the way up every canal-lock and position between Tel-el-Kebir and Cairo. As soon as I arrived there, an English official who knew what I was about said, "Look out for yourself, and be uncommonly careful with any letters you write home, because an English officer, who, by the way, had passed the Staff College, coming through Cairo, tried to inspect some military store buildings in a way he should not have done, and also made some very injudicious inquiries at a hotel frequented by foreigners, and finished up by posting a letter containing what he thought was useful information, and directed it to a friend at 'The Intelligence Department' in London." This, my informant heard, was noticed in the post-office and opened. I let him know that I was not quite such a fool. I did not say how I sent my weekly budgets to the quartermaster-general, W. They were under cover to a clergyman, and I was particularly careful never to post them myself: an acquaintance, casually asked to do so, usually shoved them into the hotel box, under my eye, with a handful of his own. My letters to my wife I posted as conspicuously as possible: they were full of details of my wonderful shooting.

There was one place I considered I ought to examine, and that was Damietta, which might come within the sphere of possible operations. As the details of my trip there are possibly amusing, I venture to mention them. There had been a fanatical outbreak at Damietta shortly before, and I knew that if I spoke to Sir Edward Malet he would forbid my risking it; but I came to the conclusion that without an inspection of that place my work would not be complete, so I started off alone. On the way there I had to stop

at an important railway junction on the Damietta line, and whilst totting up its sidings and making a rough sketch of part of it, I saw the stationmaster looking rather curiously at me. At once I beckoned him to come to me. I then pointed to some broken iron sleepers on the line and sharply asked him in French why he had not had them repaired; they had evidently been broken some time. He nervously made some excuse. I then sternly demanded to know if he reported to P. at Cairo about the coupling breaking on the train that morning. He had not done so, but would. I then gave him to clearly understand that if he wished to remain a stationmaster he would have to do his duty better.

My special reason for going to Damietta was to see what the black troops there were like, and to go down the river to find if any works were being constructed at the mouth. A bogus examination of the lighthouse would have answered my purpose, but the consular agent at Damietta, on whom I relied, was in such a nervous state as to what might happen to himself that he would do nothing to help me about a boat; but, thanks to my excellent glasses and the minaret of a mosque, I managed to see all I wanted. The difficulty was to get up that minaret with the guardian of the mosque close to the bottom: he was quite indignant when a man from the inn who could speak English asked him to allow me to go up to see the view. My friend from the inn gradually got the guardian away from the minaret, when I rapidly ran up the stairs, and with my glasses made an inspection of the mouth of the river, and satisfied myself no earth had been disturbed there. The irritation of the mosque-keeper was intense when I got

down : however, to appease his wrath, I offered him a piastre (2½d.) This he scorned, but a second, after some haggling, quieted him. Had I offered him a dollar or two, his suspicions would probably have been aroused. I managed to get all the information I required about Damietta—trade, stores, water-supply, garrison, &c. There were only two English amongst the 30,000 inhabitants.

I got some good snipe-shooting in the marshes, but during the three days I was there I felt myself shadowed by rather a pleasant-looking individual; and when I remarked that "*la chasse aux bécassines est magnifique ici*," my friend, with a twinkle in his eye, replied, "*Mais, monsieur, je ne suis pas chasseur.*" Possibly he fancied that to keep him quiet I might have mistaken him for a snipe. In the East officials do not stick at trifles, so I was careful at the *table d'hôte* of our little inn only to take some of those dishes to which my shadow helped himself. I took care to make my own cocoa; coffee made by other people is not always wholesome. By night as well as by day my gun and cartridges were handy.

One morning I got a wire from M. saying he wished to see me at once. He had found out where I was, and I thought had become anxious and wished to recall me. When I arrived in Cairo, he said he was glad to see me safe back, but he had sent for me to give me a telegram from Lord Granville, that I was to do certain work in Egypt for the Intelligence Department. I asked M. to wire back from me, "Work finished, will return on Thursday if not stopped." As no wire came to stop me, I set off for Port Said to get the Messageries boat to Marseilles. Before leaving Cairo I confidentially settled with the head of the

English railways there, P., that if hostilities did imminently threaten, he should have as much rolling-stock at Suez as possible, and arrange with some reliable person to have an accident which would prevent the engines and carriages being easily got away. I also devised a sporting-letter cipher with Clarke at Zagazig, in which snipe, duck, sand-grouse, &c., meant something very different. He was to report anything doing at Tel-el-Kebir. When at Port Said I examined the narrow strips of beach for ten miles or so east and west of the mouth of the Canal. Any troop-landing on the east was quite out of the question. The mud-crust, when I walked on it, waved up and down like thin ice: I easily pushed my stick through it into liquid mud underneath. I was amused to find that the ubiquitous German officer had been along the strip of shore only the year before. On the west side I got as far as the opening by Fort Gemil, a place which had to be taken into consideration from its proximity to Port Said, and the possibility of a *coup de main* from there to capture Port Said and block the Canal, for which I ascertained a number of small torpedo dynamite mines were ready. Going on board the Marseilles steamer I had an amusing adventure. The commissaire was nervous and excited. I happened to be followed along to where the commissaire was by a French lady. On my asking the commissaire for my cabin, he said, "Voilà la cabine pour le major et sa femme." I remarked, "Cette dame n'est pas ma femme. Ma femme est en Angleterre." "Cela m'est égal," replied the commissaire. "Je n'ai pas une autre. C'est la cabine pour monsieur et madame." The lady's startled look was amusing. Needless to say, I had the cabin to myself.

My report met with the approbation of the authorities. I could not help being hugely delighted on meeting in St James's Street, the day after my report went in, the new quartermaster-general, Sir A. Herbert. His first words were, "That is a splendid report of yours." H.R.H. directed an official letter to be written expressing his satisfaction:—

"HORSE GUARDS, WAR OFFICE, *June 1882.*

"SIR,—His Royal Highness Commanding-in-Chief has read with great interest the report on Egypt prepared for the Intelligence Department by Major Tulloch, Welsh Regiment, D.A.Q.M.G. at Portsmouth.

"His Royal Highness is aware that, owing to the state of affairs in Egypt, Major Tulloch must have experienced many difficulties in obtaining the information contained in his report, and that had he not acted with great tact and discretion it would have been impossible for him to have collected the details which have made it most valuable.

"I am directed to request that you will be so good as to convey to Major Tulloch his Royal Highness's high appreciation of the excellent work that officer has done.

A. HERBERT,

Quartermaster-General.

"To Lieut.-General PRINCE EDWARD OF SAXE-WEIMAR,
Commanding Southern District."

The report was printed by the War Office confidential press in May, and in June, after the massacre at Alexandria, copies were given to the Cabinet Ministers, and also sent to the French and Indian Gov-

ernments. I was repaid my actual expenses—a little over £100—from, I understood, the Consolidated Fund. It was a great personal satisfaction to me that I had done what was right in getting, on my own initiative, information which ultimately proved to be so useful.

CHAPTER XIX.

MEDITERRANEAN FLEET.

WHEN the news of the massacre at Alexandria in June arrived I happened to be in London, attending at the Admiralty about that portion of my report referring to the protection of the Canal and the necessity for the gunboats patrolling it having their tops fitted for machine-guns to fire over the banks. When there I happened to say to Sir Cooper Key, the First Sea Lord, "Should the admiral want a spare foretop man, I am ready." Next day I again went to the Admiralty to explain in every detail my scheme for the proposed landing at Ramleh, taking over with me from the U. S. Institute the account of Abercrombie's expedition, which had an excellent plan of the Alexandria peninsula. The first words Sir Cooper Key said were, "You had better go down to the War Office at once; we have applied for you to be attached for duty with the commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean Fleet." On going into the details of the proposed scheme for capturing Alexandria, I pointed out that Arabi would have a number of leading Europeans in his power, and that he would have to be somehow informed that he had to answer for them with his own life. "Ten for one, commencing with Arabi," was the

answer Sir Cooper Key gave. I could have given a cheer, so delighted was I with the strong naval backbone showing itself as usual. At the War Office I first of all saw the adjutant-general, Sir Garnet Wolseley, and went again with him very fully into the details of my proposed scheme for the capture of Alexandria.

From the adjutant-general I went to Mr Childers' room, who informed me what I was required for. H.R.H. then came in and also told me that I was to report myself to Sir Beauchamp Seymour, commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean Fleet. I said I had better at once take the first train to Portsmouth to get my things. H.R.H. said, "You have not time; it is now two o'clock; your train for Brindisi leaves at eight." So I wired to my wife that I was off that night to join the Mediterranean Fleet, and to send up my servant at once to meet me at Victoria Station, with my blue patrol-jacket uniform, sword, revolver, and some underclothing. I then went to Cox's for money and to the Opera Arcade for sponge, tooth-brushes, shirts, collars, &c., in case my servant did not arrive in time. Fortunately he got up just as the train was starting and threw my little portmanteau into the carriage. In forty-eight hours I was at Brindisi, and three days afterwards reported myself to the admiral in my Piccadilly suit, black hat, and umbrella, just as I had left London. The world did not contain a happier individual than I was at that moment. No officer of my standing ever before could have had a grander appointment, and that regularly under the pennant I loved so well.

The massacre had produced a general stampede of the Christians in Egypt. Greeks and Italians by the

thousand, with their wives and children, were pouring into Alexandria, and being shipped off to Europe by us, that energetic naval officer, Charlie B. of the Condor, superintending the embarkation arrangements. After an interview with the admiral, I went at once to the British Consulate to see if everything in the way of defence was right. The consul had been badly wounded, and barely escaped with his life on the afternoon (massacre commenced about 3 or 3.30 P.M.) of the 11th June, which proved fatal to so many. I found a marine officer in charge, and everything ready. A telephone wire and cable connected the Consulate with the flagship in the harbour, the barracks and forts were full of troops, and it was very evident that Arabi and his crew meant to make the place too hot for us. Passing the low sea-battery of Mex on our way into the harbour, I noticed that it was in a different state from when I last saw it in March: everything was ready for action there. I was not long in getting, so to say, behind the scenes: it was really war now, and I did not hesitate to use all means in my power to get the information I wanted. I had full authority to draw for any sum I required for the special service I was on. Amongst other matters, I found an agent for torpedo-mine exploding material had just left for Europe after a conference with Arabi & Co. I put salt on that individual's tail by a wire that he bore a striking resemblance to one of the Phoenix Park murderers, for whose apprehension there was a reward of £1000. The agent was not seen again in Egypt.

The morning after my arrival an amusing incident occurred which put me at once *en rapport* with the fleet. At daybreak, when the decks were being

washed, I was up as usual, with bare feet, and as the weather was hot, had on only a thin flannel singlet and a pair of loose white trousers. Suddenly I saw the light just right for getting a good view of a battery on Ras-el-Tin, which was very indistinct at other times. I ran down to my cabin, slung my glasses over my shoulder, and almost before I was aware of it, found myself running up the main rigging sailor fashion, as I had often done in my younger days, and over the futtock shrouds into the main-top, where I made my observations. Before coming down I noticed the men washing decks were looking up at me in amazement: this great military swell was really only a sailor after all. When I got on deck the first lieutenant said he would not have run up the rigging barefoot, as I had just done, for a £5 note. I heard this little escapade of mine was semaphored all over the fleet that morning, and had a very good effect as far as I was concerned.

My quarters were on board the *Invincible*, my name being—I was pleased to find—regularly entered on the books as belonging to her. I had an excellent cabin, and lived with Captain Molyneux. To the best of my recollection, the *Monarch* and *Penelope* were not in the inner harbour with us when I arrived. I think they joined us afterwards, but we had three or four gunboats, the *Condor* being one of them. The admiral lived for the time being on board the *Helicon*, where there was a daily conference. The flag-captain, H., I found signed himself chief of the staff. “Well, Hotham,” I said, “if you take a shore rank, I consider I am fully entitled to take a sea one, and sign myself flag-major,” which I assumed as my proper status. A kinder, more hospitable, or more delightful chief

to serve under could not possibly exist than my admiral, Sir Beauchamp. We had another admiral close to, Conrad, whose flagship was the French iron-clad, the *Victorieuse*, which was also in the inner harbour: every one liked him immensely. He always insisted on putting Mac in front of my name; why, I never could make out. To keep my chief well posted up in the Egyptian preparations was my principal duty: this necessitated a good deal of shore work. I was cautioned by certain politicals to take care of myself, and was in consequence always ready for accidents. My growing naval beard and the curious plain clothes I managed to procure were apparently sufficient. A little Arab boy did, however, recognise me. Wanting backsheesh as usual, he said with a grin, "I see you shooting Damietta." One morning when at the Marina I happened to ask a Gippy officer my way out: he took me for some one else. I followed him, thinking he was guiding me to the street, when he suddenly ushered me into a room where Arabi and all his crew were assembled in some sort of conference: to make a low bow and clear did not take me long.

All this time our politicals and the admiral were in constant telegraphic communication with the Government at home, whose motto seemed to be, "Peace at any price." We saw clearly enough what it would all end in, but the Government were apparently of the same mind as the proverbial ostrich. One morning when I was engaged writing on board the *Invincible*, a tall thin subaltern of engineers named Kitchener came to see me: he had got a few days' leave from his general at Cyprus, and as he could speak Arabic, had come to see if he could be of any

use to me. "Certainly," I replied; "I hope you will be able to stay with me." The following day a cipher message from the adjutant-general, Sir Garnet, arrived. (I should mention that I had arranged a cipher code of my own in case he wished to communicate directly with me: I chose a very simple number, so that in the event of the paper with it being lost, it could be found in the Army List. The number was that of my regiment and my age last birthday.) I could make nothing of the message although both K. and I worked it in every conceivable form. Evidently there had been some carelessness on the part of the person who had undertaken to forward it, so a query was sent *viâ* the Admiralty in their cipher. The answer delivered to me next morning at daybreak was to the effect that I must not speak to newspaper correspondents about my scheme for capturing Alexandria, as it was all in a telegram from the 'Times' correspondent, then on board one of the P. and O. ships lying in the harbour. My indignation at the idea of my speaking to any one except my chief about my scheme was extreme; so I dashed off at once to the P. and O. ship Tangore, where I found Moberly Bell, the 'Times' correspondent, whom I had not before even seen. He was fast asleep, and rather startled at being woke up at 5 A.M. He told me that an officer on the American man-of-war then in harbour had pointed out the grand results of an attack exactly similar to the one I had worked out, and he had wired it home. Nothing more was said or suggested, and, as I expected, the matter was forgotten, and Arabi & Co. made no preparations whatever to meet an attack which would, if carried out, have been their destruction. When I first

arrived I found the idea was that we might have to fight where we were at anchor in the harbour: the French were then to act with us, and I did not at all like the situation. Opposite, on our starboard broadside, the shore, with the Ras-el-Tin guns and garrison, was much too close; astern of us at 700 yards was the Marina with its garrison; but what I disliked most of all, on the port side was the high quarantine fort, 1200 yards off, which could fire right down on our decks. I ventured to suggest that if we were to fight as a fort we ought to have greater protection from a raking fire from the Marina than cables piled across the deck would give; so 10,000 sand-bags were at once got from Malta. Subsequently, when we left the harbour to fight outside of it, I was certain the move was one in the right direction.

Arabi's preparations in mounting more guns and adding to the parapets of his batteries could not be allowed to go on, so he got a letter from the admiral that the preparations against us must cease. To this he replied he was really not aware more guns were being mounted, &c., and would stop it at once; that he was not well acquainted with the armaments of the forts, but if the admiral wished for information about them, he should ask Major Tulloch, because Major Tulloch really knew far more about the forts than he, Arabi, did. I could not help being really delighted at such a professional compliment.

The following day a letter arrived from the adjutant-general, Sir Garnet, about the possibility, or rather impossibility, of an advance from Alexandria *viâ* the Nile to Cairo, if a land campaign were necessary. Some one at headquarters still fancied that

route. By this time the Nile was so high that, even if there had been no canal in Ismailia, an advance by that way would have been very difficult: Napoleon's march was in the dry season. To be certain that the ground was unfit, I got the chief engineer of the railways, Wright, to run up as far as the bridge of Kaffir Zyat, eighty miles up the line, on an express engine. From what he said it was evident the country was now quite unfit for a march by the suggested route; but on thinking the matter over, I came to the conclusion Sir Garnet would be better pleased if I reported to him that I had satisfied myself about the matter by a personal examination. Therefore I decided to go up the line in disguise. The admiral did not at all like the risk of my doing so, but I said I considered it a matter of duty, so arranged to slip into the Suez train with the mail passengers next afternoon, got up as a Levantine official. I did not like cutting off my naval beard, and rather amused K. by saying, as I brushed it out before clipping it for shaving: "Well, K., I wonder if this also"—pointing to my throat—"will be cut to-day." In the morning I had been with our politicals in their room in the town in my usual dress: in the afternoon, before starting, I walked into their room again. The first exclamation was, "What on earth does this confounded Gippy want in here?" It was some time before I was recognised, so I thought my disguise would do. As I had just had two special warnings they were on the watch for me on shore, I had to be careful. When a reconnaissance has to be made, there should always be at least two, to give a chance of one getting back with the required information; so K. went with me in the same train. He, like the

rest of the passengers, was safe enough, but I knew that if recognised I should not get far. Arrived at Kaffir Zyat, I made out that I was suddenly so overcome with a painful complaint I must return for special medical advice to Alexandria; but when K., who remained to help the invalid, inquired about the exact time our train would leave, it was decidedly unpleasant to find that our expected return train had been taken off, and that there was but one more train to come that evening. It was the last run by the European administration, and brought the few remaining English from Cairo. I thought it advisable to keep out of sight as much as possible until the train arrived, and got a couch in a room in the station-master's house. Having plenty of cigarettes, I was comfortable enough, but I knew my chief would be in a great state of anxiety at my not returning at the expected time. How to communicate my situation to him over the Egyptian wires was the difficulty, until a happy thought struck me; so I got the following message sent to the P. and O. agent, who had given me the through ticket, "Inform head of firm train taken off, but will send cotton by the next." C., the agent, was very puzzled, but the meaning of the message suddenly flashed on him, and he was quietly able to relieve the admiral's anxiety. When the train came in I saw one of the Europeans recognised me, but a quick sign was sufficient. The invalid and his companion had a carriage to themselves.

Arabi's people soon heard about my little trip. Seven days afterwards a fair-complexioned Syrian was noticed in the train at Kaffir Zyat: he was taken out of the train under the impression that

he was a European doing my work, and his throat cut on the platform. I doubt if Sir G. ever knew the risk I ran to get and wire him the information he required.

Arabi now made little concealment of his work on the batteries, the men in which were constantly at drill, sighting their guns on the ships in the harbour. We should, if this were allowed to go on, very possibly have met with the fate of Admiral Duckworth's squadron at Constantinople in the old French war, which had to leave rapidly and fight its way past the Dardanelles forts. The Mex fort and battery, with its Armstrong 12- and 18-ton guns and huge smooth-bores, just opposite the passage through the bar reef, would have been our Dardanelles. There were in addition to this armament no less than nine 12-ton Armstrong guns outside the gate of the fort when I examined it in March, the carriages and slides being inside the fort; and I knew there was a large store of torpedo mines there which might add to the difficulty. I was also aware of the scheme to sink boats laden with stones in the passage through this reef barrier: large boats were all ready for this at Mex. Arabi thought he would be strong enough to overpower and capture the inshore squadron. A gunboat was told off to creep for wires at night off Mex and prevent the channel being blocked, which was about all that could be done. Owing to the absence of any high building, I was unable to get a look with my glasses inside that fort, but I managed it as regards the others, although my having done so, I heard afterwards, became known next day.

The tension of the situation was well known to

the authorities at home, with whom we were in direct telegraphic communication, who seemed at last to have made up their minds we should have to engage the forts, apparently being under the extraordinary delusion that the destruction of the forts would bring Arabi and his friends on their knees. The scheme for the capture of Alexandria, with which both the Admiralty and War Office were thoroughly acquainted, would, according to the revelations in the life of the late Mr Childers, have been considered "an act of war," whereas smashing a fort and its garrison was merely a "military operation." The protection of the Canal, for which a brigade of infantry at Cyprus was ready, was certainly a matter of great consequence: unfortunately those who had the affairs of the nation in their keeping could not bring themselves to see that an act of war in the landing of 3000 men at Ramleh to capture Alexandria and the Egyptian chiefs, whilst the fleet engaged the forts, was of very much more importance, and would have been the most certain way of protecting the Canal. Had that scheme been carried out, the destruction of Alexandria, for which Egypt had to pay an indemnity of five millions, would have been avoided, and also the loss of life on both sides in the subsequent campaign, to say nothing of the cost of it, which had to be borne by England. The correspondence in Mr Childers' memoirs indicates very clearly who was to blame for the terrible mistake.

During the whole of this critical time there was one individual for whose personal safety we could not help being very anxious. That was the Khedive, who was to all intents a prisoner in Arabi's hands at Ras-el-Tin. It was confidentially suggested to him

that I should land at night with a picked lot of men, and bring him on board for his own safety: this he at once rejected. It was an unpleasant feeling that very possibly the first shot would mean his death: however, that must now be risked, and the time for action had arrived. Notwithstanding Arabi's promises to the contrary, he continued to strengthen his works and mount more guns. The first time the search-light was turned on the Egyptian working-parties, who were as thick as bees on the parapets, there was a great scare amongst them, the light probably being considered as a new form of projectile, some in their fright even cutting at it. Matters had now come to such a head that the admiral was obliged to send in an ultimatum demanding the surrender of one of the forts in which guns had been mounted. Arabi offered to dismount three guns; he was informed the time was past for considering such a proposal. To atone for the construction and arming of works which so seriously imperilled the safety of the ships in harbour by dismounting three guns which could be back in their carriages in less than an hour, was rather too much. Arabi, or rather the colonels, were evidently of opinion that they were strong enough to beat off the fleet. An answer was therefore returned, that if the fort in question was not surrendered by a certain hour, the fleet would open fire and destroy the forts.

CHAPTER XX.

ALEXANDRIA FORTS.

BEFORE the ultimatum was sent in it was ascertained that all Europeans able and willing to do so had come down to Alexandria and got on board ship: a few still remained in Cairo, and some even in Alexandria. Instructions for the fleet had also been prepared, so that when the ultimatum was sent in there was little left to do except to order all the mercantile steamers out of harbour to a position outside, where they would be safe. To our great regret, our friends of the French navy were instructed by their Government to avoid taking any part in the coming fight. We were quite strong enough to do without them, but we could not help sympathising strongly with our old allies in their vexation at being ordered by their authorities in Paris to abstain from helping us. The American man-of-war, whose crew were very keen to join in, had also, as a neutral, to go; but after we had landed and were rather hard pressed, then, in Egypt, as old Tatnall had done at the Peiho, the American blue-jackets were ashore and alongside ours.

The inshore squadron, consisting of the *Invincible* (flagship), *Monarch*, and *Penelope*, cleared for action.

Being masted ships, the same precautions with regard to securing spars up aloft had to be gone through as in the old days of the naval fights in the previous century. The gunboats, Condor, Bittern, Beacon, Cygnet, and Decoy, had their chain-cables faked up and down on their sides to protect them as much as possible against the heavy projectiles. It was a grand sight, as we lay in the harbour, to see the steamers all file out past our broadside, leaving us alone, stripped of our superfluous gear aloft and ready for business.

The rest of the fleet—viz., the Alexandra, Inflexible, Superb, Sultan, and Temeraire—were outside the barrier-reef. The orders for the coming action, stated shortly, were as follows: the outer squadron steaming in line ahead were to engage the outer line of forts in succession, the gunboats to connect between the outer and inner squadrons and act as required.

That night as soon as it was dark we put out all lights, and we—that is, the Invincible, the Monarch, and Penelope—steamed quietly down past the shore batteries and took up our prearranged positions opposite Fort Mex. This was the enemy's strongest fort: the thick sand parapet well covered the heavy armament, consisting of, to the best of my recollection, two Armstrong 18-ton guns, three 12-ton Armstrongs, six heavy 9-inch (100 lb.) smooth-bores, and several smooth-bore 36-pounders; there were also three heavy mortars. The magazine of the fort was well covered, and in rear, on a slight rise, was a massive masonry citadel, with smaller (40-pounder) Armstrong and smooth-bores (36-pounders). Along the front of the fort was a rocky foreshore, and behind one flank a small-boat harbour.

We in the Invincible had a spring on our cable, so

as to keep our broadside on the fort. Our armament consisted of 12-ton guns in an iron-plated casemate, with eight old-fashioned truck guns—converted rifled 64-pounders—on the quarter-deck and forward. The *Penelope*, which also anchored ahead of us, was an older ship with a lighter armament. The *Monarch*, which kept under weigh, had four very heavy guns in her two turrets and a small secondary armament. The heavy guns of the turrets of the *Temeraire*, anchored 4000 yards outside, were also to engage *Mex*.

Soon after daybreak a boat with three Egyptian officers, who said they had been all night looking for us, came alongside with another proposition from *Arabi*, which was so absurd that they were politely told to return. The inside of our battery, with the blue-jackets stripped to the waist and ready for action, was a fine sight. The bridge was barricaded with hammocks, and here the admiral, captain, and flag-lieutenant took up their position. There I could be of no use, so suggested I should go into the main-top, where I would be able to see over the smoke and give the ranges. There was a 1-inch Nordenfeldt on the top under a midshipman named Hardy: we had no plates or hammocks to protect us, so had a clear uninterrupted view. I was amused to find two ex-naval friends in the top, lying down comfortably behind the mast: they had managed to get quietly on board. I should mention that K.'s general at Cyprus telegraphed more than once for me to send him back. I replied that I could not spare him, but on the 9th or 10th, as soon as I saw the screw of the passenger steamer which should have taken him back, begin to turn, I wired, "Finished with K. He has been very useful,

but can now return." K. in plain clothes I could not take officially, but it was arranged he should get on board and keep out of sight. At 7 A.M. the Alexandra was ordered to fire one gun at Ras-el-Tin fort. After a short interval this was returned by Gippies, and a general signal to commence the action was then made from the flagship, the Invincible. We also began with our starboard broadside, about which I sung out to the bridge, "All short." The Gippies at once gave us a well-aimed return; they had our range exactly. I turned to the Nordenfeldt, and asked what the distance was which had been given for sighting. "1350 yards" was the answer. "That," I said, "I am certain is too little. Let the whole machine off at once, and we shall then be able to see where the bullets strike." They did so, showing that the distance was under-estimated; 1500 proved to be the right range. The first discharge from the Monarch's turrets also was short. This I shouted down to the bridge, and she was so informed by signal. Her next discharge was, I saw, 300 yards over. This was again signalled. We now all had the right range, and a very pretty fight went on. Marabout fort, away farther west, also joined in. This the Penelope answered from her port broadside; the starboard was engaging Mex. The gunboats, the Condor leading, had Marabout almost to themselves: fortunately being under weigh, they were not hit. This was uncommonly lucky for them, for a single well-placed shell from the heavy rifled guns at Marabout would (as with the gunboats at the Peiho) have sunk any one of them.

The enemy's gunners, considering the tremendous fire we poured into the Mex fort, made uncom-

monly good shooting, our water-line being apparently their special target. Placed as I was, I could see their projectiles strike the water some yards off, and then shoot along under the surface; but by the time they touched the ship their force was gone. During the four hours we were under fire we were only hulled about thirty times, and but one plate was started. Having abnormally good sight, I often noticed the enemy's shot coming towards us, just like cricket-balls. My companion in the top, Hardy,—now, alas! with the majority,—not having been under fire before, bobbed occasionally when the shot came close. I began chaffing him, when a thing like a railway train rushed past. He had then the laugh on his side. I could not help staggering back: it must have been a shell from one of the 18-ton guns, and very close to us, as it cut the signal-halliards. Oddly enough, we did not feel the wind of it: perhaps rifled projectiles are different in this respect from round-shot. Every now and then something plunged into the sea on our outer side close to the ship: it must have been a heavy shell from one of the mortars. As seen from the battery, these shells must have appeared to drop on our decks. At last I became so interested, from a gunnery point of view, that I almost wished one would drop as intended on board, so that we might see the effect of such a projectile on a ship's deck. None, however, hit us. Suddenly a large spherical shell came through the bulwarks, struck a bollard or staunchion, and spun round on the deck. At once the men by the foremost gun saw what it was, and called out to me, "It's a shell." Without thinking what I was doing, I craned over the rail to see if the beast was fizzing.

Fortunately the rap on the staunchion or bollard had knocked the fuse out, but it was a nasty thing to have on the deck, so I called to the gun's crew near it, "Pitch the damned thing overboard!" and one of the blue-jackets picked it up and trundled it down the ash-shoot into the sea. It was wonderful to see how well the Gippies stuck to their guns: more than once I saw one of our shells go square and fair into an embrasure. "That gun is finished," I thought. Not a bit of it! back came an answer in due course. The answer was so quick in one case that I could not help jumping on to the top-rail and holding on with one hand to a stay, giving a cheer, "Well done, Gippy!" much to the amusement of my friends on the deck below. Towards eleven o'clock the fire from the forts began to slacken, and as I could be of no further use in the top, came down to the quarter-deck, where the officer in charge of one of the quarter-deck old-fashioned truck guns suggested I should try my hand at fighting it. Being fairly well up in the old-fashioned naval guns, I was delighted. Working a gun on board ship, where the motion of the vessel takes the sights off the object so quickly, is very different from firing from a steady shore platform. The thick smoke from the adjoining guns I found particularly troublesome, often obscuring everything just as I was getting on to my target. When it cleared, the gun would be quite off the object; but with one's eye on the sights and the tube-lanyard in hand, the rapid words of command I had to give,—"Muzzle right, muzzle left, elevate, raise, lower,"—and then the instant the sights were on, the word "Well," with a sharp pull of the tube-lanyard, was most fascinating. Snipe-shooting was not in it. My target was the lightning-conductor of

the low magazine, which I could distinctly see, even at 1500 yards. I found afterwards several grooved cuts on the cement roof, and concluded I had had something to do with them.

We had only seven men wounded, all inside the casemate. The *Penelope* had a curious experience: a huge round-shot hit one of her guns on the muzzle, putting it out of action. The round-shot broke into fragments, knocking over eleven men. One of these, lightly hit on the stern, was seen immediately afterwards under the would-be surgical hands of his comrade, who was trying to pick the piece of iron out with his knife. At one time the *Penelope* got it so hot, the enemy having her correct range, that her captain signalled for permission to shift berth, which he did. The *Monarch* fought under weigh: her turret armament gave her a special advantage over a broad-side ship like ourselves and the *Penelope*.

About eleven o'clock the fire rapidly slackened, and then ceased entirely. Carefully examining the embrasures with my glasses, I came to the conclusion, from the position of the muzzles of the guns, that, as far as I could judge, not a single one was dismounted. Certainly, from the tremendous fire we had for four hours poured into the low-lying open fort, and the plucky way the garrison had fought their guns, an immense number must have been killed and wounded; but the fort seemed so quiet that I believed it had been evacuated. The reserves and what remained of the gunners might have retreated to the citadel just in rear, but I was under the impression the fort itself was empty. I mentioned all this to the admiral and Captain Molyneux, and pointed out that from the way the garrison had behaved, it was not at all unlikely

another lot of blacks and coast gunners would be sent down from Alexandria during the night with more ammunition. (There was a railway from the town to Mex.) Ours was pretty well exhausted, and if the wind got up during the night we should not be able to make such good practice next day ; so I suggested going ashore, under cover of the gunboats, and spiking the guns. It was about one o'clock, whilst the rest of the fleet were still engaged with the other batteries. This the admiral concurred in, and volunteers were called for. Twelve were selected, and then, with Bradford, the gunnery lieutenant, in command, Lieut. Poore, Hedworth Lambton, and myself, we went off in the steam-cutter. The names of the twelve seamen and the four who remained in the cutter were all mentioned in Sir Beauchamp's despatch to the Admiralty which gave an account of the action with the forts. Kitchener, the tall engineer officer, had slipped down quietly into the boat also ; but Bradford said he could not take a man in plain clothes, even on the plea of being my interpreter : so K. had, to his disgust, to return on board. Just as I was going over the side the dear old admiral said, " Well, if you come back, I will recommend you for——" Just then a gun was fired, and I did not hear for certain what he said ; but be that as it may, I could not help laughing at the words of the farewell. The gunnery lieutenant took several charges of gun-cotton, with exploders and wire, my contribution being a hammer and a bag of great nails. As I got into the boat the men in the top called down to me, " They are all round the place." The answer was, " All right ; drive them clear with your Nordenfeldt."

The admiral had called in the gunboats, which

went as close to the shore as possible to cover our landing. As we got near the last of them, the Bittern, they again told us they were all round the place, so we steamed straight for the battery. I suggested going round and in by the boat harbour, where there was a landing-place; but Bradford preferred going straight on, as the gunboats could better protect us that way. When we got to some of the outlying rocks we stopped steaming, and then, as the day was very hot and the water looked inviting, I thought a swim would be very pleasant, so, sword in hand, slung myself overboard. I was rather out of breath on getting ashore, but managed to scuttle up a small breach made by our fire. When half-way up I put my foot in a shell-hole and came on my nose: the squadron, looking on, thought I was shot. I got to the crest of the parapet, when, instead of black fellows, whom I hoped to frighten into fits by a ferocious display of the regulation sword exercise, I found the fort was empty. If there were any men in the citadel, they thought that with the gunboats so close in they had better lie low. A gun-cotton charge was put into the muzzle of one of the 18-ton guns, a wire attached, and we all scrambled over the parapet, lying down outside. The gun-cotton did not injure the gun, so another method was tried. A charge was put between the cheeks of the carriage; then we took shelter as before. The carriage was found to be destroyed, and the gun dismounted. The commander of one of the gunboats told me afterwards that bits of the gun-carriage had gone out over our heads to sea and cut his rigging. Whilst Bradford was attending to the other big gun, Lambton, the gunner, and I raced off with the hammer and bag of nails to spike the great

smooth-bores, which we did. I found one man had taken shelter under the first great gun I went for, but as he did not show signs of fight, we left him alone where he was. All this work was rapidly done, and then we decided that the sooner we were on board our cutter again the better. The Bittern's dinghy came in to help us, and as I was about done, I waded and swam out, put my sword in her stern-sheets, and got in. Just then she touched a rock: it was not long before she was match-wood, and I was swimming again. I managed to get rid of my patrol-jacket before finding myself afloat, and well it was I did so. I just succeeded in getting ashore; in a very few minutes more I should have gone under. Lambton did not apparently see me as I staggered on land, but he caught sight of part of my cast-off jacket. "Save the major!" the dear good fellow shouted, rushing to the water, when he fortunately saw I was safe. When we got back on board the Invincible the delight of the admiral was extreme: he shook hands with every one of us. I was so played out that I let my sword fall on the quarter-deck and tumbled below, where I was horribly sick. The surgeon said he could not have believed a man could have swallowed so much salt water. I did not know I had taken down a single drop. Our work was finished about half-past one. The outer squadron at first commenced the action under weigh, line ahead; but the distance they had to be away from the shore they found too great for effective fire, so they anchored and concentrated their fire on each fort in succession, but were unable to silence all the forts until about half-past three. Some of the ships were a good deal hammered, particularly the Alexandra, which was hulled over sixty times.

Only two officers were killed. I cannot remember the total casualties, but, considering the time the ships were under fire, they were small.

Just before going in to dinner the captain's servant informed me the admiral's coxswain wanted to speak to me. "Hullo, Winsor," I said, "what's up now?" "I beg pardon, sir, but you can speak to the captain and the admiral. Me and my crew—seven all told—want you to go ashore with us to-night, and we will spike all the blessed guns along the coast." To my very great regret I was obliged to reply, "If I were able I would be only too pleased to go with you, but, Winsor, I am done. You know what a squeak of being drowned I had to-day. I have not enough strength left in me." A greater compliment from the blue-jackets I could not have received.

I was told that the steam-cutter had all the blades of her screw broken but one: she certainly was well handled in getting in among the rocks sufficiently close to shore to enable the men to land. Even then they were up to their waists. Calm at daybreak, there was a nasty wash of a sea on by one o'clock, which made our scrambling back into the cutter rather difficult. The massacre at Alexandria took place on the 11th June, the destruction of the forts which avenged it on the 11th July.

When the firing from the forts ceased, white flags were hoisted in the Ras-el-Tin battery. Some out-buildings of the palace there, just behind the guns, had been set on fire by shells going over the battery, but the fire was slight and soon burnt itself out: there was no smoke then coming from the town. Next day a battery did again open fire on the outer squadron, but was soon silenced: possibly the same would

have taken place at Mex had their guns been serviceable. The outer squadron went on to the Aboukir Forts, which remained silent, with—if I recollect correctly—white flags over them, as at Alexandria. Our flag-lieutenant, Lambton, was sent in about 11 A.M. in the Bittern with flags of truce, and had an interview with Toulba Pasha in the arsenal, and gave him two hours to haul down colours and surrender, otherwise bombardment would recommence. At the end of the two hours, on going to the Egyptian yacht, Marousah, for his answer, he found Toulba had fled and the town set fire to in several places: this under cover of the flags of truce, which had evidently been made use of simply to get time to evacuate the town and then set fire to it. Until daybreak we could do nothing towards saving Alexandria, but as soon as it was light enough the inshore squadron steamed to its old anchorage in the harbour, and the outer squadron was signalled to send in landing parties: boats could not be used the day before—viz., the 12th—owing to the heavy swell which had set in during the afternoon. The streets were still in the hands of fanatical natives, who opened fire on the first landing party so strongly that a Gatling had to be landed to clear the streets near the Marina. The afternoon before we attacked the forts I received secret information that, if defeated, the Arabists intended destroying Alexandria, Damanhour, and Cairo; but as we moved out at once from the harbour, I was unable to ascertain the truth of the statement.

I think it was the day we returned to the harbour—viz., the 13th—that the Khedive, who had been in the hands of the Arabists at Ramleh, managed to persuade those in charge to allow him to escape

into Alexandria. He came in with that splendid fellow, Zorab Pasha, afterwards Sir Zorab. I believe I was the first officer they met. I happened to mention to the Khedive how vexed I was my scheme for landing at Ramleh had not been sanctioned. When I stated the number I had thought necessary for the work, he exclaimed, "Three thousand! One thousand would have been enough." Soon after he was installed in his old quarters at Ras-el-Tin, I went there to write out orders for the different parties of blue-jackets and marines guarding the gates of Alexandria. My orders, given as the admiral's military staff officer, were as follows: "The officer commanding the different gate guards will make frequent patrols in the vicinity of his post. Any man seen plundering is to be made a prisoner, but any one seen setting fire to a building is to be shot on the spot." The city was still burning, and fatigue parties from the fleet were working as only blue-jackets can to stop the fires spreading. I was recommended to get my order *visé* by a Minister of the Khedive, who had somehow turned up. I sent for him: he was nervous about the order, and said he must consult the Minister of the Interior. I then gave it to him straight, when, in a great state of alarm at my language, he said at once, "I consent, I consent." This was sufficient for me, and my instructions to the guards of the gates were carried out. On my informing my chief what I had done, he at once approved. Returning to the Marina, I came suddenly on an Arnaut engaged in plundering: he seemed to have his belt full of revolvers and knives. Somehow it became a question of who was the better man: before he could whip out a revolver, I had shifted my sword to my left hand, and with my right

let him have it straight under the chin, throwing my whole weight into the blow. He was a very tall man, but thin. He dropped at once—his revolver, which he had just got hold of, being jerked out of his hand by the fall. He made a clutch at another, but before he could get it out, I had my foot on his wrist and the point of my sword on his throat. "Kill him!" shouted an individual who suddenly appeared, "or he will shoot you with the revolver." "No fear," I said; "another move and my sword goes into his throat." A couple of blue-jackets, hearing the noise, ran up to my assistance, and we took the man a prisoner on to a ship's boat. "What are you going to do with me?" the Arnaut asked through an interpreter. "Take you on board ship and hang you," I answered. "You tried to kill me." "Well," he replied, "you tried to kill me." He then informed me he was one of the Arnaut guards of a bank. He had remained guarding the bank during the burning, and had only come down for a little quiet plundering when I caught him. "Well," I said, "you did your duty by the bank, and you gave me a few minutes' amusement just now, so you can go ashore again and return to your bank." Next day I saw him with the rest of his Arnaut guards at the door of his building. He recognised me, grinning with delight, and evidently explaining to his companions the little difference we had had.

When doing my work I had other adventures with plunderers,—one in which I made four natives heave to by presenting, like a revolver, an old-fashioned wooden gun-sight at them. Another was in coming suddenly on six Levantine rascals, who afterwards proved to be well armed: they were so scared by

my wild, unwashed, unshaven, piratical appearance in borrowed naval garments which did not fit, that when I went for them sword in hand, they allowed themselves to be run in by me to the nearest guard without a show of resistance.

Soon after landing I went round the batteries near Ras-el-Tin. Some of the sights were decidedly gruesome. I heard afterwards on perfectly reliable authority that the casualties amongst the blacks, garrison gunners, and infantry reserves in rear, had been over 800. Cartloads of dead were taken out of the battery during the action, but there were at last so many that a huge pit at Ras-el-Tin was dug, and they were thrown into it and earth over them: the top layer of bodies was visible in several places. The parapet had fallen over some, which could not in consequence be moved from where they had been killed. Under one gun, which had been capsized by a shell, lay the bodies of the Egyptian officer and five or six of his gallant crew. Few men could have tried to do their duty better than those who actually manned the batteries. We could not help noticing with admiration how in one case, when a gun had been dismounted, they had got shears up and tried to remount it. In another they had tried to get a gun into its place with screw-jacks, all this under the tremendous fire from the ships. At Mex there was a thick sand parapet to cover the gunners, but along the eastern batteries in many cases there were only the old stone parapets, the splinters from which alone must have caused many casualties.

Our fuses did not do well, a great number of shells not bursting. I found one of our large naval shells inside the principal powder-magazine. Another

interesting circumstance was noticed, and that was the course taken by our big shells when striking the superior slope of a sand parapet. After penetrating a certain distance, the shell took a curve and went out at the top. I suggested a committee being formed to take service notes of the effect of our fire on the different portions of the defences, guns, &c., but every one was too busily employed. The conclusion I arrived at was that, if properly constructed shore batteries have to be attacked from the sea, special vessels, carrying very heavy howitzers, should be employed, and there should be a very ample supply of ammunition. Battleships are built to fight other battleships, and carry the proper armament for so doing, and to use such armament against shore batteries would be an unquestionable mistake. Mex was a perfectly open battery with no bomb-proof cover, and without traverses between the guns; yet with three battleships firing into it at only 1500 yards, assisted from the turrets of a ship outside, it took four hours to silence Mex, and that was accomplished by the destruction of the *personnel*, only one single gun being so damaged as to be out of action. Had the garrison been properly protected, we should have got through our ammunition without silencing the battery.

It was a fortunate matter for us that Arabi had no energetic genius like the French officer who put Constantinople in a state of defence, and obliged Admiral Duckworth to withdraw his squadron. There were at Alexandria 5 18-ton, 15 12-ton, and 12 8-ton Armstrongs, complete in every way with a large supply of ammunition, nearly 100 immense smooth-bores, and about 30 heavy mortars, also with plenty

of projectiles and powder. The blacks and garrison gunners were, as they proved, excellent fighting material. There was unlimited labour available, but the brain power that might have made Alexandria a difficult, if not impossible, nut for us to crack was wanting.

Arabi's forces, after retreating from Alexandria and setting fire to the town under cover of the white flags over the batteries, pulled themselves together at Kafr Dewar, a few miles from Alexandria, where they commenced intrenching. With an enemy so near, all the men who could be spared from ship duty were landed. Even then we were hard pressed; but here, as in China nearly a quarter of a century before, our true friends of the American navy came ashore to help us.

With such a large force disembarked, I had to become a shore staff officer again. K.'s general insisted on his returning to Cyprus: could he have remained, he would have been invaluable to us. He himself did not, I am sure, know his own power: he was very retiring and diffident. Had we been aware what a genius was with us, not all the generals in the Mediterranean would have prevented our keeping him. I had many things to attend to in the way of organising our temporary departments—commissariat, transport, hospitals, fresh-water supply, and suchlike. There was a splendid man, Cornish, in charge of the Alexandria water-works, and as I anticipated Arabi would dam the Mahamoudia Canal, from which our water came, I had the old Roman tanks cleared out and filled. The Intelligence Department at Alexandria had to be kept going. I had Arabic type and printers on board the Invincible

for proclamations, &c., but the work of the department required one man specially for it. I was therefore well pleased when Sir F. Goldsmid, who had been employed in connection with the Egyptian finance, kindly consented to take it over. Phillips of the Egyptian 'Gazette,' and Hasseltine a civilian friend, who had been invaluable to me, and Gibson also, assisted Sir Frederick.

With so much to do, I had but little time for sleep, and had not been able to take my clothes off for several days and nights; but one night I thought I might safely do so, and had just got to sleep when a blue-jacket ran into my cabin saying the captain wanted me at once on the bridge. I ran up as I was, in that great luxury, a night-shirt. A man had just come on board, the only survivor of his guard, he said, which had been attacked at one of the gates, and, after a sharp fight, nearly all destroyed. As firing had been heard, I at first believed what the man said, but on cross-examining him, and looking into his ammunition-pouch, I came to the conclusion that what he said had to be taken with a very large amount of salt. It eventually turned out that the alarm and firing had been the result of a scare produced by some refugees trying to get into the town during the night. The admiral, however, considered we ought to be reinforced, the strain of the duties being excessive; so a fast despatch-boat was sent to Port Said to bring up General Alison's brigade of infantry, which was still on board ship there, the *Iris* being left at Port Said to look after the Egyptian corvette and its Arabist commander, anchored in the canal. The *Iris's* crew lay alongside their guns, a message being sent to the *Gippy* com-

mander that on the slightest move he would get a broadside from the Iris.

The arrival of General A. with his staff relieved me of my shore duties. The blue-jackets and marines all returned to their ships, and I was then free for other work.

With an infantry brigade in Alexandria the place was safe enough, and as it was of great importance to draw Arabi's attention away from the canal, reconnaissances in force were made as if preparing for an attack on his intrenchments. The concentration of the European portion of the expeditionary force at Alexandria helped to keep up the delusion until everything was ready for the *coup* on the canal and advance from Ismailia.

CHAPTER XXI.

SUEZ CANAL.

MY work with the fleet and the shore forces at Alexandria being now at an end, I was transferred to the *Penelope* flagship at Port Said, the centre of gravity, so to say, of the situation being now on the canal. My chief was Admiral Sir Antony Hoskins. His welcome as I rowed alongside was amusing. "Hullo! here's the 'Stormy Petrel.' What are we in for now?" The actual protection of the canal was, thanks to Lesseps, not a difficult matter, more especially as there was now Admiral Hewett's Indian squadron at Suez, a battleship, the *Orion*, in Lake Timsah, and two battleships at Port Said. What I was specially required for was the formation of an Intelligence Department at Port Said, which should know everything about Arabi, and his military preparations to resist our getting to Cairo. By great good fortune I found an Intelligence Department almost ready made. The officials in charge of the great telegraph stations throughout Egypt were English or British subjects, who had lived years in the country, and knew all the principal Egyptian officials, and had native friends everywhere. All the telegraph officials who were British subjects had to

leave their posts when the rebellion broke out. The three principal ones remained at Port Said, where they were under the protection of our guns: by their help I not only received daily reports of what was being done everywhere in the Delta from Cairo downwards, but also copies of many of the important telegrams which passed between Arabi and his commanders. I even got copies of some of their letters: these were occasionally very amusing, showing the difficulties they had got into by their hasty unprepared outbreak. One of the first troubles of the Egyptian railway authorities was their want of coal, cotton-seed being used as a partial substitute. Of course attempts were made to get coal through Port Said for use by other nationalities, sometimes by concealing it under other cargo; but somehow information always came in which enabled us to stop it.

Arabi was very complimentary to me when he informed the admiral I knew more about his forts and batteries than he (Arabi) did. Had he been able to read the reports in my day-book on the *Penelope* at Port Said as they were written up, checked, and valued, it is possible he might again have been equally complimentary, or very much the reverse.

Had it not been for Lesseps, I was strongly of opinion that Arabi would have tried to block the canal, for which certain preparations had been made; but Lesseps, who was hand in glove with Arabi, was so furious against the English and any idea that they would dare to make use of the canal for military operations, that Arabi believed what he said. I think there can be no doubt Lesseps himself was under the delusion that he, with the support of the

French Government, could prevent us taking possession of the canal. I had to be present at all the interviews with my admiral. Lesseps' moustache used occasionally to bristle with suppressed indignation, but he was a thorough gentleman, and, taken all round, we got on with him as well as could be expected under the circumstances. One day on leaving, the old fellow was, I am sure, very much pleased with a little remark I made about "le grand Français," although I did lay the butter on a bit thick. We were very good friends afterwards at Ismailia, where I had lunch, or rather *déjeuner*, with him one day, and he gave me some useful information.

What we had to do was to have all the necessary preparations ready for taking possession of the whole of the canal the night before the expedition arrived at Port Said, and this without exciting the suspicions of the Arabist Government. We were nearly having our scheme spoilt by the injudicious action of a naval officer, who landed and distributed proclamations at Ismailia, which caused great excitement at Arabi's headquarters. A happy thought struck me, which put matters right. I was aware there was regular communication, of all English news concerning Egypt, sent to Cairo *viâ* Constantinople. I knew well the correspondent of the 'Standard,' Cameron, a splendid fellow, afterwards killed in action in the Soudan, would be too patriotic to object to my taking his name in vain when it was for the good of our work; so I wired the editor of the London 'Standard,' as if from Cameron, to the effect that "the rumours of a possible occupation of the canal by the English are now disposed of. M. de Lesseps, who has the French Government behind him, has settled that the

neutrality of the canal shall be rigidly observed. The guard-ships at Port Said and Ismailia are merely for the protection of those towns, as some people fear they might be burnt by the evil disposed. It is now an open secret that whilst the British portion of the force will move from Alexandria and attack Kafr Dewar, the troops coming from India will move from Suez direct on Cairo." The kind treatment of certain refugees was also referred to. Arabi and his colleagues swallowed the whole of the telegram. The attack direct on Cairo from Suez was considered so very possible that Arabi had all the spare sidings in Egypt taken up, and had actually laid fifteen miles of railway from Cairo towards Suez, and the construction of the railway went on until we had possession of the canal. The enemy tried communications with Europe *viâ* Damietta, but a gunboat soon stopped that. I proposed stopping communication with Constantinople by cutting the cable in the canal, but the admiral did not approve of my plan; so instead one of my telegraph officials, who had formerly had El Arish in his charge, went to the coast near the place in a gunboat with a liberal supply of that metallic argument so useful in the East. He got to Jaffa and stopped all communication between Cairo and Constantinople for ten days, and when he had to leave he brought back a number of interesting interrupted messages. I may mention that not only did I regularly get copies of Egyptian Government telegrams, but also many of those between certain officials in Europe and Arabi.

There were small groups of Bedouins and detachments of soldiers at a few places on the banks: they did not interfere with the working of the canal, which was carried on as usual by the French administration.

I had an interview with Admiral Hewett, commanding the squadron at Suez, and also went round the position on shore with General Tanner, who had the Indian contingent. Unfortunately, when the boats from the squadron landed their men, they were just too late to seize the rolling stock, which I had arranged with the railway manager, P., should be at Suez: as the boats touched the shore the last engine and trucks steamed away.

About three miles from Ismailia there is the important railway and fresh-water canal junction of Nefiche. The large fresh-water canal which extends from the Nile at Cairo to the locks at Suez sends off a branch at Nefiche to the locks at Ismailia, which there connect with the Suez Maritime Canal. Port Said is also supplied with fresh water from this branch. The enemy knew full well the value of the Nefiche position, which, so to say, commanded all rolling stock between that place and Suez, and the fresh-water supply for Ismailia. To prevent the locks at Ismailia being opened, I suggested a gunboat should be handy within case-range: this was done. Lesseps objected, but it was better to be on the safe side as regards the fresh-water supply. Nefiche was at first occupied by a large force of the enemy; but after Lesseps' assurances that he would guarantee the neutrality of the canal, they considered it advisable eventually to reduce the force to a few hundreds, with a detachment at Ismailia, the main body retiring to Tel-el-Kebir and the posts between that place and Nefiche.

I was now too well known to get ashore and personally inspect the Nefiche detachment and position; but I saw from the fore-cross-trees of H.M.S. Carysfort at Ismailia all I considered necessary. When waiting in

the captain's cabin one of the quartermasters came in (the ship being one of the Indian Squadron, I was not personally known to the blue-jackets) and said, "Your chair is ready." "What do you mean?" I asked; "I do not understand you." The quartermaster then replied, "A chair is ready to hoist you to the cross-trees, as the engineer officer was hoisted yesterday." "Hoist me to the cross-trees! Look here, young man; I will lay my bottom dollar I can get to the cross-trees as soon as you do." "Done with you!" cried Captain S. (who afterwards commanded the Channel Squadron); so the captain and I both went forward: he took the port rigging, I the starboard, and we stood by. At the words "Away aloft!" up we went with the rapidity of two smart royal-yard men, all the ship's company looking on. It was a dead-heat: our heads met at the cross-trees. When I was on my beam-ends afterwards in the field hospital at Kassassin some of the Carysfort's blue-jackets who were there had not forgotten me, and very kindly came into the ward to see how I fared.

At Port Said, although the usual trade of the place was going on after a fashion, there was a garrison of a few hundreds of the enemy under the command of an Arabist major. Being covered by the guns of our ships, I could safely go ashore in plain clothes whenever I wished, and arranged with my Intelligence Department to square the native police (amongst whom were several Turks and Albanians), so that when we did land the police might at once go on with their ordinary work and prevent any incendiary fires. There was an unusually large amount of petroleum in the town, and I feared that the Arabist major might give us a repetition of what had happened at Alex-

andria, in a small way, when he had to retire with his men to Fort Ghemil.

On the 19th August everything was ready to seize the canal from Port Said to Suez. The Arabist major at Port Said gave me a little anxiety. I found out he lived in the Arab village outside Port Said. I had a good look at his house, so as to be easily able to find it in the dark. I then suggested to my admiral that I should take six picked blue-jackets, and in the middle of the night, just before we landed, go round by the marsh-land dyke, break into the house, and rapidly carry off the major a prisoner. The men were selected, and the necessary arrangements made to start between one and two o'clock, when the captain of the *Monarch* and the captain of the *Penelope* both went to the admiral and would have it that the job was too risky. The scuppering of the "*Stormy Petrel*" did not seem to concern them much; but the very possible loss of six of their best blue-jackets evidently did: so the admiral annulled my expedition. But I privately decided that if the major was in his house at daylight I would get hold of him somehow. The arrangements for seizing Port Said on the night of the 19th-20th were as follows: I was to go ashore with a small selected party of marines and surprise the different guards, the position of all of which I knew. A strong force of marines and blue-jackets was then to be passed quietly on shore, and the garrison captured in their barracks. I got on shore with an interpreter before the little party of marines, and found myself suddenly in front of a body of the police. They were rather startled at first; but on my letting them know that I had now come to take possession of the town, and would not hurt them, they took in

the situation. My marines, as arranged, surprised the guards. At one there was just a very little noise, and I found one of the Gippy guard bleeding rather badly from the effects of a crack on the head with the butt of a marine's rifle; but that was the only damage done that morning.

The landing-party slipped ashore from the Monarch by means of a raft, so silently that although the French battleship astern was attached to the same buoy as our stern moorings, our departure was not even heard. Knowing the exact position of the barracks, I took the head of the little column and led the men so as to surround the barracks. Our rifles were pointing through the windows before the troops knew we were there: all surrendered at once. The senior officer of marines thought my white flannel trousers too conspicuous at the head of the column; but I pointed out that a guide must have some distinguishing mark, and white trousers were visible in the rear as well as in front.

By the time we had got the garrison safe it was beginning to grow light, so I decided to beat up the quarters of the major, and went off to the Arab village with my interpreter. The major had bolted about an hour before to Fort Ghemil; but the Arabs turned out with their heavy sticks (*nabouts*). The interpreter, getting alarmed as the Arabs became rather excited, said, "For goodness' sake let us get out of this! They are going to kill us!" My answer was, "Skittles!" He then almost shrieked, "Yes; they are going to *nabout* us now!" So I walked up to the most demonstrative Arab and shook my fist at him, saying, "Get out of this, you ugly-looking ruffian!" as if the whole affair were an amusing

joke. This seemed to quiet the crowd, some of whom apparently knew a little English. By continuing this method, and laughing at the ugly leader, we eventually got on to the road leading from the village to Port Said, when to my great relief I saw a picket of blue-jackets at the end of it. So did the Arab crowd, who followed us up nearly to the picket. On joining it I pointed out three of the worst of the crowd, and Hammil, commanding the blue-jackets, made a dash at them and took them prisoners. I told Hammil I would send a bastinadoer up directly,—“And then,” I said, “let those three fellows have a full ration of jam each!”

Returning past the barrack-gate which our men were guarding, I noticed the Egyptian troops inside evidently alarmed as to what their fate would be; so by means of my interpreter I quieted them, assuring them they would be well treated, and if any one troubled them to let me know at once, as I was their father, mother, and big brother. This evidently was very satisfactory to them, so I said that in return for my protection I expected they would work for me, to which they agreed. I said we would begin at once by putting their rifles on to two waggons which were in the square: this they immediately did.

I reported to my admiral all that had been done ashore; but when I mentioned the little affair in the Arab village, all he said was, “Are you tired of your life?” I had never really taken such a serious view of the matter, and thought I was just a trifle hard in having the three leaders bastinadoed.

Proclamations in Arabic and, I think, French were posted up the morning we occupied Port Said, informing such as required it what acts would be at once

punished with death. I had been told off officially with the captain of the *Monarch* to assist the Egyptian governor in keeping order. Port Said had the worst name of any place in the Levant for serious crimes and the use of the knife, but not a single act of violence was committed for long after we held the place: the executions in the great square at Alexandria were well known at Port Said. To capture the whole of Arabi's garrison and have his police on duty protecting the town in a couple of hours after we landed, without the loss of a single life, was decidedly satisfactory.

In broad daylight commenced the entry of the ships with troops from Alexandria. The commander-in-chief, Sir Garnet Wolseley, was amongst the first, and sent for me, directing me to go at once up the canal in a transport, which had a battalion of Marine Artillery on board, to reinforce General Gerald Graham, who was with a rather small force at Ismailia. That place had been taken possession of in the early morning by a landing-party from the *Orion*, my head Intelligence officer, Clarke, being with it, and having directions from me to get hold of the wires, and by their aid to cause Arabi & Co. to believe that a large force was already on shore at Ismailia: this he did. Several train-loads of troops were on the way from Tel-el-Kebir, when Clarke's telegrams made them stop and consider the situation. I found General Graham in the desert, a short distance out from Ismailia, and delivered the commander-in-chief's message that he was to capture Nefiche the next morning. The *Orion* fired steadily over our heads all through the night at the position held by the enemy at Nefiche: this made sleep rather difficult. Fortunately none of

the shells were premature, and in the morning General Graham got his force in order and advanced towards the station. There was some little delay at first, so I walked on by myself, as it seemed, by what I could judge by my glasses, that the troops had evacuated the position. When I got near I saw I was correct, but a number of Bedouins were plundering a train which a shell from the Orion the day before had disabled: my advent, and the troops coming on in the distance, caused a stampede, and the Bedouins rapidly left with what they could carry. I was not quite certain that some might not be in the station buildings, so cleared for action, and then burst in with my right shoulder the door of a large room. There were no Bedouins inside, but from a distant corner of the dim apartment (all the shutters were up) came a voice, "What would monsieur like to take to drink?" It was the refreshment-room of the station! The owner of the voice was the refreshment-room keeper, a fine old Frenchman over eighty years of age: although he had had the Orion's shells passing close over him all night, the old fellow was perfectly calm and ready for business! After a good laugh with him at the curious situation, I purchased a most acceptable whisky-and-water.

Returning to Ismailia, I reported what had been done to Sir Garnet Wolseley, who then requested me to become the chief of an Intelligence Department for the expeditionary force. I said I should be very pleased to undertake the work. He instructed me to report direct to him: this was on the 21st August. Previous to this I had regularly sent information to the headquarters at Alexandria, and gone there myself to fully explain the situation. I got a hint from an

old friend high up in the headquarter staff that the chief of the staff, Sir J. A., did not understand my position, and wished to know if I had authority to act quite independently of him. On this hint I sent my next report (on the morning of the 23rd) for Sir Garnet Wolseley's information through the chief of the staff. It was a long one, giving in full a statement of everything connected with the enemy's forces and what their intentions were.

Examining prisoners, checking the reports of spies, and suchlike, was only a portion of my work. I found I had to act as general agent and referee, not only to the army and navy, but also to civilians, who used to come to me when they got into difficulties or misunderstandings with the authorities.

Without going into the history of the campaign, a short statement of the situation on the 23rd August may be useful. The distance from Ismailia to Cairo was about seventy-five miles, and practically along the whole of it on the edge of the desert were the railway and large fresh-water canal. Tel-el-Kebir, where I had ascertained as early as February that the Egyptians intended constructing works to bar the passage of a hostile force coming from the direction of the Suez Canal, lay about midway—viz., some thirty miles from Ismailia. My report, delivered at the War Office in March, specially pointed out that about seven miles on the Ismailia side of Tel-el-Kebir was the very important canal-lock of Kassassin, and that farther east—viz., close to Masamah, which was ten miles nearer Ismailia than Kassassin—were *prise d'eau*, by means of which nearly the whole of the water below Kassassin could be run out, and that the possession of these places was of very special importance to us.

The enemy also knew the importance of the *prise d'eaux* near Masamah; but they fortunately thought it would be possible to stop us there: so, as soon as we landed at Ismailia, they accumulated stores and commenced intrenching at Tel-el-Masphutah, just in front of Masamah, where they also rapidly built a dam across the canal to prevent a flow of water towards Ismailia, and another still nearer Ismailia, at a place called Magfar.

On the enemy's side of Masamah the canal and railway were in good condition, being required for their own use; but both canal and railway were obstructed below Masamah, and a certain quantity of rails removed. In my early report I had naturally calculated that the Egyptians would not leave the canal or railway in a fit state for our transport purposes, and I particularly pointed out that only transport vehicles suitable for the desert should be sent. I specially mentioned Maltese carts fitted for two mules, with wheels not less than 5 feet in diameter and with extra broad tyres. I stated very plainly that our regulation transport vehicles would be quite useless, and would have to be abandoned on the first day's march. The Indian Government, to whom my report was sent, attended to it, and had no difficulty with their transport; but the regulation service carts and waggons came with the force from England, the consequence being that the first ten or twelve miles of the route from Ismailia were, on the 24th August and until the canal and railway were repaired, a very painful sight with abandoned and broken-down vehicles and horses and scattered stores—to say nothing of men being dead-beat owing to their exertions in the heat and heavy sand to help the transport animals. It was not

until that date—viz., the 24th—that we were able to make our first advance, to send forward an advance-guard of two battalions, two guns, and some mounted infantry and cavalry for the purpose of securing at once the *prise d'eaux*, the intention being to secure also as soon afterwards as possible the lock at Kassassin. In my letter of the previous day, the 23rd, I had pointed out that the enemy would probably push forward a strong reconnaissance from Masamah; and on the morning of the 24th, before Sir Garnet Wolseley left Ismailia, I personally told him that, from information I had just received, Raschid Pasha intended attacking us on the march, at which he was much pleased, saying, “*Tant mieux, tant mieux.*” Raschid carried out his intention, and as soon as our cavalry advance touched his outposts at Masphutah in front of Masamah, he advanced to the attack. The enemy, being much stronger, particularly in artillery, gave us a good deal of trouble until late in the evening, when reinforcements from Ismailia arrived, and the enemy retired to their intrenchments. The head-quarter staff returned to Ismailia, but were back with the advance-guard at daybreak the next morning. I remember having the satisfaction of guiding some of the cavalry out of Ismailia before dawn up to the force in front of Masphutah. On our force advancing it was discovered that the Masphutah intrenchment had been abandoned; but a large force of the enemy—cavalry, guns, and infantry—still covered their camp and stores at Masamah. Our cavalry and mounted infantry attacked and punished the enemy so severely that the Egyptian cavalry never dared face ours again. The enemy retreated in great confusion, leaving several guns, and a large store of arms, ammunition, camp

Equipment, and provisions; also nearly a hundred loaded railway waggons. So demoralised were they that they did not stop until safe inside the lines of Tel-el-Kebir. It was decided that night to push on and secure Kassassin lock, and at daylight on the following morning a small advance-guard of cavalry arrived there, and was followed during the day by General Gerald Graham's brigade — now three battalions of infantry with two guns and a few cavalry and mounted infantry. The cavalry and the rest of the advanced force, owing to the difficulty of supply, were left at Masamah, Sir Garnet Wolseley and the headquarter staff returning to Ismailia, where the remainder of the expeditionary force was still arriving.

On the morning of the 26th, at Ismailia, I received a long letter from one of my department whom I had sent to Jaffa to stop telegraphic communication between Cairo and Constantinople. In that letter came the first intimation of the massacre of Captain Gill, Mr Palmer, and their party: there was also an offer from a reliable official to deliver camels at Suez, on receipt of wire to do so, at £16 per head, saddles and all complete; also forage at a reasonable named price. It was rather late in the day; but, hard up as we were for transport, the camels would have been a useful reserve. As the offer, however, was to sell only, the chief of the staff would not entertain it: he would only sanction hiring camels—then an utter impossibility.

It was my duty to point out anything that would help to overcome the breakdown in our transport, and seeing the assistance the navy might give us on the fresh-water canal, I had, the day after we arrived at Ismailia, got a fatigue-party to take a cutter of the

Carysfort on rollers round the lock there, and others soon followed. Possibly I was rather too outspoken on the way the navy overcame difficulties at once, without waiting for official letters to do so; and I also blessed the War Office authorities for sending such absurd transport carriages. I did not then reflect that the chief of the staff had just come from the War Office himself, and might have had something to do with what had been sent. I fear I soon got into disfavour with him! In the mean time I was specially concerned to get the transport required to enable my own little department to push to the front, and by the morning of the 28th had managed to buy three or four ponies and a few camels—half-a-dozen old Egyptian soldiers who had been taken prisoners being delighted to remain with me and take charge of the animals. In the evening we set off for the front, and had only got as far as Nefiche when we heard heavy firing, and an alarming telegram, which was shown to me, came through for Sir Garnet Wolseley, that "it was feared General Gerald Graham had been defeated at Kassassin"! Leaving one of my department, Captain Watson of the Royal Engineers, to intrench Nefiche, I pushed forward with the West Kent, which had been ordered to march at once from Nefiche to General Gerald Graham. As soon as they were well on the road I cantered on with my orderly and an A.D.C., who was taking up a despatch from Sir Garnet Wolseley. We had an amusing encounter in the dusk with an alarmed chaplain returning from General Gerald Graham's force: he records the meeting in his experiences, 'Through the Battle-Smoke.' Farther along the canal-bank we were on the point of trying to

cut our way through what we took for a party of Bedouins. Fortunately I heard just a faint challenge which told me they were our own people—a dismounted cavalry picket—who, alarmed by the glitter of our swords in the moonlight, were about to fire, thinking we were Bedouins. At Masamah we met the Guards returning from Kassassin, and the Duke of Connaught explained the situation to me, adding that all was now quiet. So I lay down on the sand, with my pony's bridle twisted round my arm, for such rest as the animal—fortunately a very quiet one—would allow me. The next morning, soon after daybreak, I arrived at Kassassin, and joined General Gerald Graham's force.

On the Tel-el-Kebir side of Kassassin, at about two miles' distance, is some high ground which quite commands the low desert about the lock. The enemy, seeing how small the force was, and knowing that the nearest reinforcements were as far back as Masamah, had decided to advance from Tel-el-Kebir and attack General Gerald Graham. This they did on the evening of the 28th, and it was as much as we could do to hold our own. Owing to the failure of our transport and the heavy sand, our two (afterwards four) guns had only the ammunition they could carry in their limbers: this was soon exhausted, and the guns had to return to Masamah, the nearest place where they could get a fresh supply. The infantry had then to resist the whole weight of the attack. Fortunately for them the Marine Artillery battalion had with them a captured Krupp, which they had mounted on a railway waggon: this gun rendered most valuable service.

It was not until dark that the cavalry under Sir

Baker Russell came up from Masamah. Their arrival and a gallant charge finished the business. The lock-keeper's house at Kassassin was turned into a field-hospital and was soon filled. Our casualties were between seventy and eighty: although ten officers were wounded, only one, a surgeon, was killed. The verandah was occupied by the wounded officers, most of whom seemed to be comfortable enough, smoking cigarettes.

CHAPTER XXII.

TEL-EL-KEBIR.

I WAS too tired to do much the day I arrived at Kassassin; but the next day (the 30th) I made a reconnaissance over the desert towards Tel-el-Kebir, and came across the ground where the cavalry had charged. There were many dead, and, to my horror, I found several wounded men, some in a state of delirium, others very weak but still sensible. I never shall forget the eager, almost wolf-like, clutch at my seik's water-bag as soon as the unfortunate man he was assisting knew what it was. I sent in at once for dhoolies from the Indian cavalry; and one poor fellow I helped to carry had his abdomen sliced open by a sword-cut. Fortunately the bowels had not been touched; but I had to put them back in their place before I moved the man. Another was a wounded officer—a huge fellow. As I lifted him, his head, badly cut and festering, fell on my shoulder; the broken bone of his left arm was protruding through the cloth of his coat; this I did not notice until placing him flat in his dhooly. All this time the enemy's cavalry pickets were watching me at some few hundred yards' distance, but seeing what I was doing they did not advance. Four or five of the

wounded I brought in recovered, amongst them the tall officer. He informed my interpreter that on the night after the fight the Bedouins had plundered them, even killing some of the wounded who resisted. Sheltering by the wounded officer I found a little camel-boy: his only trouble was that his principal worldly possession, a pocket-knife, had been taken; but on my promising him an English knife he became quite cheerful.

At Kassassin I was enabled to get into communication with my old sporting acquaintances, the Bedouins of the Ouady, by whose assistance I succeeded in getting a considerable number of sheep brought into camp. Unfortunately some of our parties sent out to cut green forage got into hostile contact with my acquaintances, and the supply ceased. My wild friends then came in and asked me to send out a surgeon to attend to their wounded. This request I could not grant, but told them that if they would bring their wounded in, I would guarantee their being well looked after: they were afraid to do so. My Bedouins gave me special information about ambuscades laid for our foraging-parties, and when I was ill in hospital they brought in milk for me, which, being about the only thing I could take, was very acceptable. I remember sharing it with an army chaplain in the same ward; he was an elderly man with a long white beard: I think he was a Roman Catholic chaplain.

My Bedouins were also useful as messengers, taking letters and proclamations from the commander-in-chief to their head men. One of these messengers was caught. The sheik to whom the letters were addressed was at once made a prisoner, and Arabi de-

cided to have him blown from a gun. The sheik, however, pointed out that he could not prevent letters being sent to him by people of whom he knew nothing. His influential friends pleaded for him, and he got off. Clarke saw him afterwards, when he expressed a hope that he would never again have to pass such another quarter of an hour. Sufficient letters and proclamations fortunately got through to the right men. My friendly Bedouins and all concerned understood the situation, and were in consequence perfectly quiet and ready to help us immediately we advanced after Tel-el-Kebir.

On the 31st, with a small party of cavalry, I made a reconnaissance along the railway towards Tel-el-Kebir. With two of my flankers I came across a small picket of the enemy's cavalry on the Canal bank. They opened fire, but my second shot with a carbine got the range—700 yards. The enemy at once cantered off, and we continued on until within range of an advanced work in front of the Tel-el-Kebir lines, when, a squadron of the enemy's cavalry coming out, I had to retire, but not before I had seen all I wanted. My spies, and the information obtained from prisoners, added to what I saw myself, enabled me to give full particulars of the works at Tel-el-Kebir, its guns and garrison, which were increasing, as the black troops from Damietta and strong detachments from Kafr Dewar were being brought up to the lines in front of us. The official papers found after the capture of the position showed that my statements as to the number and nature of the enemy were wonderfully accurate, as were also the plan and sections of the works I sent in: the number of guns was exact to a single piece. Some predatory

Bedouins gave trouble on our line of communication with Ismailia; but a punitive expedition put matters right. The frightened villagers had taken refuge in a high crop of millet, and this we drew like a pheasant-cover at home, in case any Bedouins should be amongst them. The villagers were well pleased to be rid of the Bedouins, who had also plundered them. To keep quiet and simply remain in touch with the enemy, whilst we knew exactly what they were doing to resist us, seemed the proper course, until all our force was assembled ready for the attack. On the 5th September I was exceedingly disgusted by the arrival of Colonel Redvers Buller, who had come out from England to be head of the Intelligence Department. The commander-in-chief, Sir Garnet Wolseley, wrote hoping that I would continue to serve under that officer. My reply was that, for the good of the service, I was ready to serve under any one, much less such a well-known soldier as Buller, but trusted I might be left in charge of the field section of the department. Considering what I had done for months past, I could not help feeling that I was hardly treated. I had brought everything up to date, and the commander-in-chief knew exactly what was in front of him. Every officer of any standing was aware that another week would see the termination of the campaign, and my supersession for that short time caused some very strong remarks to be made by the senior officers.

Instead of remaining quiet, a reconnaissance in force was made on the 6th across the Ouady into the desert beyond. There may have been some special reason for this, but I was not aware of it, and in the end we had to retreat, followed up by a crowd of Bedouins, who

opened a sharp fire on us. I could not help being amused at my pony, which took the "ping" of the bullets for some obnoxious insect, evidently of the horse-fly nature! When near the Ouady I gave 600 yards as the distance of a fixed object to a young officer commanding some of the rearguard infantry, and advised him to be ready to fire steady volleys as soon as the advancing crowd of the enemy reached it. But just before they got there they halted, having come to the end of a telegraph cable, which the Engineers in our retreat had to cut and abandon. The thin cable was considered by the Bedouin to be some devilish contrivance which would at once destroy them if they advanced any farther! This victory, as the enemy considered it, was the reason for the more serious attack made on our camp three days afterwards. I had been suffering from a threatening of dysentery for some time: having had an attack of that disease in 1858 in India, I feared what was coming. By the 8th I was getting rather bad, so decided to try the usual remedy, and lie quiet next day; but at daybreak on the 9th I was roused by the information that the enemy were advancing on our camp in force. Our cavalry pickets, pushed well to the front during the day, had been drawn too far back at dusk. The result was that the enemy were able to bring their artillery into action almost before our battalions were in position. A perfect shower of shells came down on us, but the range being great, the shells in their curved flight, with few exceptions, penetrated the sand so deeply that they burst without doing any damage. The enemy's gunners did at last get the range of our extended infantry, and caused several casualties, so I rode up to the Naval Brigade,

who had the Penelope's 40-pounder Armstrong mounted on a railway truck, and told the officer in charge—Purvis—he must fire over our infantry and risk the shells stripping. (At Taku in 1860, under similar circumstances, we lost several men from the lead coating coming off the shells.) The officer in charge did not at first hear what I said, and I remember I objected to coming any closer, as the shells were falling on the sand between me and the truck, so exactly had the enemy got the range. A few rounds from the 40-pounder took the enemy's artillery off our infantry. They then concentrated on the truck, badly wounding my friend in charge—his right leg had to be amputated that afternoon. Fortunately the heavy shells of the 40-pounder proved too much for the enemy's guns, which then retired to another position. Two guns, part of the force which had come out from Salahieh to take us in flank whilst the Tel-el-Kebir force attacked us in front, came on very boldly. I happened to be riding not far in advance of a small party of the Indian cavalry when they opened on us at about 1200 yards. One shell burst fair and square on touching the sand about 40 yards from me, the fragments of it passing me on each side with a whirr like a covey of partridges. My escape was extraordinary. Captain Condor of the Engineers, riding not far off, told me he distinctly saw one fragment pass close to my right knee. The cavalry were wanted for something else, so I slipped some mounted infantry at the guns. The way these were silenced was worth seeing. The blue-jacket is known as the "handy man"—certainly the mounted infantry are the "handy men" of the British army.

Everything going on well in front, General Gerald

Graham, his A.D.C., and I then rode to the right flank. On our way there three shells, coming from the original front, struck the ground a few yards from us. I said, "I think, general, we had better shove on a bit. They have evidently seen who we are, and we shall have the other three shells of the battery here in a minute." "No," replied G.; "don't see why we should hurry." He then gave me directions to look after the right flank, and returned himself to the main attack. Some few years afterwards, in London, when talking over that day's work, I said, "You left me in an uncommonly hot corner that morning." His answer, with a quiet chuckle, was, "I know I did!"

When the force from Salahieh, which had attacked our right flank, had been driven back by our heavy cavalry, I rode forward with my seik orderly to the open space in front to see all was clear, when the artillery opposite in the Tel-el-Kebir lines got our range and opened on us. I then returned to the light cavalry and battery of Horse Artillery, which was rolling up the left flank of the enemy's main direct attack. Happening to ride forward in the flank of the guns, I found a splendid situation on rising ground from which a great mass of the enemy's retiring infantry was in full view. I galloped to the battery and brought it up to the position I had found, and then a perfect rain of shrapnel was directed on the infantry. As the shells burst over them I could not help feeling unhappy at what I had done, but it was business: the battle harvest had to be reaped when the crop was ready. The light cavalry (Hussars and Indian cavalry) then had their chance. The Hussars being in line, trotting forward, I asked Colonel Coghill's permission to ride alongside of him. This he

gave, and we increased our pace to a steady canter. The enemy, being about 700 yards in front in a great unwieldy square, now began firing. We quickened our pace, and in another minute or two would have charged, when a bugle or trumpet sounded in our rear, and the colonel halted the regiment. On my inquiring why on earth we halted, the colonel said it was his general sounding the halt. I then rode back and besought the general to let us go on. The charge would have been a splendid one; we felt certain we should have broken the square, and that done, my idea was to wheel to the left front and come down on the flank of three or four batteries of the enemy's artillery in front of our main attack. But the general did not think our light cavalry force strong enough. My entreaties had no effect, and the infantry were allowed to retire, while we halted, as we were getting too close to the lines in front to permit of any further advance (the 'Times' telegram had it that I wanted to take Tel-el-Kebir with the cavalry!), so I rode off to my left and rejoined the headquarter staff. Sir Garnet Wolseley had by this time arrived with strong reinforcements, and I informed him what had been done—or rather what had *not* been done. That afternoon I found myself in the field-hospital at Kassassin with my naval friend Purvis, who had shared our little dinner the night before, on a stretcher opposite me, the stump of his amputated leg being very conspicuous. I believe I was in rather a bad way, but I was revived by a hospital orderly coming up to me with a bowl containing lime-juice in one hand and a very solid-looking piece of bread in the other. He said, "Here is your ration of lime-juice and bread. Your meat ration has gone into the kitchen. You

will get it as soup to-morrow." To offer a piece of concrete-like bread and lime-juice to a man in my state was so utterly ridiculous that I could not help being amused. The absurdity of the man's remarks was so laughable that it was as beneficial at the moment as a strong stimulant.

The hospital was cleared on the 12th, wounded and sick being taken down the canal by the Naval Brigade, so as to leave the hospital ready for the wounded in the coming fight. I told the kind-hearted surgeon in charge that it would break my heart if I missed the big thing of the campaign; so I was allowed to remain. A friend got me a bottle of champagne, and with the help of that and the milk from the Bedouins, I pulled myself together and rode off in the dusk to where the army was halted for the night. All were lying down on the sand, or preparing to do so, when I stumbled against Sir Garnet Wolseley himself. He was delighted to see me. Putting his hand on my shoulder, he said he thought I had been sent down to the hospital ship. I said I could not miss the coming business, and hoped we should have a good go in in the morning. A sad look, I noticed, came over his thoughtful features. Doubtless it flashed on him that many around him and in the enemy's lines were then taking their last sleep in this world.

Stated shortly, the scheme of attack was that the infantry in two lines of deployed brigades, the second line as a support to the first, should make a night march, arriving at the long line of the enemy's intrenchment, which was at right angles to the canal, at daybreak, and storm it with the bayonet without firing a shot. Six batteries of field artillery were

in the centre of the attacking line, to be used if required. The cavalry were to make a detour round the outer flank of the enemy's intrenchment and complete their defeat. Night marches are very critical undertakings, and although the most minute directions were given in a lecture by Sir Garnet Wolseley to commanding officers the day before on the very ground we were to start from, and we had only four miles to march over an open desert in a fairly clear night, the force did not get to the intrenchment in the order intended: instead of all arriving simultaneously, the line was in echelon of artillery and brigades, the brigade on the right being half a mile in rear of those on the left when the first rush was made.

At the appointed time the whole force moved forward in the dark under the guidance of Lieutenant Rawson of the navy, and Hart, General Gerald Graham's staff officer. As we approached the enemy's works a curious light in the east behind us showed the enemy that something was coming on: it was the light from a comet. A gun was fired from the lines. Sir Garnet Wolseley seeing that the horses of the staff had been noticed, halted us and rode forward alone. Just then another shell almost hit him, and, looking through my glasses, which, owing to their large field and size, were almost as good as night glasses, I saw in the dim light a mass of the enemy's cavalry advancing. I called out to Butler (now Sir William), "Sir Garnet will be cut off!" He galloped out to bring him in, while I rode round to the Marine Artillery, whose colonel at once had them ready to give the cavalry a volley; but before they got close up our headquarter escort of cavalry charged and drove them back. Daylight

was now coming in strongly, and the infantry rushed the lines. The enemy, who had been behind the parapet waiting all night for us, opened such a tremendous fire that the sound was as continuous as that of escaping steam, the note of course being sharper. In about half an hour the business was over, but the work had been severe,—the enemy's loss being over 2000, whilst ours was between 400 and 500, 12 officers being killed. The headquarter staff then rode forward. On our way the horse of my previous commanding officer, Admiral H., began kicking violently. A load of forage behind the saddle had shifted, which caused the animal to stop and lash out. As in duty bound, I stayed by my admiral for a few minutes, praying him to cut his forage adrift. The advanced work then on our left flank, seeing such a fine target, gave us a shell or two. I remained until the admiral's horse was quieter, and then rode through a gap of the intrenchment into the lines. So many dead and wounded Gippies were lying about that I could hardly get my pony through without treading on them. We met our own wounded before we got to the enemy's position, some still bleeding freely. Colonel Kitchener, shot in the throat, was losing so much blood that I wonder he lived. Sir Garnet Wolseley spoke to him, and he was able to answer that he was all right.

Just as I got inside the lines my old friends, the Hussars, came cantering along. I joined them, expecting to do business with some cavalry in the distance, who we thought were the enemy; but we soon saw they were our own. The heavy cavalry and Horse Artillery after the fight were on the point of trying to cross the Ouady, when I fortunately was able to stop

them, and induce them to stick to the firm ground of the canal-bank, which went round the Ouady at Abou Hamed, and then straight to Cairo. The rising Nile had filtered so strongly into the low-lying Ouady during the previous week that on the 13th September it was as impassable for horses and wheels as an Irish snipe-bog. Whilst the mounted portion of the force pushed on to Cairo *viâ* Belbeis, another part marched rapidly to the important railway junction at Zagazig, the possession of which would cut off the rest of the Egyptian army at Kafr Dewar and Salahieh: all this was stated in my previous reports of the field section. Clarke, who had formerly been in charge of the Zagazig telegraph station, dashed into his old office before any one, put his revolver to the head of the Arabist clerk, and made him give up his station number and wire to Salahieh, "Accident on line; delay departure of troop train; will be repaired in a short time." By this means he prevented the force at Salahieh from coming in before we had enough troops at Zagazig to hold it.

What was in the camp was, by custom of war, the property of the troops which had stormed it; but that was no reason why the village of Tel-el-Kebir, some distance from the camp, should have been plundered. A stern provost-marshal, with energetic assistants and a strong force of mounted police, should be with every army. Looting, a legacy of the Mutiny days, seems to be considered almost allowable. Camp followers usually begin, and then, if not severely punished, the pernicious work is continued by the soldiers, until even horse-stealing is indulged in. A subaltern of a certain regiment at Ismailia, seeing a fine horse picketed not far from his quarters,

quietly walked off with it: it was actually the charger of the general commanding his brigade! An outrage was committed at Tel-el-Kebir by two men. The sheik found I was still with the army, and reported the case to me. The culprits were discovered, tried by court-martial, and each got seven years' penal servitude. Had the sentence been death, Sir Garnet would have confirmed it.

Arabi's tent was carefully overhauled by me the moment I came to it, in the hope of finding important papers. There were none; but I put on one side some copper cooking-dishes. I would not take them, however, until I had Sir Garnet's personal permission to do so. He desired me to come to his tent, when he said I might take anything in the whole camp, and then kindly gave me so much *kudos* for what I had done for him and the navy (the admirals having specially spoken to him on the subject, as well as mentioned my name in the naval despatches), that had I not been, from exposure to the sun, almost as black as a native, I think I would have blushed! However, I was then able to congratulate Sir Garnet on the peerage which that day's work would certainly bring, and he very kindly insisted on my going down to rest in the hospital ship at Ismailia, which I agreed to do; but when the news came that the citadel at Cairo was in our hands, and a railway train was made up to push on the infantry at once, I could not help getting into a carriage also. Whilst we were waiting on the platform at Tel-el-Kebir I noticed men sitting on suspicious-looking cases and smoking. I found the cases were full of gun-cartridges, the lids being off some of them. I stopped the smoking, and got the cases all pitched into the canal as quickly as possible,

and warned every one that a train of waggons at the station siding was full of ammunition. To my astonishment the chief of the staff came to me, saying that the Royal Engineer officer in charge of the canal had complained to him about what I was doing with his canal!

Our train, owing to the line not being clear, did not get farther than Zagazig the first night. Next morning at daybreak we continued our journey. On our way to Cairo we passed several bodies of Egyptian troops, also tramping up the line—all delighted at the chance of getting to their homes. When we got out of the train at Cairo I did not like the look of some of the spectators who had come inside the station; so, with my revolver loose in its case and my hand on the butt, I kept close to the Duke of Connaught, ready to shoot in an instant any native who showed the slightest hostile intentions. The Duke never could have known how anxious we were for his safety, and how carefully I shadowed him that morning, the 15th September. Soon after arriving at Cairo I collapsed, and was afterwards informed by an officer of my own regiment that his cousin in the Guards had found me about done at the hotel I had gone to, and brought me round by getting me to swallow a quantity of champagne. Two days later I was sent down to Alexandria, and from thence to Malta, where I was transferred to a hospital ship. At Malta I met many kind friends, and was much congratulated; but I was so broken down that I remember looking more than once at the water alongside, and wishing I might drop quietly in. Once at home, however, with one's belongings, I was very soon right, and fit for anything.



After getting home I heard afterwards from Cairo that the prisoners whom I had taken on at Ismailia as camel-drivers and camp-assistants had been in a great state of mind at my leaving. I may mention in reference to these men that, after I had taken them on at Ismailia, I said I could do with less; but they plainly said they would not leave, even to go home, —“Where you lie down we shall lie down; where you go to sleep we shall go to sleep.” One named Bolos, who acted as a personal servant to me, when he was told I had gone, fairly broke down, and although his hands were filled with silver to take home to his family, the poor old fellow, on learning that he would not see me again, let the money all fall to the floor, and sobbed like a child. I remembered what a state of mind he had been in, kissing my hand when I rode away in the evening for the last fight. The conclusion I arrived at, and that from a world-wide experience, was this: treat natives with justice, firmness, and kindness, and they will give their lives for you.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SOUTH AFRICA.

ON arrival at Waterloo Station the first friend I met was (Khartoum) Gordon. I then went to thank the First Sea Lord at the Admiralty, Sir Cooper-Key, for the good service he had done me in getting me attached to the navy. He rather astonished me by saying, "We have had two meetings here about your getting the Victoria Cross. At the first it was decided to send in your name; but at the second we came to the conclusion that we could not recommend you without doing the same for those who landed with you at Mex." I begged he would think nothing more about the matter, as I did not consider that what I had done was worthy of the Cross. I had had a real good time with the navy, which was quite enough, and Lord Northbrook had sent in my name to the War Office for a brevet, as he did for the senior officer of the Marines present with the fleet on the 11th July. I also subsequently received from the Secretary of the United States Navy, sent through Lord Granville at the Foreign Office, the report of the American naval attaché with our fleet on the operations at Alexandria, in which was a pleasant little paragraph about the Mex affair.

Soon after arriving in England her late Majesty the Queen did me the honour of commanding me to dine at Windsor. After that came invitations to War Office and Admiralty receptions, and then followed City dinners. These were the most trying, as I had to make speeches, to which I was not then accustomed—all this for only a few months of most interesting work in Egypt! It was really too much, and I was well pleased when the time came for me to return (March 1883) to my battalion at Londonderry and become a simple regimental officer again, with nothing to think about except how to fully enjoy all the fun offered to soldiers in that most hospitable of stations. Derry almost made one wish to be a subaltern again, that of all ranks being the best for having a good time. However, I did not do badly, and, amongst other delights, had some first-rate salmon-fishing from the lessee of the Earn.

The Channel Squadron came into Lough Swilly in the course of the summer, and I found that comparatively few of the officers had accepted an invitation to a city ball given in their honour, on account of the difficulty of getting rooms at the hotel. I came to the rescue with an offer to put them up somehow. Whereupon one of my naval friends, having unlimited confidence in me, wired up, "Twenty-three naval officers will come and stay with you"! Our house being very diminutive, this rather startled my wife, when—happy thought!—we remembered there was a girls' school at the end of the street, and the girls all away for the holidays. Although the schoolmistress was somewhat taken aback at first, she, with Irish quickness and true hospitality, got beds for all the officers. It was with difficulty that we induced her

afterwards to allow us to pay even for having the linen, towels, &c., washed. We managed to provide dinners and breakfasts for all my friends, and first-rate partners at the ball.

The only professional work I did during that happy time in Derry was to write out, at the request of the quartermaster-general, Sir Arthur Herbert, a lecture on soldiers' food, and deliver it at the United Service Institute in London. The subject was one in which General Herbert took special interest, and I, when doing regimental duty, had tried various experiments for getting the best nutritive value out of the rations and messing money. I was well pleased to learn that the information given by me was found to be useful.

One morning I saw in the papers that Gordon had given up his work for the King of the Belgians in Central Africa, and was on his way to Egypt, to go to Khartoum. I at once rushed across to London, saw the A.G., Lord Wolseley, obtained permission to accompany Gordon if he would take me, and wired at once to Port Said to meet him on his arrival. I was ready to start by that night's mail if he said "Come." When offering to pay for my wire, I was decidedly pleased at the Eastern Company declining to charge me anything. Gordon's answer was, "Will not take another European." I afterwards had a post-card from him from Khartoum, saying it was useless for me to come, as he would have everything settled and be out of the place by a certain date. Then followed a text, which was almost prophetic as regards his ultimate fate: that post-card I keep as one of my greatest treasures.

My next expedition across the water was to Brussels, the King of the Belgians sending for me to do Gordon's

work in Central Africa whilst he was in Khartoum. The king was most kind, asking me to a grand court ball, and introducing me to the queen. He also wished I could spare the time to go down to Lacken and meet Brialmont; but I thought it better to return to London at once and see if the authorities would sanction my accepting the grand offer made by the king. At the War Office I was plainly given to understand that if I went in for such a side line, my soldiering would be at an end,—the authorities in those days were not so broad-minded and far-seeing as they are now; so I returned to regimental work again. The regiment was now at Mullingar: the people in the big country houses were hospitality itself, but somehow Mullingar was tame after ever-to-be-remembered Derry. I happened to be summoned over to town to give evidence before a Parliamentary Committee about the breakdown of the transport in Egypt, but I declined to say anything connected with my confidential work in Egypt without full permission from those concerned; although, for certain reasons which may be guessed at, nothing would have been more satisfactory to myself than a full statement about everything in my books. A member, doubtless in fun, referred to the Clock Tower as suitable for witnesses who would not speak. My answer was, "I prefer the Clock Tower to Mullingar." The Committee decided they would not require me to produce my books.

When General Warren's expedition was being organised for Bechuanaland, I was told at headquarters that I was to be on his staff. Just then, however, the colonel of the Welsh Regiment in Natal died from a snake-bite, and I was nominated for the

command. This was considered a better appointment than the one on the staff. Three days later I was on my way to Natal in a hired transport, with a battery of Mountain Artillery on board. We were to call at Suez to ship remounts for a regiment of dragoons in Natal. It was at that time considered quite possible that Warren's expedition might bring on a Boer war, and that there would be business in Natal.

On the arrival of the transport at Malta I was down with rheumatism and unable to leave my cabin. Old friends and acquaintances commanded the men-of-war then in harbour, and I could not but feel much flattered on finding I was still remembered by them. Every captain paid me the compliment of calling on me.

At Suez we shipped 235 horses: they suffered considerably from the excessive heat. I hardly dare mention what the thermometer rose to, especially when we were in the latitude of Zanzibar. Inclined planes were arranged along which to bring the horses on deck in batches at a time: this had an excellent effect, and is now mentioned for possible future imitation. The young officers of the battery had to go through very different "stables" from what they had been accustomed to at home. The heat below was so great, notwithstanding our efforts at ventilation by means of sails, that officers as well as men had to strip off every article of clothing when the stalls were being cleaned and washed. Although anthrax broke out, we lost only thirteen horses: all the rest were landed in such good condition that the officer commanding the cavalry regiment to which they went despatched a special report to the War Office, and I received in consequence a very complimentary letter. I at once wrote back that, except as commanding officer, I had nothing

to do with the condition of the horses, the credit for which should be given to our excellent veterinary surgeon.

We arrived at Port Durban on Christmas Day 1884. I received a wire that, being a holiday, the disembarkation of the horses would not take place; but I knew the danger of delay on a coast where a gale might be fatal to many of the animals, so sent for the contractor and had the horses taken on shore at once. Lucky it was that I did so. A gale began as the last lighter-load got away.

A finer body of officers and men did not exist than the regiment I had come out to command. A few trifling reforms were, I considered, necessary: possibly my ideas were rather advanced, but the changes I ventured on answered well. I did away with many petty restrictions, and treated every soldier, until he proved himself unworthy of it, as if his feelings regarding his honour and self-respect were the same as my own.

One special object of my attention was the feeding of the men. I managed to get the quality of the ration much improved, and established a comfortable regimental restaurant where extra meals and food of different sorts could be had at a very cheap rate. The almost immediate effect was that such a thing as a man disgracing himself by getting drunk in the town was, during my command at Maritzburg, practically unknown. When the good of the service required it I had no hesitation in breaking through regulations, and many times I put this to the test. If, for instance, a man with a good-conduct badge gave me his "word of honour as a soldier" for the *bona fides* of leave of absence for something he wished to do, no matter how

irregular, I never hesitated to let him have what he wanted, and never was the given promise broken. After the general inspection I allowed the men to go in batches, under their own self-appointed gangers, with fortnight passes, to work on the railway, ballasting the line. They were given tents, but were not allowed to take any part of their uniform except their boots, and they made their own arrangements about food. The only condition I made was that during the time they were away they should be members of the regimental teetotal society, and put at least half the money they made into the savings bank or send it home. There was no "goody-goody" work connected with our teetotal society. A crooked sixpence attached to a watch-chain was its badge, and a man could leave it at any time by simply going to the sergeant with the book and striking his own name out. The men on the railway made from £2 to £3 a-week, and the contractor was delighted with them. Each of them, he told me, did the work of at least four Kaffirs, and there was never the slightest trouble or disturbance of any kind.

Amongst other changes I re-established what were anciently known as barrack-room courts-martial, thereby placing the good name of the regiment in the hands of the men themselves. I had one very practical instance of how this worked. Occasionally I chanced to hear men using very objectionable language in ordinary conversation, so I spoke on the subject at one of my parades, and said I left the matter in the hands of the old soldiers of every room—"You know what I mean." The change was instantaneous: the self-respect of the men wonderfully increased. An officer, who had been with his company on detachment with

that of another regiment, told me that some objectionable language was used by one of the other regiment to one of my men, who at once knocked the offender down, telling him the Welsh were gentlemen, and he must not use such language to them. When two of my men had personal differences, they settled them as we did at Sandhurst in ancient days, the fight being rigidly conducted according to the rules of the ring. Amongst other matters, I had a scale of punishments published in orders, so that every man got exactly what was due to him, instead of feeling that his case depended very much on the state of the colonel's liver. The result of letting the men govern themselves, and treating them like gentlemen, was that they behaved like gentlemen. It even went so far that, on the committal of some offence, such as hammering a native, when I could not discover the guilty one I mentioned the matter on parade, adding that the man or men who had done it must give themselves up for punishment: this was done at once. There was seldom a man in the guard-room; but when one of them did so far forget himself as to disgrace the uniform by being drunk in town, he got something more than the regulation punishment. I heard it said several times after I left the regiment, "Yes; Colonel Tulloch was the hardest commanding officer in the British service, but the most just, and most careful of our comfort."

The regiment had been in Natal for three years before I took over the command, and nearly the whole of that time it had been quartered in tents, building forts and suchlike; but—with the exception of our splendid Mounted Infantry company—no special preparation had been made for the possible Boer war which Warren's expedition might bring about. Everything

was going on as if the force at Maritzburg was in barracks in England. To improve the rifle-shooting of the regiment was my first care. The Mounted Infantry company had a special South African allowance of ten rounds a-week; I got the same extended to the other companies. A very large amount of spare ammunition had also somehow accumulated, and this I annexed. The men were good enough at the regulation targets on fixed ranges; but that, in my opinion, being only the first rung in the ladder of musketry efficiency, I commenced a system of instruction in firing at unknown distances, small cotton targets stretched on two stout pieces of wire being used. A mounted man could pick up a dozen of them and ride off to a new position whenever necessary. No one was allowed to fire at long ranges until he proved himself good at short distances. I found that I could teach every man in the regiment, except about five per cent, to become a good shot, and I felt certain it was simply defective eyesight which was the drawback in these cases. All men who did well at these targets obtained special privileges. There was consequently a good deal of private practice at the regular ranges, which were always available within certain hours, the men purchasing their own ammunition. The shooting eventually became something wonderful. Judging distance whenever away from barracks was also particularly encouraged in both officers and men.

As target practice at fixed ranges was only the first rung in the ladder of musketry efficiency, so I considered precise barrack-square drill to be the first step only towards battle-training. As the regiment could go through parade drill with the precision of machinery, I did not further trouble about that part

of their training : my work began outside the barrack railings, on the open veldt and over the kopjes. As the men would be out for many hours at a time, I discarded the uniform of red serge, making them wear instead a second grey flannel shirt as a loose blouse, with the collar open, chest exposed, and shirt-sleeves rolled up. The soldiers were thus as free to move as my old blue-jacket comrades : a waist-belt to carry knapsack and pouches only was worn. The chain and brass ornaments were taken off the helmet, which then became of some use. To cure the men of that pernicious habit of always drinking water when they felt thirsty, I made it an offence to touch the water-bottles before a given hour ; and any one drinking from a stream by the roadside was severely punished, the water-cart with reliable water only being used. Advance- and rear-guard actions, attack and defence of positions (the Mounted Infantry company representing Boers), were practised on a regular system. Not only was the regiment frequently out for hours together, working over the veldt under a hot sun, but, to train them for attacks at dawn, the parade was often ordered for one hour before daybreak. The special work for each day was given out a day or two before. Officers and men became, as the saying is, keen as mustard over what they knew was real training for battle, and used to delight in what are known as field-days against other regiments, walking round them, as my blue-jackets would have said, "like a cooper round a cask." To help every one as much as possible I printed a pamphlet, 'How to beat the Boers,' for the general use of the regiment, in which I went into details about shooting and advancing to attack. After any special day I had all the N.C.O.'s

assembled in the schoolroom, and with the aid of a black-board showed what mistakes had been made. I then encouraged my hearers to ask questions.

The shooting and battle training being well under weigh, I made an excursion to Colenso (the then rail-head), round by Ladysmith and Dundee, Helpmakaar, Rorke's Drift, and back by the thorn country, with the idea of making the Tugela our line of defence, if the colony were invaded by the Boers: this I did on my own account, and secretly. I was supposed to be prospecting for coal, as to the abundance of which, from my knowledge of geology and mineralogy, I felt certain. A senior officer of the regiment accompanied and assisted me in examining coal outcrops; but he was in ignorance of the real object of my trip. I then gave the governor a confidential memo, but he did not see the danger to our different detachments from a sudden Boer invasion. So I sent my memo to the general, Sir Leister Smyth, at the Cape, who at once wired to the governor; a secret Intelligence and Colonial Mobilisation Committee, composed of Colonel Dartnell, commanding the Natal Mounted Police, the governor, and myself, was then formed, and everything got ready, as far as it was in our power. Warren's expedition was successful, and the possible Boer war in 1885 did not break out. Had it done so, I was of opinion that we should have made a good fight of it in Natal.

When Warren's expedition was peacefully ended I went to stay with the general at Cape Town for a few days. There was just a chance of a Russian war, and as the submarine cable from England ceased to work, certain preparations were necessary. As marines, or rather acting marines, might be necessary on two mer-

cantile cruisers about to be commissioned, I paid a visit to my old friend Admiral Church at Simon's Town, to let him know the Welsh were ready to serve under the pennant, as their 2nd battalion, formerly the 69th, had so served under Nelson, and were with him so long that he affectionately used to refer to them as his Agamemnons. It was a 69th man who was first boarder on to the San Joseph at the battle of St Vincent, a name the Welsh regiment now proudly bears on its colours. I was amused at the chuckle of recognition when some of my old blue-jacket acquaintances, who had been at Alexandria, and who were then serving in the Boadicea flagship, recognised the "Stormy Petrel" coming alongside.

Shooting expeditions in a wild country after big game being excellent practice for campaigning, and especially for outpost and reconnaissance work, I encouraged the officers, as soon as the general inspection was over and everything quiet, to get right away at once. Tents and commissariat waggons were lent to them, as the farthest distant parts could have been reached by a runner in twenty-four hours: one officer per company only was left behind for regimental work.

With Colonel Dartnell, two of his men, and three or four magnificent, lightly clad Zulus, I rode into John Dunn's country, where a party of some of my officers was. So plentiful was the game that before breakfast the first morning I stalked and brought in a couple of huge pau (bustards) hanging in front of my saddle. In the afternoon I got a right and left, killing two bucks.

Returning, we crossed the Tugela at Kranskop, where I caught some fish very like the Indian

mahseer. I was holding my trout-rod rather lightly when it was jerked out of my hand and carried away down the river by a large fish: I could just see the top above water, and as it was a borrowed one I felt bound to recover it. The swim was fortunately a short one, for inshore lay a long stretch of very alligator-looking water. I was soon on a rock, and landed my fish (6 lb.), which was still on.

Dartnell knew the chiefs of several kraals, so I saw something of the life of the raw Zulus, nature's gentlemen and ladies—very different from the Kaffir and the degenerated Zulu brought up in a town, where contact with a low class of white men seems to alter their nature. Travellers and officials who have had to deal with natives in many parts of the world all agree in stating that the Zulu is the finest specimen of the black man to be found anywhere. Settlers who have employed him for years, soldiers who have fought against him,—all are equally enthusiastic as to his good qualities. Every one who has had anything to do with the raw (kraal) Zulus declares them to be brave, truthful, and moral to a degree unknown amongst civilised nations. Subsequently, after my return from the other side of the Tugela, I saw a good deal of the kraal Zulu, and this only served to increase my appreciation of that fine race. When at Eshowe, after inspecting Mansell's Native Police, I signalled with my stick (knowing nothing of the language) how they were to extend, then gradually close in, firing, to capture an old fort: they did it perfectly at the second attempt. One of these men was called "Big Beard." I asked the reason, as he had no beard, and Mansell said it was because at the battle of Isandhlwana he had killed

an English soldier with a big beard. The Zulus who took part in that fight spoke enthusiastically about the grand way in which the two last small squares on the slope of the hill met death. With their ammunition all expended, and nothing but the bayonet left, the Zulus say the British made fun of them, chaffing and calling them to "come on." In the final *mêlée* the Zulus said our men fought so desperately that each English soldier killed at least ten Zulus. Of one man who had taken refuge in a deep crevice in the rock they spoke with unbounded admiration. This man, all alone, kept up the fight, firing steadily, killing with every shot, until his last cartridge was gone, when he coolly fixed his bayonet and dashed out amongst them, stabbing right and left till overpowered by assegai-thrusts.

The Zulus interested me so much that I wrote a paper about them, which was afterwards printed for private circulation. In that I went into the question of missionaries, and am afraid I came to the conclusion that, taken all round, the mission to the heathen, in which old ladies at home so delight, does far more harm than good to such a race as the Zulus. Were the missionaries all carefully selected men, fit for the work, it would probably be different; but when such numbers of them are men taken from a low social station, who have been unable to make a living in other ways, failure, except in the grandiloquent reports for Exeter Hall, is practically a certainty. The following will show the difference between the Christianised town Zulu and his pagan brother in Zululand. An officer's wife proposed riding from Maritzburg across the Tugela to Eshowe, where her husband's regiment was stationed. She happened to mention

this to Sir Theophilus Shepstone, who at once said, "No lady can ride by herself through Natal; but the moment she crosses the Tugela, she can ride in perfect safety from one end of Zululand to the other." There were some shocking cases of the effects of civilisation on natives at Maritzburg, one girl being pulled off her pony when riding to school. It was proposed, and is now probable, that, as in certain other colonies, such offences in Natal entail capital punishment.

In the pamphlet previously referred to I gave an account of the great mineral wealth of Natal in the shape of coal: our men had in their expeditions used the outcrops in several places for cooking purposes. There were then only three small mines in operation, one at Newcastle and two at Dundee. Owing to the almost prohibitive cost of transport, 10 tons per day was the usual output. A discharged soldier of the Welsh Regiment superintending, and four Zulus as hewers, comprised the working staff of the mine I inspected at Dundee, some 24 feet below the surface. The coal was being hauled up by two bullocks with the aid of a rope and block attached to an old tree-stump.

Although Mr North had stated four years previously in an official report in a Blue Book that Natal contained no less than 1350 square miles of workable coal, all close to the surface, practically nothing was done towards developing the immense mineral wealth of the colony. I sent my pamphlet to several friends, and was so keen on the coal question and the apathy of the Government and the colony generally, that I was considered to be rather *toqué* on the subject.

Coal is not the only mineral wealth of Natal. Close to Isandhlwana I found a grand outcrop of

iron-ore; and along the Tugela came across quartz specimens showing gold so plainly that it must have been present in the proportion of many ounces to the ton. Just before the regiment left Natal some enterprising men suggested that I should take a hand in starting a company to develop the Dundee mines, and lay a tramway from the intended railway to Elandslaagte, where the men of the regiment (Welsh miners) had found a splendid outcrop. I was rather taken with the idea, and the matter was under consideration, when a sudden order came for the regiment to go to Egypt. This at once put an end to my commercial aspirations; but I was, nevertheless, very nearly becoming a permanent colonist of Natal, by reason of an accident when embarking my regiment. The huge troop-lighter which took the regiment over the Durban harbour bar to the transport, H.M.S. Jumna, out in the roads, had nearly got rid of its cargo: the sea being calm, the men were rapidly passed in to the ship by the baggage-port, but a heavy swell began to make itself felt as the last were going in. I ought to have gone in with them, but being, as I considered myself, an old sailor, I did not care to go in at the lower-deck port, and called to the blue-jackets by the quarter-deck gangway to give me a hand when the great lighter rose on the swell, and I would come aboard in that way. I must have proved heavier than they thought, for I slipped through their hands and fell between the lighter and the ship. Those looking on feared that I was cut in two, but as I rose to the surface I took in the situation in a fraction of a second, and with a few rapid strokes was under the quarter of the lighter before she closed on the ship again. A grass

line was thrown to me, and by the assistance of three blue-jackets, who oddly enough had been with me on the *Invincible*, I was lifted on to the lighter. I did not then know how badly I was damaged, and insisted on boarding the *Jumna* in the way I had intended, but with the precaution of a bowline over my shoulders in case I should slip again. For about a quarter of an hour I managed to go on with my work, but then I had to throw up the sponge and send for a surgeon. Not only was it found that several of my ribs were broken, but I had also got a nasty internal squeeze. The result was that when the regiment arrived at Cairo I had to be invalided home, and did not rejoin until the autumn of 1886.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CAIRO.

IN the middle of October 1886, on a Thursday, I embarked in the Tyne for Alexandria. Hitherto my family had been at home whilst I was abroad with my regiment, but this time I took my wife and two of the children with me for the winter in Cairo. We ought to have been at Plymouth the same night, or very early next morning; but a perfect hurricane suddenly came on, the force of the wind being as great as in the typhoon I once experienced in Chinese waters. So powerful was it that the engine-room hatches could not be got down, and before the gale was over there was a dangerous amount of water in the stoke-hole. Under the influence of a very nasty wall-sided sea the rudder-head began to move in a decidedly unpleasant manner, and we did not get into Plymouth Sound until the afternoon of Saturday. On Sunday the ship was put in dock, when it was found that we had just made the port in time, the pintles of the rudder-post being all but worn through. There had been great alarm about us, and we had been reported lost in the Friday evening newspapers, two men-of-war being under orders to look for the ship. My naval friends in

the Tyne during the gale took consolation from the thought that as I was on board we should get into port all right: they evidently thought I was destined for a more elevated fate than drowning!

There were plenty of dances and dinner-parties going on at Cairo, and many excursions to be made, so my family had a good time of it until the end of the winter, when smallpox and diphtheria broke out in the house we were staying at. We escaped the former, but my youngest boy nearly died from the latter. When he was convalescent the family went home, and I then returned to barracks.

I was able when at Cairo to improve my system of battle-training for the officers by giving out a scheme for the attack or defence of a bridge or position. A week before it took place each officer sent me in a sketch and written description of how he would do the work: these I went over, writing my remarks on them. The attack or defence was then carried out by the regiment (without blank cartridge), any mistakes rectified, and a short lecture given. A day or two afterwards the work was all done over again, this time with blank cartridge. The interest officers and men took in this systematic method of training was really wonderful. I may mention that for lectures on outposts I found the billiard-table and chalk marks very handy; for larger schemes the raised war-game model, the invention of Colonel Shaw, was excellent. All this, however, I gave in detail in a lecture at the United Service Institute in June 1889, entitled "Battle Training of Regimental Officers." One subject I did not mention in that lecture—viz., field-cooking. The young officers got instructions in that branch from the sergeant cook.

Cairo was a more expensive place than Maritzburg, where our mess catering—three meals a-day—was only 3s. 6d. At Cairo we had a mess-man, an excellent cook, who did us very well for 4s. To prevent extravagance I adopted the system in use in the navy: I would not allow any subaltern to have a larger mess-bill than £12 a-month,—this to include regimental subscriptions of every description. To show what can be done if things are looked after, I may mention that every Sunday all the smart people in Cairo used to come to our barracks to hear the band (50 strong)—which I believe was the best in the service—play sacred music. Tea, coffee, biscuits, cigarettes, and similar refreshments were liberally provided; a subaltern's share was 1s. 7d. Entertainments of every description I had charged *pro rata* for rank, so as to make their contributions as light as possible to the young officers, all of whom I took care to introduce to the best of the society who visited us on Sundays. Many of these were high political officials, foreign as well as English; so my Welsh boys made many friends and had a real good time of it. With the French and Austrians we got on particularly well. I was much interested on discovering from one of the former, la Comtesse d'Aubigny, that the Bretons and Welsh are really from the same stock. Some of the bandsmen standing near her were speaking Welsh, when, to my astonishment, she said, "I am a Bretonne, and can understand what your men are saying." The French newspapers very kindly advertised our Sunday programmes, and one day they made a slight mistake, printing, instead of "The Heavens are Telling," "The Heavens are Yelling"!

The Welsh being a very musical race, I thought it a good opportunity to start proper regimental singing on the march, so had each company regularly trained under the bandmaster. When the whole regiment marched past in quarter column, singing, the effect was splendid. It seems a pity that our army does not in this respect take an example from what is done on the Continent with such advantage. Anything by which a colonel can turn to useful account the national feelings of particular regiments should be encouraged. Our regimental goat had hitherto been a private gift. The last had joined its ancestors, so I wrote to her late Majesty's private secretary. The Queen thereupon sent me a fine white goat from Windsor, which was always immensely admired when marching past at the head of the regiment. St David's Day was made a grand regimental holiday; national Welsh songs were specially encouraged, &c. We had no harper; but I found that one of the band, an Irishman, Patrick Kelly, could play that instrument fairly well, so he was given regular lessons. He played on guest nights after the band, and his name, when foreigners dined with us, was "Cadwallader." Further, to give my foreign guests a proper impression, he wore a bard's green robe, and also a flowing white wig and beard to correspond. They were greatly struck with the majestic appearance of our Druid-like bard, who "always accompanied the regiment." We did take about with us one ancient soldier's widow who had been through all the Sutlej campaigns with the regiment, and been so often attacked by cholera that at last that disease gave up trying to kill her. She was quite a privileged old lady, and always entitled to the colonel's washing—which arrangement

was not entirely satisfactory to that individual, her efforts at repairing damaged linen being at times a caution!

When we first arrived in Cairo an expedition up the Nile against the Dervishes was thought very possible. Our colours would then, by the regulations, have to be left behind, but a *drapeau* of some sort was, I considered, necessary; and as our old goat was getting very frail, I decided that, as he could no longer march at the head of the regiment, his spirit at least should still lead the way in action: so I had him beheaded, and his head, or rather horns, beautifully mounted on a spear-head.

I also made another alteration. The Welsh regimental motto on the plate was long and difficult to pronounce; so I gave the regiment another which was easy for every one,—“Cymru am Byth!” (“Wales for ever!”). This caught on, and the men were regularly drilled to use it when charging, which they did in grand style. My orders also were that whenever any man got into difficulties he was to shout “Cymru am Byth!” and any one hearing him was at once to go to his assistance.

For six months of the latter portion of my regimental time I had command of the Cairo Brigade. I heard afterwards that I was to have kept it permanently, had not the force then in Egypt been reduced and the brigade command abolished. I much enjoyed the work, though I am afraid some of the other regiments did not, especially when they did not get back to barracks until 2 A.M. I always considered night attacks very risky operations, and tried various experiments, which only confirmed me in my belief that without very special precautions, and unless the

leaders know the ground thoroughly, and the enemy is a careless one, they ought not to be attempted.

The last high Nile during my stay at Cairo rose to an almost unprecedented extent, and was the cause of much sickness: we lost many from enteric. A very severe type of bilious fever also broke out, which more particularly attacked elderly people. I was one of them, and very nearly ended my days in the general hospital, but was sufficiently recovered after a fortnight to be allowed out, and back to my brigade. I was very shaky on my legs for a while, and the day after getting out of hospital staggered against a table at the club, when I heard a member say to another, "Poor old fellow! he is done at last!" Both those members joined the majority long ago. It was some time before I was able to do much, but during that time I can never forget the kindness of warm-hearted American friends, Judge and Mrs Keeley.

When at Cairo I was able to do a special piece of good work for the soldiers. A very large number of them were in hospital with that disease which has such terrible after-effects. I spoke plainly to my men on parade on that point, and told them they must do what they could towards helping me to stamp out the disease in Cairo. So when any man's name appeared in the sick report suffering from that disease, he was marched by the provost-sergeant to the house where he had contracted it, and the delinquent was handed over to the Egyptian Hospital authorities. On taking over command of the brigade I adopted the same system as with my regiment, with the result that when I left Cairo there were but 35 cases in hospital—all slight. Considering that the garrison was be-

tween three and four thousand strong, this was very satisfactory. There was nothing which could be objected to in the working of the system I introduced, and it was very effective. Surely a similar boon might be conferred on the British Army at all our foreign stations, and possibly some of the home ones.

The sad, very sad day came at last, on which I was to have my last parade. The four years' tenure of command is unquestionably an excellent one for the service in general, but for the colonel, when the time comes to go, it is a horrible wrench. The day before I intended to leave, my servant let out that the whole regiment was going to turn out next day and drag my carriage to the station; so I at once saw the general and told him that although such a proceeding was very flattering, especially to a commanding officer who had been such a hard taskmaster, it was not according to my ideas of discipline that a colonel should go in that manner through the main street, and that I purposed going off at once by that night's train, which I did.

My duty in taking over command of the regiment was to make it, if possible, a perfect fighting machine. I also tried to make soldiering pleasant to all: apparently I had succeeded in both.

I omitted to mention that when I was invalided from Cairo, after the accident in the Durban Roads, I reported myself as soon as I was able at headquarters, where I was asked if I had yet seen H.R.H. the commander-in-chief. My answer was, "No. After the very independent way in which I have been trying to train my regiment I was afraid my reception would not be agreeable." The reply to this was, "You are wrong. H.R.H. is so pleased

with what you have done that he has directed your name to be placed on the special list, and you will get a letter of approbation written by his express orders." This I duly received: it was particularly satisfactory to know that if an officer took special responsibility on himself for the good of the service, and succeeded in his work, he need have no fear about his conduct not being approved of.

The rest, even on half pay, after continuous work, is at first pleasant, though it does not take long for one who is physically fit to tire of a quiet life. However, as I had not altogether shaken off the effects of the fever attacks I had in Maritzburg and Cairo, I decided to put in a summer amongst the pine-trees of the Black Forest in South Germany, where there was good trout-fishing and comfortable living at a very moderate cost. I should then also be able to arrange for my elder boys to live in German families in order to learn the language thoroughly, as they had already done with French, similarly acquired. Freiburg in Baden was the place I selected as my headquarters, and there I made the acquaintance of some of the officers of the garrison. I could not speak German, but they knew either French or English. Belonging to the same social class as our own officers (which is not the case in other armies), I thoroughly enjoyed their society. They were all keen about their profession, and very kindly gave me any information I required. Whenever anything new was tried on the *Exercierplatz*—a fine grass plain—they let me know about it, and explained anything special. The system for training their men to shoot at unknown distances, and at moving or unexpected targets, was excellent,

the different methods of moving the targets being simple and effective. Why our people at Hythe did not take a hint from the German system was at the time a puzzle. We certainly are a conservative nation in all military matters except dress: perhaps the constant changes in that respect are supposed to make up for stagnation in the others! Some of the wrinkles I got on the *Exercierplatz* I was afterwards able to turn to account during my next command in Australia. The interior economy of the German regiments was also explained to me when going over their barrack-rooms and cook-houses.

There were some very interesting bits of military history to be worked out along the Rhine Valley near Freiburg. In a short paper I was able to turn professional light on to the much-vaunted march of Moreau through "the Valley of Hell" and the terrible Black Forest. The Valley of Hell—*Höllenthal*—is a beautiful gorge, seven miles in length, connecting the Valley of the Rhine with the broad open country on the east. The forest-covered, undulating hills on each side of it could easily have been cleared, had they been occupied, which was not the case.

In military geographies the Black Forest is, or was, represented as an almost impassable country: it may have been so two or three hundred years ago, but now it is seamed with excellent roads. The well-kept open forest is practicable everywhere for infantry, and in many places for wheels; the slopes almost everywhere are easy. If France and Germany are ever at war again, and the French at all successful, I believe the Belfort *trouée* will be made use of for an advance across the Rhine, more especially if Switzerland were friendly.

There are innumerable beautiful walks about the bend of the Rhine which I thoroughly enjoyed, not only on account of the scenery, but also by reason of their military interest to me. I was told that when Von Moltke was in the same district, examining the frontier, a policeman arrested him for trespassing. Von Moltke went quietly with the policeman, when some of the general staff came up and congratulated the man on making a capture which all the armies of France had been unable to effect!

I did not do much in trout-fishing until I heard of Bad Bol on the Wutach, at no great distance from Donaueschingen, where there was a most comfortable little hotel, the charge for board and lodging being only 4 marks per day: the cost of a trout ticket was 10 marks a-week, and well worth the money. Now that the Bad Bol fishing has become a commercial concern, both hotel and fishing charges are possibly different from what they were when I was there.

During my sojourn in the State of Baden I was particularly struck by the pleasant, well-bred, courteous manners of the country-people. The officials also, although bureaucratic to a degree, and apparently living on red-tape, were always polite, and did their best for the foreigner. Since then, while travelling in other countries, I have met with what is now so common, viz., the German tourist, and should say that few of them come from South Germany.

On the weather beginning to get cold we went south to Cimiez, near Nice, for the winter. When there I could not help noticing the difference between the German and French military training. In the north every one was in grim earnest, as if war were almost in sight. It was not so in France. It was

almost painful to me one day—France being our old ally—to see a company, which was supposed to be receiving instructions out in the country in outpost work: the two officers were walking about on the road, well away from their men, who were skylarking!

My only chance of forming an opinion on the Italian army was from those perfect soldiers—the Sardinians in the Crimea; but by permission from Rome, I went over the dockyard at Spezzia. From what I saw and heard there, I gathered that the Northern Italian makes a good sailor, which is not the case with the Southern Italian: they are evidently two distinct and different races.

The system I had tried for the battle-training of regimental officers having been approved of, I thought it my duty, on returning to London, to deliver a lecture at the United Service Institution, giving full details of the work: the majority of the headquarter staff did me the honour of attending. The next day I got a note from the military secretary saying he wished to see me. I thought it might be to point out that I was rather too advanced in my ideas, but that was not the case. It was to inform me that, owing to the Indian regulations, I could not hold the appointment which he wished me to have in that country, but he could offer me the post of commandant of the Australian forces in Victoria, with the local rank of major-general. I was under the impression that in such a position I should be expected to do a good deal of entertaining in a very expensive part of the world, and therefore was afraid I could not accept his very kind offer; but on the military secretary informing me that if an Australian Contingent

were sent on active service to the north-west frontier of India, I should have the command of it, I replied, "On these terms I shall be delighted to go without any pay at all!" I may mention that the pay and allowances of a general officer given me by the Victorian Government proved to be sufficient. Although I found the cost of living in Australia to be greater than in England, the amount of entertaining was much less than a district command would have required at home.

CHAPTER XXV.

VICTORIA.

IN October 1889 I embarked with my wife and the eldest and youngest of the family for Australia. The first, our only girl, then saw her native land for the last time. She died very suddenly in Melbourne, and life to us ever since seems somehow different from what it was before,—light went out of it which can never return.

The first place we arrived at in Australia was Albany, a magnificent harbour, but at that time without even protection against a gunboat. As this was a coaling-port of great importance, one of my first cares was to write a memo showing the absolute necessity for at once protecting Albany. Correspondence connected with the defence of Albany and the coaling-port of Thursday Island, on the north-east coast of Australia, had been going on between the Australian colonies and the Colonial Office for ten years, but nothing had come of it. Fortunately there was a strong Minister of Defence at Melbourne, Sir Frederick Sargood, who took the matter up, and finally got all the colonies to agree to furnish the money for building the necessary forts and barracks. The Home Government was to supply the guns, the colonies providing everything

else, including garrisons. All this took some time, but the final result was my appointment as president of a joint Naval and Military Committee, which visited Albany and Thursday Island to select sites for the batteries and barracks. The guns ordered, or rather their hydro-pneumatic elevating carriages, which the colonies had asked for ten years previously, were not the proper ones for the high sites we had chosen, and were therefore objected to. On this the colonies were told that they must take what had been ordered; but when it was quietly represented that, if the proper guns and carriages were not sent, the colonies might stop the supply required for the construction of the batteries, we got the guns with the right carriages, and long before I left Australia the guns were in the forts and the garrisons in the barracks of both Thursday Island and Albany.

Melbourne, with its broad streets at right angles to each other, had a look of New York about it; which city it also resembled, particularly in Collins Street, with its banks, insurance offices, and other fine mercantile buildings. The crowd of busy energetic pedestrians hurrying from office or store showed very plainly that, although Melbourne is at times decidedly hot, it is a very long way from the take-it-easy life of the tropics. At one season of the year, however, not only Melbourne people, but also all who can leave their stations up-country and come south, take a week's holiday. Business of every sort is suspended during the Cup Week. To most English men and women a racecourse, with its attendant objectionable sights and sounds, is not particularly attractive; but in Victoria things are very differently managed. We arrived at the commencement of the Cup Week, and not knowing

what the Melbourne races really were, we declined at first to attend; but on being told how very different they were from meetings at home, we went. The governor drove down to the course—a few miles from the city—in a well-turned-out four-in-hand: there were some other carriages, but the rest of the world went by train, the railway service being very well arranged. Arrived at Flemington, we found, instead of the usual rough racecourse scene, a magnificent lawn on which a great crowd of ladies and gentlemen were promenading. Had it not been for the course and the mass of people on the other side of the rails, we might have supposed ourselves at a large garden-party. The stands and refreshment-rooms behind the lawn were such as can be seen only at Melbourne; and there were other excellent refreshment-buildings for those who could not afford grand-stand prices. The dirty refreshment-tents and booths of the English racecourse were entirely absent, as was also the yelling bookie—that is, as far as the grand stand and lawn were concerned. That necessary fraternity for people who wish to get rid of their money were kept in a separate enclosure, quite out of sight and hearing of the stand and lawn. The well-behaved crowd on the other side of the enclosure and rails was estimated at over 50,000. I purposely walked about amongst it, and not one single foul expression did I hear. Could the same be said of any public race meeting in England? It must be an unpleasant shock to an Australian who, on visiting England, ventures to the saturnalia of the Derby.

Our first introduction to Australian life was decidedly pleasant, as was also the following small but, nevertheless, telling incident. Soon after my

arrival I received a note from an officer in one of the Militia regiments to the effect that a horse-dealer who did a considerable amount of business would in all probability try to sell me a very showy-looking animal for a charger. The officer informed me that the horse was his, and his recommendation to me was to decline buying it, as he was sure it would not suit me. I afterwards heard that the officer in question was a particularly smart and energetic captain, a well-to-do member of a mercantile firm,—one of those patriotic individuals who, although with plenty of work on his hands, considered it his duty to give his spare time to do his share at least in the defence of the colony. I had another pleasant experience. Until our house was ready we hired one for a month from Mr Byron Moore, who, when we left it, could not be induced to take any rent at all, because he had some relations who unexpectedly wanted the house some two days before our time was up.

Having settled down for five years in Australia, a short description of the organisation and professional value of the forces I had come out to command will be advisable.

Fortunately for Victoria, and also for the other colonies, there was, at the time of the war in the Soudan, as I have already said, a strong Minister of Defence, Sargood (now Sir Frederick), in office at Melbourne. He saw the defects of the Volunteer system on which the colony relied, and decided to have the necessary reforms carried out. The first to be done was to get some specially selected officers sent out by the War Office to organise and command the force to be raised under the new system. Colonel Disney was the first commandant sent, and the adjutant-general

he brought with him, Brownrig, succeeded him : there were other artillery and engineer officers, also a number of drill-sergeants. Right well did they all do their work. I was fairly startled at the fine well-drilled battalions and batteries which I saw turned out for my inspection.

Permanent Force: 3 batteries Garrison Artillery; 1 section Submarine Miners.

Militia: 1 troop Cavalry; 1 battery Horse Artillery; 3 batteries Field Artillery; 8 batteries Garrison Artillery; 1 company Submarine Miners; 1 company Field Engineers; 4 battalions Infantry; 1 Ambulance company; 1 Commissariat and Transport Corps.

Volunteers: Mounted Rifles, 1 regiment; Infantry, about 12 companies; and rifle clubs. There were also 1 battalion senior cadets (youths over seventeen), and several battalions of school cadets.

Every battery of artillery and company of infantry had its own large drill-hall, with storerooms, offices, &c. The regulations for the organisation of the force were excellent. The officers of the Militia on appointment had to be specially recommended, and were also required to pass a fairly stiff professional examination before their commissions were confirmed: other more severe examinations were necessary before promotion. Their pay was small, but considered sufficient. The men were paid by attendances,—if I remember correctly, 1s. 6d. for a night-drill of an hour and a half, double that for a half day of three hours, and double again for a whole day of eight hours. There was a minimum and also a maximum of attendances allowable. After passing the recruit course the amount of time given to drills annually was 175 hours. In this

was included seven whole days in camp. The total annual cost of a militia private was about £20, which included everything. A volunteer similarly cost £5, and a man of the permanent forces £100. The forts at the "Heads" (the entrance to Port Philip) were armed with the newest 6-inch and 9.2 breechloading guns, and the Submarine mining plant and everything connected with it was thoroughly up to date.

It may be here mentioned that the naval forces of the colony, under an imperial commandant, consisted of an iron-plated turretship, two gunboats, and several torpedo craft.

I found the schools of instruction for the different arms so good that the only addition I made was to get a garrison instructor from England and a large raised model war-game, to be kept in the lecture-room of a United Service Institution which I had got under weigh. Battle-training, as soon as I commenced it, was rapidly appreciated, as was also the system of battle-firing at unknown distances with small, shiftable targets: this was at once taken up all over Australia. Better or more extensive rifle-ranges could not be wished for than those close to Melbourne, to which any member of the force, with a rifle in his hand, was entitled by law to be taken free of charge by the railway. There being plenty of room, I was able to extend the system of battle-firing to the Field Artillery, which had hitherto practised on fixed ranges. It would rather surprise people at home to see three batteries of artillery and a couple of battalions of infantry suddenly detrained at a wayside station, and then marched, as if in action, straight across some open country till the gunners perceived in the far distance a small trench, on which they

opened with shrapnel. This system of training I had no difficulty in carrying out from Melbourne: all that was necessary was to get some squatter friend to send his boundary-riders to clear the stock off the land in good time.

I made some changes in the forts at the Heads, organising each as if it had been a ship, the magazines being filled up to 200 rounds per gun; and each fort had also a supply of tinned provisions. When mobilised for the week's training at Easter, the Militia garrison gunners went at once to the gun and quarters they were accustomed to.

The submarine mining establishment at the Heads, under an Imperial Royal Engineer officer, was perfect—everything ready for instant work.

On my arrival I was just in time to stop the purchase of a dynamite gun, which would have cost a large amount and been very expensive to keep up. 7000 magazine-rifles had also been all but purchased before the authorities at home had satisfied themselves that the pattern was a good one: these also I was able to stop. The system by which military stores, from 26-ton guns downwards, were supplied from England was not satisfactory; but it required two years' pressure after I came before the other colonies could be induced to agree to have their military stores inspected and passed by a thoroughly competent officer on the active list, who was to be selected by the Director-General of Artillery at the War Office. To get a first-rate man unconnected with any manufacturing establishment a good pay was necessary—viz., £1000 a-year. After I left Australia the imperial officer, who had done excellent work, died. Another was named by the War Office;

but the colonial authorities in Australia preferred a very pleasant local officer who had social and political interest. On its being represented that for such an important position a specially trained officer ought to be employed, the answer was, We pay for the appointment and will nominate any one we like.

During my second year some alterations were made in the composition of the force: the troop of cavalry, the number of which was too small for proper training, was abolished. The horse Artillery, with its old-pattern battery of breechloading guns, ought to have gone also, and its gunners and drivers been distributed amongst the three field batteries; but it was splendidly horsed by two very patriotic millionaires, and, as a battery, was in excellent order. On the death of its principal patron, after I left, it was not kept up. The Armstrong 40-pounder breechloading guns were collected from outlying forts and formed into a very serviceable Volunteer position battery. Two more infantry battalions were given to the Militia: the Mounted Rifles were increased and formed into two regiments of 600 each, and the Volunteers organised in three battalions, the rifle clubs being assigned to the Volunteers as their reserves. Specially retained reserves were unnecessary for the Militia battalions: the average time a militiaman served being five years, his training would never be forgotten, and no possible retaining fee or reserve pay would be worth accepting by men making from 5s. to 15s. a-day, which were the average earnings of many in the Militia. On the first intimation of their services being required, the men who had formerly been in the Militia would unquestionably have crowded into the ranks again, and raised the peace

strength of the battalions from 500 to 1000 in a few days. The peace strength of the Victorian Militia forces was over 7000, all men of grand physique. Counting the senior cadet battalion and the 2000 rifle club men, the total military armed force of Victoria was at the end of my second year over 10,000. The school cadet battalions also, each 500 strong, were ten in number. They wore a very smart khaki uniform, and were armed with small rifles, sighted to 300 yards, with which they were put through an annual course of musketry. The cadet battalions went into camp once a-year, like the other forces of the colony. I may here mention that between 3000 and 4000 men went from Victoria to South Africa: of these upwards of 2000 had been cadets.

The New South Wales contingent sent to the Soudan in 1885 was very hurriedly got together, and sent off, in spite of the protests of its commandant, before it was properly organised, and with but a handful of officers who knew their work. It was no wonder that a force composed of all sorts and conditions of men was not what it might have been, and so got colonials an indifferent reputation. Some of the force sent from Australia to South Africa would also have been the better for a stronger leaven of instructed officers and non-commissioned officers; but, taken all round, they did splendidly. The enthusiastic terms in which our officers speak of the mounted men—the real men from the Bush—who came from Australasia is worth listening to. All I can say is, that men easier to command than all those under me in Victoria I never met. The petty restraints and automatic-like discipline to which we

are accustomed, and which to a certain extent is necessary with regular troops, are out of place with men who have lived in the back blocks, where master and man together lend a hand when work presses. The owner of tens of thousands of acres, who can put a buck-jumper into shape, or help in rounding up a mob of cattle, does not lose, but, on the contrary, gains, the respect of his fellow-labourers, his own men, by showing he can do their work when necessary. Accustomed to such free contact with their masters, the rigid line between the officers in the regular service and the men they command is not at once understood by colonials, and our young officers are at first apt to take offence at a freedom of manner and speech by which not the very slightest disrespect is meant. The first time I put on uniform in Victoria was at the great annual rifle meeting. Two of the men came up to me,—“General, we have had a dispute as to whether you are a Scotsman or an Englishman. Would you mind telling us?” My answer was, “Well, I was born in Scotland, but now I am an Australian.” I had some difficulty in persuading them that I was too much occupied with my work to go to the refreshment-tent!

It soon struck me, when mistakes were made at manœuvres, that similar ones had not been sufficiently and forcibly pointed out at previous camps. This I endeavoured to rectify. At my first Easter training I tried what the infantry brigade could do in attacking a hill on the top of which I stood. When it was over I had the battalions formed up close by, and told them that “the marching past the day before in front of the governor was simply perfect; but a worse exhibition of an attack I never saw. The talking was so

loud 500 yards off, as you came through the swamp, that I heard it distinctly: doubtless you came across some snakes, but that was no reason for chattering. All I can now tell you is, that on Monday I intend attacking an intrenched position on a hill with ball-cartridge. If you then move as you did to-day, you will shoot each other by the dozen. Colonel, march back to camp and dismiss!" That was on a Friday. So incessantly did the battalions practise the attack that when I did carry one out, as I told them I should do, it was perfectly done, and without a single casualty. There was some little alarm about my rough-and-ready way of battle-training; but when it was seen to be successful, the papers said in approbation, "This is not mere reform—it is revolution." The spirit of the men was excellent, and no matter how forcibly I had occasionally to speak, the stronger my expressions the more satisfied all hands seemed to feel at my being so much in earnest! Some idea of the behaviour of the colonial troops when out for duty may be formed by my mentioning that during the great strike, which lasted six weeks, 600 men were on duty in barracks ready in case their services should be required, the different detachments being changed once a fortnight: not far off 2000 men stood the test of irksome confinement to barracks, and yet during all that time but two offences were committed. One (an old soldier) broke out of barracks; the other was a case of a man going to sleep on sentry: by some mistake he had been put on guard two nights running.

The only serious trouble I had was in the case of a battalion the sergeant-major of which was not a favourite with the recruits. After dark some fifty of them, all in their ordinary plain clothes, marched

through the streets singing, "We will hang the sergeant-major to a sour apple-tree," &c. No amount of investigation could bring out who the culprits were, so at last I was obliged to state plainly at our Council of Defence that the regiment that was guilty of such conduct must be disbanded. This rather startled my hearers; but upon my pointing out that without proper discipline a regiment was not only useless but dangerous, and that if I was not allowed to enforce discipline I should prefer resigning my command, the Minister of Defence—the same Sir Frederick Sargood to whom all Australia owes so much—gave me the requisite authority to disband the regiment if absolutely necessary. The colonel of another regiment who was present begged me to speak to the guilty men myself, and try what could be done to avoid what would be such a slur on the colony. So I ordered a parade of the battalion and spoke to the men, telling them what would happen if the offenders, who must have been at least fifty in number, did not surrender for such punishment as I thought necessary. I would then and there disband the regiment. I gave them ten minutes to decide, whilst I waited in the orderly-room. At the end of the time the colonel, in great distress, said the men had not surrendered; but he begged for another five minutes to again speak to his battalion, after which, to my great relief, he announced, "The guilty men have stepped out of the ranks." I congratulated them on having saved their regiment by so doing, but informed them that they must be severely punished. I fined each man £5; which fine, on account of the subsequent good behaviour of the regiment, I afterwards reduced by one-half. Previously to this I had stopped all parades

and drills, which was equivalent to a fine of £120 per company : officers as well as men suffered. Would it be possible to give a better example of the grand spirit of the Victorian Militia, which could take such severe punishment without showing the very slightest discontent? Ever afterwards a smarter or more well-behaved battalion than this could not be found.

Better stuff, or men more amenable to discipline by those who know how to deal with them, do not exist. The well-to-do, comfortable existence which all men worth anything enjoy in Australia seems to resuscitate the old yeoman spirit and self-consciousness of power which made the English of the middle ages so formidable. The same effect is, if possible, more strongly developed in men of Scottish or Irish descent, even if two or three generations have been town-bred before arrival in the country. Better circumstances bring out the old fighting strain in the blood, and make the man instinctively turn towards soldiering. After any big day I used to form up the force and speak on the subject of very possible active service before long on the north-west frontier of India, naming special tunes the bands ought to practise—viz., “Blue Bonnets over the Border” for the crossing of the Helmund, and “The Hundred Pipers” for entering Herat. Soon I could see a glitter, a veritable light of battle, in the men’s eyes. I could not help feeling amused when some of the principal political authorities at last spoke to me about exciting the men too much. They truly said, “Whole companies now volunteer for active service, even for little native wars in Africa : if you do not stop, the Victorian forces will want to attack a neighbouring colony !” Be that as it might, I took good care that everything was ready, as far as it was

possible to make it so, for the active-service employment of the Victorian forces. Mobilisation instructions and tables took some months of very detailed work, as all the resources of the colony had to be carefully gone into. As soon as they were ready a printed copy of the Mobilisation Instructions was given to every officer of and above the rank of captain. My general scheme was that the Volunteer battalions, reinforced by the rifle clubs, should form the guards of the forts and batteries,—where the Garrison Artillery and Submarine Miners were,—and that the whole of the remainder should be formed into a field force at the camp. This would be composed of two regiments of Mounted Rifles, four batteries of Artillery, a field company of Engineers, and six battalions of Infantry—all at war strength, with staff and departments complete. In the different lectures I gave at our United Service Institution I supplied full explanations of my general scheme for all Australia, and trusted New South Wales would have a similar field force of two brigades, and Queensland and South Australia one brigade each. West Australia and New Zealand, being at a week's distance by sea from the rest of Australia, would require to rely on their own resources, as would also Tasmania. But until federation was accomplished it would, I saw, be almost impossible to get all the colonies to work together and furnish their proper shares of money and men.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AUSTRALASIA AND NEW CALEDONIA.

IN 1892 the New South Wales Government, seeing that Sir Frederick Sargood had got the Victorian military organisation satisfactorily settled, requested that I might be allowed to be President of a Royal Commission to inquire into the organisation of their military and naval forces.

As in all small communities where the principal officials remain many years in office, crystallisation sets in, and the officials themselves at last come under social and political influences which prevent their being free agents, even when they see that the public service is suffering: such was the case in New South Wales. The examination of the witnesses was not a pleasant process, and the cross-examination necessary at times was simply painful; but the duty undertaken had to be done. The ultimate result was that the Commission was able to make recommendations by which the colony could save a very large annual amount—running well into five figures—and have at the same time larger and much more efficient defence forces. One of the newspapers was very bitter because reporters were not allowed to be present. Their exclusion, until the whole of the evidence was published, was really greatly to

the benefit of several witnesses; but I was fiercely attacked for my severity. An opposition paper sent its representative to me on the subject, whom I informed that the abusive articles which came out every evening rather amused me than otherwise, and that as the editor must now have increased the sale of his paper and made quite a pile out of me, I expected he would hand some of it over to my United Service Home in Victoria. The following evening the hostile paper said, "Formerly we attacked this man on public grounds; now it shall be on private ones also—it shall be war to the knife!"

The Commission occupied forty-five days, and at its conclusion I was presented with 200 guineas, the same as the other members. This I had no scruples in accepting, as I had often worked from twelve to fourteen hours a-day, and had to go to Melbourne—eighteen hours by train—at the end of each week to attend to my command there. I was also obliged to go to South Australia to investigate another matter, as required by their House of Assembly; but that was soon arranged by working up to 10 p.m. I was rather taken aback, when about to leave on the following morning, by a messenger from the Treasury bringing me 20 guineas, which I at once returned, when the Prime Minister himself came down to insist upon my accepting it, saying all such work was paid for in Australia. I told him that I was really very much obliged, but could not think of receiving anything for a few hours' work for a neighbouring colony. The Premier said I had settled a very difficult matter, and must allow him to send me a cheque.

I made several professional visits to the other colonies; but the most interesting of such work was

when I acted as President of the Joint Naval and Military Committee to fix the sites for batteries at Thursday Island and Albany. Tasmanian defences had by special request to be reported on, as also Port Darwin on the north coast of Australia. This last place we proceeded to after our visit to Thursday Island, one of the China mail-steamers being placed at our disposal. Extra pay was proposed by the authorities; but as we were not charged for our living, we all agreed that if we received 2s. 6d. per day beverage-money—being in the tropics—it would be sufficient. The voyage up between the coast of Australia and the Great Barrier Reef was very interesting. Owing to the intricate navigation required through the coral-reefs we had to anchor at night, and as soon as the anchor went down my hand-line was over the side; but I did not get any of the strangely-curious fishes I expected. On one occasion I saw in the distance a queer, great moving coil which looked uncommonly like an enormous snake; but an examination through my glasses reduced the phenomenon to a large collection of fish jumping after each other. That strange creatures of great size exist in those little-frequented tropical seas is undoubted: unfortunately what I saw was not one of them.

Thursday Island we found hot and moist; but it is said to be not unhealthy. From its situation it ought to become a small edition of Singapore. After completing our work at Thursday Island we crossed the great Gulf of Carpentaria, and then kept along the unoccupied coast of North Australia to Port Darwin, the terminus of the submarine telegraph line. A more unpleasant place to live in could not well be imagined. Although the tempera-

ture was only 85°, the air was so saturated with moisture that even a thin singlet was an oppressive garment. A few small houses occupied by the telegraph staff, and a collection of tin shanties used by Chinese, Japanese, and some white men, composed the town of Port Darwin at the time of our visit; but the place returns one or two members to the Parliament of South Australia, with which it has no connection whatever, except the telegraph wire crossing the great Australian continent in a direct line. The representative of Port Darwin was very indignant because we declined to recommend extensive fortifications and a garrison there.

With federation the relation of the different colonies has been altered. Had that not been accomplished, the whole of the northern portion of Australia ought to have been formed into one or more colonies where coloured labour should be allowed, as it is simply impossible for white men to undergo manual labour in such a moist tropical climate. Those portions of the globe where a white man can make a living out of the ground are rapidly filling up, and for the sake of the increasing white races, no black man ought to be allowed to occupy them. But until coloured labour is sanctioned for tropical Australia, those vast regions, out of which a dozen Ceylons might be carved, must remain desolate and unproductive. In the Botanical Garden at Port Darwin the curator showed us what immense vegetable wealth might be drawn from North Australia. All that is necessary is that the Government of Australia should sanction the employment of coolies from India on terms of three to five years—all to return to India on completion of the term of the indentures; but rather

than permit such a scheme, which would give employment to thousands of white overseers, the Labour party of Australia are determined that the north of the continent shall remain completely unoccupied.

As there were said to be a number of buffaloes on Melville Island, opposite Port Darwin, we intended going over, but were warned not to do so on account of a cantankerous tribe, who might not only attack but digest us afterwards—a process yet possible in certain parts of Northern Australia for any ambitious missionary desirous of testing it! We had a *corrobbery* (war-dance) of the natives, a degraded-looking race,—so much so, that I heard one of the few ladies who have visited Port Darwin say, “Do you think those creatures have souls?”

We were most hospitably entertained by the Resident at Port Darwin, who was an instance of the way in which men get accustomed to their surroundings. He thought I might prefer a bath in the sea before breakfast, but mentioned incidentally that the repairs to the palisade round the bathing-place for keeping out alligators and sharks had not been finished. The Resident himself did not mind risking it, although he knew that an alligator from the neighbouring mangroves sometimes came that way! I preferred a quiet, uninterrupted tub in my room. We were not sorry to say good-bye to Port Darwin, which did not forget us: we all managed to get fever there, one of our number nearly dying on the way back. We put into Brisbane, and saw something of the Queensland ports and defences.

I ought to have mentioned that we visited Albany before going to Tasmania. After completing our work at Albany our naval member suggested that, in con-

nection with the defences as well as for navigation purposes, there ought to be a lighthouse on the Lewin. The hydrographer at the Admiralty objected, believing it would do more harm than good; but as the representatives of the great steamship companies were anxious for it, it was afterwards built, and I understand has been particularly useful to vessels making the Australian coast.

During the five years I was in Australia I had so much to do, not only in Victoria but also in the other colonies, that I had but little time for regular leave. Twenty-one days was what I allowed myself annually, the same as the other public servants, except when I went to New Zealand, when I got six weeks. An odd day for duck-shooting could be managed when going round the out-stations on inspections. Duck-shooting in Australia is a very simple sport, and great bags can be made. Snipe can be got occasionally; but as they all leave the northern hemisphere in the winter, and consequently arrive in Australia in the hot weather, those killed in the morning are often found to have gone bad before the evening. Snakes are also unpleasantly numerous in the snipe-marshes, where they come for the frogs. My bag one day was three snipe and five snakes! I did succeed in getting one trout on a fly in a stream near Melbourne, and up-country once rose a platypus when trying for trout with an artificial minnow; but in Tasmania and New Zealand there is first-rate trout-fishing, more especially in the latter.

The Blue Mountains near Sydney, and certain portions of the north-east coast excepted, Australia cannot be said to possess any really grand scenery; but it is very different in Tasmania and New Zealand.

The latter island, with its clear streams and glacier-topped mountains, may be shortly described as a cross between Switzerland and the Scottish Highlands. Although heavily handicapped by an immense public debt, the island, by reason of its geographical position and its mountains, is free from the droughts which too often destroy sheep and cattle in Australia by the million, and is at present doing well. Tasmania has a splendid climate, and sends large cargoes of apples to England ; but somehow, except in the northern tin and copper mines, there seems to be a deficiency of energy in the island : districts which were formerly covered with small farms are now converted into sheep-runs. Mutton pays better than men ; but it is sad to see—as in the Scottish Highlands—a formerly populous valley, or strath, with nothing now but a few shepherds' houses, or rather mere shelters against the weather.

To those who wish to see what Australasia is, and may become, the cities of Melbourne and Sydney and the mining centres will be particularly interesting. But for scenery : after doing the Blue Mountains and Sydney Harbour, a week in Tasmania is sufficient—all the rest of the time available should be devoted to New Zealand. A man fond of trout-fishing will get it there in perfection. Shepherds have taken lately to dynamiting the pools near their work, but there are many streams free from such poaching methods of fishing. In the Great Lakes the trout run up to over 30 lb., but those are rarely taken except in nets. I did get hold of one of the monsters when harling from a boat on the Great Wiho River, but he broke the abominable gut I unfortunately had to buy in Invercargill. Having a sprained ankle, I lost my chance of

doing much, although I did try it on crutches. An acquaintance living in the same shanty rarely brought in less than half-a-dozen beauties, averaging 6 lb. each: he usually caught them with live grasshoppers.

Except in the cities and some holiday resorts, the hotel, or rather inn, accommodation in Australia is decidedly indifferent. For men that does not much matter, but when ladies are in the party, the rough, happy-go-lucky style of conducting a hotel is not pleasant. At one, not fifty miles from Melbourne, which had a considerable reputation, my small boy who came with us was rather startled by the servant who showed him his room saying, "You will take your boots off, sonnie, won't you, before you go to bed?"

During my last year in Australia it was considered expedient that I should pay a visit to the French penal settlement in New Caledonia, where the 10,000 convicts and *libérés* (ticket-of-leave men) caused some nervousness to our colonies. The French authorities in New Caledonia, as I have found them in all other parts of the world, were kindness itself, and showed me and my three companions everything, even the innermost prison of Isle Nou. The system of years of solitary confinement and the dark cell, it is to be hoped, will be abolished: it is simply horrible. To try what the dark cell was like, I got the warders to shut me up in one. It was darkness that might almost be felt, and as for ventilation—I was all but suffocated. This I mentioned when I came out. "Yes," they said, "some prisoners were suffocated; that is why those holes were bored in the bottom of the door to let air in." The guillotine, which is occasionally used, was also shown, and the way it worked, a fagot being employed to illustrate the great shearing

power of the triangular blade. The reckless minds of some of the convicts may be judged from what we were told of one about to be decapitated. He noticed that there was straw in the box into which his head would fall, and asked for his execution to be delayed until the straw was exchanged for sawdust, to which he said he was entitled by regulation! The hospital was like any other; but the lunatic wards, and the antiquated system for dealing with the insane, made one shudder. All those who are sentenced to more than eight years' transportation remain in New Caledonia for life, as do also the *récidivistes*—viz., habitual offenders, sent from France as such: for these there is no hope. On a comparatively small, damp, tropical island, with very few opportunities for improving their condition, it is a wonder that so few commit suicide.

It has lately been decided to improve the defences of the island, which had been allowed to get into a very ruinous condition, and to make New Caledonia a French naval coaling-port. The wisdom of this step seems very doubtful when it is remembered that the island is dependent on Australia for meat and flour, and that the reef openings would not be difficult to blockade. Shut up with 10,000 reckless and starving convicts and several thousand disaffected natives, the garrison would be in an awkward position. The industries of the island, principally nickel-mining, are really in British hands; even the construction of water-works for the supply of the town of Nouméa was being carried out by an English contractor, who brought his own navvies from Australia. The horrors of a penal settlement half a century ago are forcibly shown in Marcus Clarke's novel, 'For the Term of his Natural Life.' New Caledonia is now very much—or

possibly worse than—what Van Diemen's Land was half a century ago. So impressed was I with what I saw and heard of it, that I gave a copy of my paper on the subject to my friend, the French consul-general in Melbourne, hoping for the sake of humanity that it might in some small way help those in Paris who are trying to get transportation beyond the seas abolished. I had the good fortune when in New Caledonia to make the acquaintance of a broad-minded high official, who afterwards stayed on a visit with me in Melbourne. Having a special sympathy with our ancient Scottish allies, the French, and as my wife was *La Présidente de l'Alliance Française*, we made several French friends in Australia: the officers of the French men-of-war were always our very welcome visitors. Going to and returning from New Caledonia by the long-voyage *Messagerie* boats, our party was so struck by the comfort and the desire to please on the part of every one that we decided always to go when possible by the *Messagerie* line, instead of patronising the great English companies, where passengers at times seem to be looked on as necessary evils, permitted to exist for the benefit of the company.

I had almost forgotten an institution which I was able to set going in Victoria, and which I think might be found useful in other colonies—viz., a home for worn-out old soldiers of good character, who have seen much active service and done their share of work as colonial workmen and labourers. There is no Poor Law in Victoria, or, I believe, in any of the Australian colonies, and if the Benevolent Asylum, or the wards for casuals known as the Immigrants' Home, are full,

—which is nearly always the case in Melbourne,—any man or woman unable to work and without friends has to be committed to prison to prevent their dying in the streets from starvation. The old-age pension scheme has doubtless now corrected this; but it was not in operation when I was in Australia, and I found several most worthy old soldiers over seventy years of age unable to work and in great destitution. One man I specially remember, who after being through several campaigns was discharged with a good-conduct medal and an exemplary character. Rheumatism rendered him unable to work, and having no friends he had to be committed to prison. I got all the necessary facts together, and wrote very strongly to the papers on the subject of the friendless old soldier, the result being a public meeting in the Town Hall, with the governor in the chair. Some £2000 was subscribed, a beautiful piece of land was given by the colony not far from Geelong, and a United Service home was built for specially deserving old soldiers and sailors of exemplary character who were unable to make a living for themselves, and who had been good colonists in Victoria for not less than five years. A splendid fellow, Major Purchas, formerly in the Victorian forces, gave his services as an architect free of charge: he greatly assisted me with the organisation, and has acted as honorary secretary ever since the home was started. There are now twelve old soldiers and two old blue-jackets in the home, which is maintained principally by the members, officers and men, of the Defence Forces of Victoria. There are no charges for management: the home, under a committee and Major Purchas, being, so to say, self-contained, the actual cost, including everything, is 1s. per head

per day, and extremely well done. The house and grounds are kept in order by the inmates, and have developed into quite a show place. On Sunday the old fellows march to the village church: in their three-cornered cocked hats and quaint old Chelsea and Greenwich uniforms, and with their white beards and medals, they make a grand show. It was with difficulty I finished my little speech when, on leaving Australia, I had to say good-bye to them. Of those fourteen, all but one now rest in the old soldiers' corner of the village cemetery.

When the great financial crash came in Australia, Victoria suffered heavily, and reductions of expenditure had to be made. The Defence Forces were the first to suffer, and my beautiful little army began rapidly to diminish. With every one suffering by a reduction of income, I considered it right to tender my resignation. I said plainly that I could not afford to live in Australia on less than the pay I was drawing, but if the Government wished to get a commandant at a lower salary I was quite ready to cancel my agreement with them. The Premier very kindly hoped I would remain until the end of my time, which the Government afterwards wanted to extend for six months because of some special meeting. This, owing to urgent business at home, I was unable to agree to: indeed it was full time I left. I had commenced to see things too much through Australian spectacles, and found myself taking too great an interest in political matters. In fact, I was rapidly becoming an Australian, and when I had to say good-bye I discovered that I had insensibly put out roots, the severing of which was decidedly painful. In November 1894 I embarked at Melbourne, receiving

my last salute from a field battery on the shore, the 32-pounders of the old Nelson and the heavy guns at the Heads. The following year, although on the special list, I was retired under the age clause at fifty-seven, and ceased to belong to the army.

On the breaking-out of the South African war I sent in an official application for employment in any capacity, but was privately informed that it could not be managed owing to my rank and retirement. I then offered to go as a subaltern again, but even that failed. Although not so active as I was sixteen years before, I certainly thought I might have been able to hold my own with the boys again, as I could then swing a salmon-rod on the Ness all day, gaff my own fish, and walk four miles home in the evening, with sometimes a couple of salmon on my back; but it was not to be—my service days were over. I suppose (although I now lead the quiet uneventful life of a farmer, and almost dread the sound of even a volunteer's bugle or drum, which brings a lump in the throat, reminding me that I am no longer a soldier) I ought to be satisfied, as two of my sons went through harder work in South Africa than I ever had, and my old regiment did so splendidly, remembering "*Cymru am Byth*," when they got in with the bayonet at Driefontein. My Australian boys also carried the little silver badge of the Southern Cross well to the front, and will, I am certain, ever bear in mind the motto of the Victorian Defence Forces which I gave them for their star—"Pro Deo et Patria."



I N D E X.

- Aldershot at conclusion of Crimean war, 33—dreariness of, 131.
 Allies, infantry of, inspected by Russian generals, 26.
 Alma, holiday on the, 25.
 Arabi Pasha. See Egypt.
 Army, criticisms on the, 27, 132, 205—professional training of the, 237.
 Athens, visit to, 218.
 Australia, appointment to command of forces in Victoria, 351—embark for, 353—defence of Albany and Thursday Island, *ib.*, 369—appointed president of Naval and Military Committee, 354—description of Melbourne, *ib.*—Australian race-meeting, 355—first introduction to life in, *ib.*—description of command, 357—military administration, 358—battle-training, 362—punishment for breach of discipline, 364—estimate of troops, 365—president of a Royal Commission for New South Wales Government on Military and Naval affairs, 367—description of colonies in, 369 *et seq.*—visit to New Caledonia, 374—United Service Home in Victoria, 377.
 Balaklava Harbour, arrival at, for Crimea, 19.
 Belfast, depot of 96th Regiment at, 138—hospitality in, 141.
 Belgium, on confidential mission in, 208—report of, satisfactory, 212.
 Bilbao, siege of, 177.
 Black Forest, visit to, 350.
 Boston, estimate of, 162.
 Boyne, battle of the, disturbances at anniversary of, 140.
 Brighton, Easter Volunteer reviews at, value of, 229.
 Buller, Colonel Redvers, arrival of, in Egypt, 312.
 Cairo, advance on, by Suez Canal to Lake Timseh, instead of Alexandria, paper on, 214.
 Cairo, embark for, 341—battle-training at, 342—musical entertainments at, 343—sickness among the troops at, 346.
 Canada, appointment to, 150—sport in, 157 *et seq.*—resignation of appointment in, 172.
 Canton, precautions on river-boats running to, 60—description of, 67—French force at, 68—trade at, 77—quarters for reinforcements at, 83—coolie corps of, 88, 104—revisit friends at, 124.
 Ceylon, hand-book on, prepared for Intelligence Department, 212.
 Channel Islands, pleasant military stations at, 142.
 China, value of human life in, 52—the fleet in, in 1858, 53—coasting and long-sea trade in waters of, 55—execution in, 62—family life in, 70—influence of Buddhist religion in, 70-72—ancestor-worship in, 72—infanticide in, 75—punishment in, compared with that of England, 76.

- Chinese, estimate of, 124—as British soldiers, 125.
- Church, Admiral, visit to, at Simon's Town, 335.
- Connaught, Duke of, at Cairo, 322.
- Constantinople, visit to, on way to Crimea, 18.
- Crete, mission to, 215—impressions of, 216—relics found at, 217.
- Crimean war, depot battalions during, 14—no lack of recruits at time of, 15—contingent of Land Transport Corps set out for, 16—breakdown of transport to, 17—arrival at scene of, 19—join regiment, *ib.*—Balaklava, 20—Gallery battery, 21—regimental mess, 22—amusements and sport during, *ib.*—trip to Simferopol after peace, 25—holiday on the Alma, *ib.*—English and Russian officers, *ib. et seq.*—hospitals at Varnutka Pass, 28—looting, 29—distribution of medals for, 31.
- Curragh, military life at, 34.
- Don Quixote, a modern, 206.
- Edinburgh Castle, early recollections of, 1.
- Egypt, snipe-shooting in, 245 *et seq.*—at Port Said, *ib.*—observations on Suez Canal, *ib.*—problem of the passage of Israelites across Red Sea solved, 246—Ismailia, *ib.*—Tel-el-Kebir, *ib.*—state of Abdin barracks, 248—scheme for capturing Alexandria, 251—examination of Damietta, 255—arrangements for cipher letter from, 257—report on, meets with approbation of authorities, 258.
- Alexandria, massacre at, 260 *et seq.*—British fleet at, 262 *et seq.*—Arabi Pasha's preparations at forts of, 266—advance from, to Cairo in a land campaign, *ib.*—work on batteries at, 269—despatch of ultimatum, 271—commencement of bombardment, 275—boarding a battery, 279—white flag abused, 283—landing-parties at, *ib.*—adventures with plunderers, 284—effects of shelling on, 286—assistance from American navy at, 288.
- Suez Canal, protection of, 291 *et seq.*—scheme for possession of, nearly spoilt, 293—success of attack on Port Said, 300—in possession of Ismailia, *ib.*—capture of Nefiche, *ib.*—land transport muddle, 303—first fight at Kassassin, 307—at battle-field, 309—friendly Bedouins, 310—battle of Tel-el-Kebir, 317 *et seq.*—looting, 320—advance to Cairo, 322.
- Fall River, description of magnificent boats on, 162.
- Fane's Indian Horse compared with British cavalry, 135.
- Gibraltar, musketry training at, under Colonel Haythorne, 54—instructional work at, 173—difficulties of survey work at, *ib.*—society for prevention of cruelty to animals started at, 201—sport at, 205.
- Gilbard, Captain, with Spanish army at siege of Bilbao, 177.
- Goldamid, Sir F., in charge of Intelligence Department at Alexandria, 289.
- Gordon (Khartoum), meeting with, in London, 324—offer to, of services for Khartoum, 326.
- Graham, General Gerald, at Ismailia, 300—at Kassassin, 301 *et seq.*
- Halifax, Nova Scotia, appointment to, as garrison instructor, 152—danger of coast at, 153—harbour of, 154—general remarks on, 154-156—work at, 156—sport, 157 *et seq.*—instructional work at, 167 *et seq.*—commission from Inspector-General for scheme for defence of harbour, 171—departure from, *ib.*
- Haythorne, Colonel, value of musketry training by, shown at Sheksing, 54.
- Hongkong, battalion of Royals sent from Gibraltar to, 46—passage to, 48—mortality of troops at, 51—execution from man-of-war at, 52—beauty of harbour at, *ib.*—rifle instruction at, 54—military work at, 55—race-week in, 56.
- Hoogly, unpleasant sights on the, 40.

- Hope, Admiral, attacks Taku Forts, 79.
 Hoskins, Admiral Sir Antony, welcome by, at Port Said, 291.
 Hyderabad, fear of outbreak at, 40—condition of, during Mutiny, 44.
 Hythe School of Musketry, criticism on, 136.
- Indian Mutiny, first news of, 35—embarkation of troops at Dublin for, *ib.*—adventure on board transport conveying troops to, 37 *et seq.*—horrors of, heard at Galle, 38—welcome of troops for, at Calcutta, 40—rumour of rising at Barrackpore, *ib.*—precaution against Sepoys, *ib.*—description of native regiments, 42—a rebel rajah, 43.
- Indian Pay Office and allowances, 46.
 Inkerman, view of battle of, 31.
 Intelligence Department, report to, on confidential mission to Belgium, 212—hand-book on Ceylon prepared for, *ib.*—at Crete for, 218—employment by, for inspection of landing-places on English coast, 219 *et seq.*—report to, on Egypt, 250.
 Ismail Pacha, 213—natural ability of, 214.
- Keppel, Commodore, scene of fight of, and the armed war-junks, 61.
 Kitchener, service of, during operations at Alexandria, 264 *et seq.*—at Tel-el-Kebir, 319.
- Lesseps, M. de, and Arabi Pasha, 262—*and the Suez Canal*, 292.
 Loch, Lord, imprisonment of, by Chinese, 116.
 Lough Neagh, fishing in, 139.
- Madrid, impressions of, 178—horrors of a bull-fight in, 179.
 Malta, arrival at, on road to Crimea, 17.
 Masamah, fight at, with Egyptian cavalry, 304.
 Morocco, permission from authorities to teach surveying in, 174.
 Musketry School, rules of the, 54.
- Napoleon, scheme of, to invade England, 149.
- Natal, appointed to the Welsh Regiment at, 527—work in, by the soldiers, 330—battle-training in, 333—memo. on survey of, 334—sport in, 335—mineral wealth of, 338—departure from, for Egypt, 339.
 Nefiche, capture of, 300.
 New Brunswick, moose- and cariboo-hunting in, 160.
 New Caledonia, French penal settlement in, 374.
 New York, experience in, 163—civility of public servants in, *ib.*
 Niagara, journey to, from New York, 164—cataract bath at, *ib.*
 Nightingale, Miss, memory of, 34.
 Nova Scotia, sport in, 160, 161.
- Orangemen and Roman Catholics, disturbances between, at anniversary of battle of the Boyne, 140.
 Otanez, battle of, 192.
- Parkes, Sir Henry, imprisonment of, by Chinese, 116.
 Peiho, the, 78 *et seq.*—disaster at mouth of, to allied squadrons, 78—bridge across, 105.
 Peking, advance on, 114—sufferings of prisoners in, 116—plunder and burning of the Summer Palace at, 117-120—surrender of, 121—trade with inhabitants of, 122.
 Portland and alcoholic drink, 161.
 Port Said, capture of, 298.
 Portsmouth, preference of, to Aldershot, 137.
 Probyn's Indian Horse compared with British cavalry, 135.
- Restigouche, salmon-fishing on the, 157.
 Riviera, the Russian, 26.
 Russell, Sir Baker, at battle of Kassassin, 308.
 Russian and English officers, friendliness of, 25, 26.
- Sandhurst, description of clothing and equipment of cadets at, 7—drill at, *ib.*—board and lodging at, 8—instruction at, 10—punishment at, for mistakes in exercises, *ib.*—strange customs at, 11.

- Sandhurst Military College, appointment to, as instructor in surveying, 204—resigns appointment, 219.
- Sargood, Sir Frederick, Minister of Defence at Melbourne, 353.
- Scotch Garde du Corps, early history of the, 2.
- Scutari, cemetery of, 18.
- Secunderabad, experiences at, during Mutiny, 42-44—sanitation in, 45.
- Semmes, of Alabama fame, dines with British officers at Hongkong, 59.
- Seymour, Sir Beauchamp, commander of Mediterranean fleet, 261—at Alexandria, 262.
- Sheksing, musketry training at Gibraltar shown at, 54—Canton field-force at, 62.
- Sholapore, Rajah of, outbreak of, 43.
- Smart, Hawley (the novelist), as actor, 24, 35—at the Crimea, 25.
- Southampton, embarking of cavalry at, 232.
- Spain, civil war in, 177—siege of Bilbao, *ib.*—letters of introduction to commander-in-chief, the Duc de la Torre, 178—journey to Somorostro, 178-181—position of forces at Bilbao, 182—organisation of Spanish army, 184 *et seq.*—plan of attack, 191—battle of Otanez, 192—relief of Bilbao, 200.
- Spithead forts, defences in, 241.
- Staff College, instruction at, 144 *et seq.*—examination for entrance to, 144—blame of commanding officers for failures at, 145—excellent laboratory at, 146.
- Straubenzee, Sir Charles, expeditionary force under, at Canton, 54.
- Sullivan, bandmaster at Sandhurst, 12.
- Taku Forts, Chinese coolies at, 70—gunboats force passage past, 78—further trouble at, *ib.*—bombardment of, 80 *et seq.*—storming of, a hopeless undertaking, 83—inspection of, 111.
- Talienwhan Bay, execution from gunboat at, 52—water difficulty at, 93.
- Tangier, survey work in, 174.
- Tchernaya Valley, scenes in, after peace restored, 31.
- 'Through the Battle-Smoke' referred to, 306.
- Tientain, forts at, 106—trading with natives at, 107—discovery of buried guns at, 110.
- Topee, Tantia, pursuit of, 44.
- Torre, Duc de la, commander-in-chief of Spanish forces, letters of introduction to, 178.
- Train corps, Military, criticism on, 135.
- Tulloch, Sir Alexander Bruce, first recollections of soldiering of, 1—ancestors of, 2 *et seq.*—school-life in England, 4—recollection of Duke of Wellington, 6—nominated for cadetship in navy, *ib.*—passes for a military cadet at Sandhurst, 7 *et seq.*—gazetted to the Royal Regiment, 13—joins depot at Winchester, *ib.*—lodging-money and allowance, *ib.*—takes company of Land Transport Corps out to Crimea, 16—first voyage in a troop-ship, *ib.*—arrives at Malta, 17—at Constantinople, 18—in the Crimea, 19 *et seq.*—under fire, 21—leaves Crimea for Portsmouth, 31—arrival at Aldershot, 33—ordered to Curragh, 34—on leave in London, *ib.*—embarks for service in India, 35—goes through course of seamanship, 36 *et seq.*—utility of nautical lessons, 40—arrival at Calcutta, *ib.*—disappointment in not forming part of relief force for Lucknow, *ib.*—adventure on Masulipatam river, 41—arrival at Secunderabad, 42—army sanitation in former days, 45—transferred to 2nd battalion of Royals, 46—leaves India for China, in hopes of active service, *ib.*—Indian Pay Office department and allowances, *ib.*—criticism on army in India, 48 *et seq.*—arrival at Hongkong, 51—theatricals, 57—naval friends, 59—a risky snipe-shot, 61—the fortunate letter, 63—joins expedition up unexplored Chinese river, 65—first survey work, 66—appointment to headquarters' staff at Canton, 67—work on, 68—Chinese friends, 69—Chinese as soldiers, 70—fish-shoot-

ing, 74—Chinese ingenuity, 75—bombardment of the Taku Forts, 80, 97 *et seq.*—another Chinese war, 83—quarters for 10,000 men, *ib.*—amateur pilot, 84—resigns appointment and returns to regiment, 85—foreign languages and champagne, *ib.*—plans of advance to Peking, 86—allied armies, 87 *et seq.*—camping-grounds of allies, 91—*at* Talienwhan, 93, 94—*off* the Peiho, 95—capture of Pehtang, 96 *et seq.*—Irish stew, 99—fight of Sinho, 100—Tongku Fort stormed, 101 *et seq.*—*at* Tientsin, 106—dines with Sir Hope Grant, 108—expedition for blankets, 111—purchases mule with three good legs, 113—acting adjutant in advance on Peking, 114—plunder of the Summer Palace, 117—surrender of Peking, 121—back to Tientsin, 122—revisits friends at Canton, 124—estimate of Chinese, *ib.*—embarks for home, 126—in quarantine at Singapore, *ib.*—*at* the Cape, 127—happy-go-lucky navigation, 129—arrival at Spithead, *ib.*—*at* Manchester, *ib.*—dreary Aldershot, 131—regiment volunteers for India, *ib.*—Hythe School of Musketry, 136—*at* Portsmouth, 137—promotion to captain in 96th Regiment, 138—*at* depot in Belfast, *ib.*—fishing in Lough Neagh and Bann river, 139—anniversary of the battle of the Boyne, 140—a balloon trip, 141—working for entrance to Staff College, 142—exchanged to 69th Regiment, *ib.*—stationed at Channel Islands, *ib.*—Dublin, 143—instruction *at* Staff College, 144 *et seq.*—fascination for gunnery, 148—coast defence, *ib.*—experiments *at* Woolwich and Shoeburyness, 151—ordered to Canada, 152—remarks on Halifax, 154—sport, 157 *et seq.*—trip to New York and Niagara, 161 *et seq.*—*at* Toronto, Montreal, and Quebec, 165—returns to Halifax, 166—instructional work *at* Halifax, 167 *et seq.*—success of 'Elementary Lectures on Military Law' by, 171—commission from

Inspector-General for scheme for defence of Halifax harbour, *ib.*—invalided home, *ib.*—resignation of appointment *at* Nova Scotia, 172—joins regiment *at* Gibraltar, *ib.*—soldier and schoolmaster, 173—in Morocco, 174—military attaché to Spanish army for relief of Bilbao, 177 *et seq.*—approval of H.R.H. on report of operations *at* Bilbao, 184 *et seq.*—battle of Otanez, 192—message from the Carlists, 197—relief of Bilbao, 200—return to Gibraltar, 201—founds society for prevention of cruelty to animals, *ib.*—an "affair of honour," 203—appointment to Sandhurst Military College, 204—sent on secret mission to Belgium, 208—*at* Waterloo, 211—compiles handbook on Ceylon for Intelligence Department, 212—*at* Cairo, 213—*at* Crete, 215—*at* Athens, 218—resigns Sandhurst appointment, and goes to Intelligence Department, 219—inspection of landing-places on English coast, 220 *et seq.*—appointment to headquarter staff of the Southern District, 226—Wellington College inquiry, 227—quartermaster-general's work, 232 *et seq.*—trooping yarns, 235—estimate of volunteers, 239, 240—*at* French manoeuvres, 242—in Egypt, 244 *et seq.*—reviews Arabi Pasha's troops, 248—Bedouin friends, 253—telegram from Intelligence Department, 256—official appreciation of service, 258—massacre *at* Alexandria, 260 *et seq.*—attached for duty with Mediterranean fleet, 260—reconnaissance in disguise, 267—bombardment of forts *at* Alexandria, 275 *et seq.*—gunnery criticisms, 286—transferred to flagship *at* Port Said, 291—Suez Canal, *ib.* *et seq.*—seizure of Port Said, 297—*at* Ismailia, 300—chief of Intelligence Department for expeditionary force, 301—review of campaign, 302—land transport muddle, 303—massacre of Captain Gill and Mr Palmer, 305—*at* Kassassin, 307 *et seq.*—

- in hospital, 314—battle of Tel-el-Kebir, 317 *et seq.*—approval of Sir Garnet Wolseley for services, 321—at Cairo, 322—home again, *ib.*—estimate of natives, 323—dines with Queen Victoria, 325—rejoins regiment at Londonderry, *ib.*—offer by King of the Belgians, 326—at Mullingar, 327—before a Parliamentary Committee, *ib.*—appointed colonel of the Welsh Regiment at Natal, 327—pamphlet by, 'How to beat the Boers,' 333—in Zululand, 336—ordered to Egypt, 339—invalided home, 340—returns to Cairo, 341 *et seq.*—commands Cairo Brigade, 345—last regimental parade, 347—view of duty, *ib.*—approval of commander-in-chief, *ib.*—the Black Forest, 348—at Cimiez, 350—comparison of French and German military training, 350—at Spezzia, 351—becomes a major-general, *ib.*—in Australia, 353 *et seq.*—president of a Royal Commission for New South Wales Government to inquire into organisation of military and naval forces, 367 *et seq.*—retiral under age clause, 379—volunteers for service in South African war, *ib.*
- Tungchow, treaty officials attacked near, 114.
- United Service Institution, lecture to, on defensive positions between coast and London, 149—approval of, by committee appointed to report on, 150—extract from lecture to, on Educational and Professional Instruction of Officers, 167—lecture to, on soldiers' food, 326—lecture to, on battle-training of regimental officers, 342, 351.
- United States navy, assistance rendered by, in China, 81—at Alexandria, 288—report by attaché of, on Mex affair, 324.
- Wampoa, practical joke played on man-of-war lying at, 74.
- Waterloo, visit to, 211.
- Wellington College, inquiry as to lecture delivered on, 227—Royal Commission on, 229—Mr Gladstone and, *ib.*
- Windsor, great volunteer review at, 240.
- Wolseley, Sir Garnet, at Port Said, 300—at Tel-el-Kebir, 316.
- Woolwich and Shoeburyness, experiments at, in gunnery fuses, 151, 152.
- Yalta, summer palace of Prince Voronoff at, 26.
- York, Mr Reginald, and Royal Commission on Wellington College, 229.
- Zulus, the, description of, 336 *et seq.*—account of the battle of Isandhlwana by, *ib.*

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